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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I. — *Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille.* Par J. Michelet. 5^{me} Edition. Paris, 1845.

THIS is perhaps the most remarkable of the countless pamphlets and volumes called forth by the great religious controversies now raging in France; remarkable not only from the character and position of the author, whose manner of writing, with all its excellences and defects, is here displayed in singular distinctness; but also as revealing more fully the real nature of the contest, the aims of the conflicting parties, the moral force at the command of either, the principles of (we fear) their irreconcilable hostility. Not, indeed, that we have any clear statement of M. Michelet's own religious views: his manifesto is sufficiently distinct on the points against which he wages war; on his terms of peace he is silent, or vague. His work begins with these sentences:—'Il s'agit de la Famille.' In other words, the domestic happiness, and we will add (supposing M. Michelet to state the question fairly), if the domestic happiness, the virtue, of France is at issue. 'The home' is in question—that asylum in which after all its vain struggles and disappointed illusions the heart would fain have repose. 'We return weary to our fireside—do we find repose? We must not dissemble; we must frankly avow the real state of things. There is within the family a serious difference; the most serious of all. We may converse with our mothers, our wives, our daughters, about subjects on which we converse with indifferent persons, on business, on the news of the day—but not on subjects which touch the heart and the moral life, on eternity, religion, the soul, and God. Take the moment when it would be most delightful to withdraw yourself with your family into some common subject of thought and feeling, in the quiet of the evening, around the family board. There, in your own home, by your own fireside, do you venture to speak on these subjects? Your mother shakes her head in sadness, your wife contradicts, your daughter shows her disapprobation by her silence.'

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‘ silence: they are on one side of the table, you on the other, and alone. One would suppose, that in the midst of them, opposite to you, is seated some invisible person, to controvert all you say. Do we wonder that such is the state of the family? Our wives and daughters are brought up, are governed, by our *enemies*:’—the enemy, M. Michelet explains himself with unhesitating frankness, is the priest!

If we were about to throw ourselves headlong into this conflict, we should be much disposed (our readers must excuse the levity for the aptness of the illustration) to adopt in serious earnestness the prayer of the honest Irishman, who rushed into the thick of an irresistible fray, shouting, ‘ God grant I may take the right side!’ Such, however, is not our design; we have enough to do to keep the peace at home, without embarking in our neighbours’ religious quarrels. Yet the Christianity of the whole world is bound together by deep and untraceable sympathies; it has many common interests, even where the interests appear most adverse; many secret influences emanate from the most hostile forms of faith, which bring them into the most strange and unexpected relationship. There is an unity among the lovers of peace and true Christian love, which places men of the most opposite and conflicting views together upon a calm and commanding height. The same principles are at work under the most despotic and most democratic forms of Church polity. In the Free Church movement in Scotland there is a strong Hildebrandine element—and Ireland claims the right of resisting the infallible authority of Rome, when Rome would command peace and order. The great abstract question of education by the Church or by the State, is of universal interest: the incorporation of the dissociation of religion from the general system of instruction. Yet the manner, and even the principles on which the position and influence of the clergy in that system will be discussed, will depend on the circumstances of each country. In France, at present, the Church proclaims itself the advocate of full liberty of education; the University rests its exclusive claim on what it asserts to be the public weal, the actual constitution, and the genius of the better, and more French part of the people; on its nationality as established after the revolution. The clergy assert their right to open schools and seminaries upon the broad principles of religious freedom;—their opponents disclaim all hostility to true religion—but in report, in novel, and in treatise, denounce the irreclaimable Jesuitism which, openly and contrary to law, is endeavouring to obtain possession of the public mind; and which if not the boast (*nous sommes tous Jésuites*), has been the incautious admission of at least one ardent writer.

Is then the Christianity on which M. Michelet, and those who think and feel with M. Michelet, would open as he asserts their inmost hearts to their mothers and their wives, but on which the stern voice of the priest interdicts all sympathy, communion, and harmony—is this the religion—we say not of the Gospel in our high Protestant sense, but—of such a more rational and practically spiritualized Roman Catholicism as it were the worst arrogance of exclusiveness to deny might be imagined to arise, not by rudely rending off, but by quietly dropping the more unevangelic doctrines, and the haughty pretensions irreconcilable with a more enlightened age: such as might arise in the Church of Bossuet and Fenelon, purified in the fire of revolutionary degradation and suffering, taught wisdom and humility by the sad remembrance of times when Christian faith and Christian feelings were alike extinguished; conscious of its own delinquencies (for the Church of Fenelon, of St. Vincent de Paul, was the Church of Dubois and Rohan); above all, national as becomes the Church of a great nation; intelligent as becomes that of an intellectual people; without the dishonest concession or compromise of one true Christian principle, but with no needless opposition to the state of the public mind; a purely and sublimely moral and religious, not a turbulent political power?—Is it religion with any depth and vitality, with any definite creed, with any commanding authority over the conscience, with any active zeal, any sincere love of Christ and his faith in its purity? Is it more than a something cold and negative—the fastidious or indignant repudiation of the follies and superstitions of an antiquated faith—more than a conscientious aversion, justified by profound historical inquiry, for the evils of the *Confessional*, with its manuals of all imaginable and unimaginable crimes; for the *Direction*, with its dangerous intimacies and morbid excitement; the ultramontane pretensions of the clergy, and their revival of all the frauds and puerilities of mediæval miracle? What religion, what Christianity, would M. Michelet propose in place of that form of the faith which he considers absolutely irreconcilable with the state of the male mind in France? What power, what influence would he leave to the priest? what should be his intercourse with the family? what his social and political position? To us the writer's lofty phrases—the modern spirit, of liberty, and of the future' (*de l'esprit moderne, de la liberté, et de l'avenir*), convey no clear sense; but they are coupled with some significant and ill-boding expressions about *democratical* sermons, which M. Michelet appears to hail as the only hope of improvement in the clergy. Now we must assert our impartial aversion to democratic as well as to absolutist sermons.

mons. If, as a distinguished partisan of the church party has boldly declared, it is a contest between the sons of the Crusaders and the sons of Voltaire, we must be permitted to hold our sympathies in abeyance. We are as little disposed to that Mahometan fire-and-sword Christianity, as to the anti-Christian philosophy of Ferney.

We are bound, indeed, to acknowledge that it would be the height of injustice to represent M. Michelet, the historian, as an infidel writer, or even as hostile to Roman Catholic Christianity. The strong charge of inconsistency which are brought against him are his fullest exculpation. Striking and eloquent passages from his History in favour of the monkish system, the power of the Papacy, the celibacy of the clergy, are adduced in triumphant refutation of his arguments in the present controversy. But even if these passages expressed the mature and deliberate opinions of M. Michelet, occurring as they do in their proper historical place, with reference to a remote age and a totally different state of civilization, we must pronounce them utterly irrelevant, and without any legitimate bearing on the present question. We take the opportunity of protesting against the watchful industry with which every attempt to treat the Papacy and the religion of the Middle Ages with fairness and sound philosophy, is seized upon as an extorted concession of Protestant prejudice to the power of truth; as an unwilling homage to the majesty of Rome; as an approximation, worthy of every encouragement, to a recognition of the perpetual supremacy, the irrepealable sanctity of the whole creed and all the usages of Papal Christianity. As if any form of Christian belief was without its beneficial power; as if any amount of engrafted human invention could absolutely obscure the blessed light of Christ's faith; more especially a form of that faith so wonderfully, we will venture to add providentially, self-adapted to the dark ages, as that great Papal system, which it is as impossible to contemplate without awe, and even admiration and respect, as without gratitude that in his good time God was pleased either to shatter it to the ground, or to allow it to sink into natural decay and dissolution.

But this, in truth, is a writer whom we scarcely think it fair to bind down to the full meaning of his own most forcible and brilliant passages. M. Michelet is an historian of a very peculiar character, and in some of the qualifications of that noblest literary function, unrivalled or almost unrivalled in the present day. He is profound and indefatigable in research; in his composition he has a singular felicity of arranging and grouping his facts almost in a dramatic form; some parts of his narrative pass like scenes before the imagination; he has practised skill and at times consummate

summate success, not merely in the description, but in the impersonation of character; he has wonderful power in throwing himself back into other periods, and environing himself as it were with all the incidents of the time—he lives, and makes us live among the men, and the deeds, the passions and opinions of each successive period: and the age too lives again; it is M. Michelet's boast, and no ungrounded boast, constantly to renew its actual, peculiar, characteristic life. But in all these points it is the ambition of M. Michelet to be *always* striking. From his diligent, and, we believe, conscientious study of the old chronicles and records, he is constantly picking out, usually with judgment, always with acuteness, the slighter discriminating touches or incidents, the epigrams as it were of history:—but, on these he often lays very undue stress. He is so perpetually straining after the drama, and poetry, and romance of history, as sometimes almost to leave out the history itself. Instead of the calm and equable flow of the historian, rising occasionally to majesty, or stooping almost to familiarity, according to the character of the facts which he relates, we have a succession of lively and picturesque chapters, in which after all we find it difficult to trace the course of events. M. Michelet, in short, is often a brilliant writer on history, rather than an historian. He will not accuse us of estimating his ambition too low, when we say that he aspires to be the Shakspeare and Walter Scott as well as the Livy and Tacitus of French history: but there are two other unlucky weaknesses in M. Michelet, which even our sincere admiration of his genius must not permit us to disguise—one a dreamy sentimentalism, the other a claptrap adulation of national vanity, to which neither the English dramatist nor the novelist condescend, though possessing the privilege of poetry and romance. From the first they were preserved by their masculine good sense, from the latter by the quiet consciousness of English greatness. Of M. Michelet's peculiar style and taste the volume before us abounds with striking illustrations; but in those extracts for which alone we shall trespass on the 'Prêtre,' we must be extremely guarded and careful. We are far too serious on such subjects to pursue throughout this history of spiritual flirtation, especially connected as it is with such high, and we believe blameless names, in the satiric and glowing manner of our author. What present justification M. Michelet may have for thus withdrawing the veil from the Confessional, from the intercourse of the Director with his spiritual charge, and from the perilous workings of religious Quietism, we feel no temptation to inquire; but there are two grave and solemn questions on which this book

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and this whole controversy cannot but fix every reflective mind, and on which we shall presume to offer a few, but we trust, dispassionate, observations: the importance of the *Family*—of domestic virtue and happiness—to the peace and advancement of Europe, especially of France; and the relation of the Christian clergy to their people. With these two questions is connected a third, the celibacy of the clergy—a subject which abroad is assuming no inconsiderable importance even in the Roman Catholic Church; and as may hereafter appear, is not altogether without reviving interest among ourselves.

It may sound trite, even to puerility, that in the present social condition the *Family* is the sole guarantee for the stability of the State. In the powerlessness of government in the western countries of Europe, there is one great counterpoise to that anarchy which is perpetually impending from the ambition, the insubordinate passions, the means of agitating the public mind through the press, and even from the talents, eloquence, and greatness of those adventurers of society, who are constantly, at every hazard, even of the peace of their country, at every sacrifice, even of their own happiness or their own lives, determined to force their way to distinction. This is the solid and substantial weight of those whose family ties bind them to social order. The husbands and the fathers are the true conservatives; their wives and children are hostages for civil peace. The youth who is loose upon the world is a republican by nature; he has all to gain and nothing to lose by political confusion. In France the history of the country has been almost a long revolution since 1789: and every great general and distinguished statesman has pushed his way to fortune by his energy and talents, because all barriers were thrown down before energy and talent. And that this revolution should not continue: that the future history of France should not be like that which Louis Blanc has written—or rather that which Louis Blanc would wish to write—not a succession of republican abortions, of wild conspiracies against all order and government, of Saint Simonianism, Fourierism, and every other strange scheme for the complete regeneration, as it is called, of society—nay, still worse, of actual convulsion and sanguinary strife: that the political condition of France and of other countries who are or may become like France, should rather be the salutary agitation of constitutional government, the ardent but not reckless collision of well organized parties, formed on recognized principles, and nobly striving for ascendancy—not an eternal anarchy, a chronic state of dissolution, till the weary world yearns for the peace of some strong despotism—the one guarantee for all this, under God, is the Family—

•Family—the Family bound together by strong love, and consciously holding its happiness upon the tenure of public order. If there be any truth in M. Michelet's statement that this source and pledge of peace, the Family, is threatened by the intrusion of a dissociating, not harmonizing religion; if the influence of the priest is producing a wide and general estrangement between the sexes (*les prêtres—les envieux naturels du mariage, et de la vie de famille*); if the men in opinion, in sentiment, in sympathy, are all on one side as to the most momentous questions which can occupy the understanding and the heart, and the females on the other; the only consolation will be that such a state of things cannot endure; that parents and husbands will assert their power and authority, and a general insurrection of the better feelings will repel the invader from the sanctuary of domestic happiness. But how fearfully will this reaction operate upon religion, thus brought into collision by its unwise apostles with all the holier and better feelings of mankind! Nor is this domestic virtue and happiness in France of light comparative hazard. Of all things it is most difficult to estimate the comparative morality, in certain points, of different countries, or that of the same country at different periods. But for the first time in later French history (must we not ascend almost to St. Louis for an earlier precedent of this moral phenomenon?) the Court of France has set the high example of domestic virtue. We profess to be utterly and happily ignorant of the scandal of the upper orders in Paris; but that men of observation, and not entirely secluded from the world, can be ignorant of such things, is in itself evidence of a great change. At what former time has not Europe rung with the deeds of the accomplished and shameless *mignons* and *roués* of Paris? The statesmen whom we could name as examples of every amiable as well as of every high and honourable virtue may not fairly represent their whole class; but at least that class is not represented by the Richelieus and so forth of old. Notwithstanding the noisy and extravagant enormities in which the drama and romance of Paris delight to revel, we believe that domestic virtue has greatly advanced both in the upper and the middle classes—the bourgeoisie (according to M. Louis Blanc, the actual rulers of the country)—since the Revolution. The security of property, no doubt, is with this class another great guarantee against political confusion; but it is the Family which adds weight and sanctity to property; and both are embarked in a common cause by common interest.

Such being the tremendous hazard—the domestic harmony and happiness, and with the domestic harmony and happiness the domestic morals, and with the morals the only firm security against

an eternal succession of revolutionary movements—is there any real ground for the jealous apprehensions of M. Michelet and his followers? Is the religion now struggling to regain its lost ascendancy the enemy, instead of the harbinger of peace? Would it enter into the family, not to purify and elevate, but to disturb—not to soften, to refine, to assert the dignity and authority of the primary domestic relation, but rather to weaken or paralyse that which in the Roman Catholic Church is the holy sacrament of matrimony? Is it hostile only to the godless and frantic doctrines of Jacobinism, or to that real advancement in freedom and civilization which is the better sense of that pregnant word ‘progress?’ This is the practical absorbing question, far more than any one connected either with the doctrine or ritual of the Church; it is with the moral working on society that society at least is most concerned.

Let us look, therefore, at the converse of this statement; let us hear the pleadings on this delicate point from the opposite side. Has real religion found its only repose in those who, as their sensitive being more profoundly needs its consolations, in every age have been its most successful teachers; who have converted heathen kingdoms, and reared up the best and wisest of the Christian saints? Is the wife the object of the especial care of the priest, because she alone has her heart open to the sacred persuasives of the faith—and with the apostolic aim, that the unbelieving husband may be sanctified by the believing wife? Is it so, *not* in order to ‘lead silly women captive’ to foolish or harassing superstitions, but that the legitimate influence of woman may be employed in subduing by the sweet lessons of maternal religion that anarchy of fierce passions to which (if the modern romances have any touch of reality) the youth of Paris, and those who crowd from all parts of France to all-engulphing Paris, are cast forth in perilous freedom; and that social anarchy which is constantly threatened by the conflict of these individual anarchists? Is it the noble, the Christian ambition of the clergy thus to introduce a counterpoise to the still dominant irreligion of the present instructors and leaders of the public mind? Is it, to be more particular, through one parent at least, to prepare the young mind for the dangerous and, as it is asserted, un-Christianising ordeal of the college or the university? Is it to fight the great battle of the faith in the only field where it can be fought with success?—where the evil is so deeply-rooted, to strike at the root of the evil? In a word, is it the humanizing, and socializing, and immortalizing spirit of true Christianity, which is thus gradually to be infused into the ill-cemented fabric of society; or is it only the galvanic life of Jesuitism, which after some
strong

strong and painful paroxysms will give back the weary body to incurable dissolution and decay?

Time alone will show the issue of this conflict, in which we have no intention to engage as partisans, still less the presumption to offer our mediation. But the occasion tempts us, in a spirit altogether undogmatic and uncontroversial, to enter (at far less length indeed than such topics would require) on some questions, which we are persuaded are of the greatest importance to mankind; on which depends the true development (a word much misused) of our religion, at least in its moral and social energies; its wonderful power of self-accommodation to all the inevitable changes in the manners, habits, and opinions of mankind; its predicted authority 'even unto the end of the world.'

The nature of the religion to be taught, and permanently to be maintained throughout Christendom, does not depend altogether on the abstract and speculative doctrines, or on the ritual of the Church, but on the manner of the teaching also—in other words, on the relation of the clergy to the people. What then, above and beyond their great and undeniable function of officiating in the church and at the altar, of conducting the rites, and administering the Sacraments, is that proper superintendence of the heart and soul of each individual under their charge, which they can assume, in the present state of society, with safety to themselves, with blessing to mankind?

We are inclined, at the risk of every suspicion of prejudice, and without dissembling the defects and abuses inseparable from every system, which must be carried out by men of every degree of zeal, conscientiousness, or fidelity, to consider the *theory* of the Church of England as that which for the present state of the Christian mind is nearest to perfection. This *theory* of course breaks up all vast overgrown parishes into smaller practicable circuits, or at least supplies them with ministers of religion answerable to their extent. The theory we apprehend to be this:—that in every parish (besides the general pastoral care of the clergy over the education of the young) every mature and reasonable Christian should have a clergyman, whom he can consult under all religious doubts, and even moral difficulties, which may perplex his mind; that he should command his presence in sickness and on the death-bed; that whenever he needs advice or consolation he should be sure of receiving it with affectionate promptitude, and with profound interest in his welfare: but that in ordinary cases the Christian should be governed entirely by his own conscience—that conscience of course awakened and enlightened by the regular exhortations from the pulpit, or even private and friendly admonition, administered with discretion. The Confessional, we cannot be

be too devoutly thankful to Almighty God, has never been part of the Protestant English ritual. And it is, perhaps, the gravest practical question raised by M. Michelet's work whether the Confessional will be long endured by Roman Catholic France. We perceive indeed some yearnings in a certain school among ourselves after this practice;—at least after that which promises the sacerdotal power, which they covet, but which they cannot obtain by more legitimate means, the priestly absolution. But though here and there, from that passion for novelty which disguises itself under reverence for ancient usage, it may acquire some votaries; though even in the form of religion the most opposed to everything which is thought popish, something very congenial may creep in, as the confidential relation of 'experiences' to the favourite preacher; yet the jealous household seclusion of English manners will secure us from any great or dangerous abuse of this influence. The Englishman would repel the private entry of the clergyman, if he thought his visits too frequent or assiduous, as he would that of the Queen's officer, from the inviolable castle of his home.

The age of the *confessional*, of spiritual *direction* according to the sense which it bore during the Jesuit dominion over the human mind, is gone by. It is fatal to the clergy, whom it invests in power too great for mortal man—in power, when assigned to an order gathered from all classes and characters of men, destructive of proper religious influence:—and no less fatal, we are persuaded, to pure Christian morality and to high Christian virtue. There is, to our calm judgment, a primary and irremediable incompatibility with the true rules of Christian responsibility in this absolute assumption of dominion on one side over the inward being of our fellow, and the surrender of it on the other. The great broad principles of Christian law and of Christian duty can never be mistaken. The healthful conscience, in the general conduct of life, even in the discharge of religious service, ought to be its own sufficient guide. It is as sure a symptom of mental or spiritual disease to be constantly consulting the priest, as of bodily malady or valetudinarianism to be constantly consulting the physician. There are fearful, painful, miserable sicknesses of both mind and spirit; and in God's name let them have all which skill, and gentleness, and wisdom, and Christian consolation and instruction can bestow. Let the mind which is afflicted by rack-ing doubt have the pious adviser to satisfy its fearful questionings. Be there the learned divine to grapple with wayward scepticism—with the daring desperation of the unbeliever. Let those perhaps more dangerous doubts which arise from redoubled and extreme affliction—the maddening and wicked thought of the
injustice

injustice of God in seemingly assigning all His blessings to one class, all wretchedness to another—be allayed by wise and tender argument. Let remorse for crime take counsel on the best means of reconciliation with God—of restitution, or of reparation for injury to man; let sorrow never want the sympathising prayer, the soothing exhortation; let the house of sickness be visited with kindly and regular consolation; the death-bed be smoothed by the hand of Christian hope and peace. But foster not habits of irresolution and dependence; keep not the mind in a fretful state of anxiety; teach man consciousness in his own strength—that strength which God will give to all; encourage no one to surrender himself as the subject of morbid moral anatomy—to have the hand perpetually on the religious pulse, or the probe in the most vital parts. It is still worse if this intercourse degenerates, as it often will, into a form. The priest, if at times more rigid, punctilious, and exacting to the anxious, will at times be too easy and compromising to the more careless. Confession on one side and absolution on the other become acts of religious courtesy, and there is so much facility in discharging his debts that the penitent is careless how soon or to what extent he may accumulate a new score. The security which it gives must be as perilous as its most cruel austerity.

The mental and spiritual childhood of man is passed—let him learn to go alone as a moral and responsible being. The clergy must be constantly supplying motives and principles for self-government, not assume to be the executive of human action. Among the savages of Paraguay that might be a wise and beneficial government which, were it possible, would be destructive to religion itself in Europe. All attempts, in Jesuit phrase, *emmailloter l'âme*, will not merely be an utter and ridiculous failure, but a signal disruption of all the salutary restraints of religion. This is at best, even when administered neither with harsh nor harassing severity, nor as dangerous facility, but a religion of awe; its votaries may submit to the severest mortifications, but it is because they are enjoined; they may make the most prodigal sacrifices, pour their whole fortune at the feet of the priest—but it is desperate prodigality, wrung forth by fear; its obedience is servile; it is usually the dread of man rather than of the Maker—the stern rebuke, the terrible interdict of the human voice rather than that of God within the conscience. It may anticipate and prevent much crime and vice; it may incite to what is called virtue; but the virtue altogether wants the dignity of being free, spontaneous, unforced; it is the tribute of the slave, wrung from him by a despotic satrap, not poured by voluntary love and homage at the feet of the King of kings.

Each

Each of these objections would require to be wrought out into a long and careful chapter. We must look to history, which speaks with sufficient distinctness, and to those other sources of authentic information which have ventured to betray the secrets of the Confessional. We must look around us at once with calm and dispassionate inquiry. Among the English Roman Catholics, the confessional is kept under, as it were, by the dependence of the clergy upon the laity—by that rigorous good sense which is part of the English character, and which cannot but be maintained by the constant presence of a rival faith. In Ireland, however it may seem ineffective or lenient as to crimes of blood, it is generally acknowledged, as regards the relations of man and woman, not merely to be irreproachable, but highly beneficial: we are willing to believe that it is so. In southern countries the result is far different: the fearful revelations in the early life of Mr. Blanco White are strong enough as to Spain. M. Michelet may colour darkly as to former times in France, yet is his colouring untrue? It is when we thus come to its practical workings on a refined and dissolute state of society, that we feel still more the necessity, yet the difficulty, of confining ourselves within our appointed limits. The subject, to do it complete justice, demands a long historical induction. When men in general were children, the clergy alone men, there might be some better excuse for this perpetual interference of parental authority. But in countries where we presume not to say from national temperament, but from civil convulsions, in general fatal to morals, or from unknown causes, dissoluteness of manners prevails to a wide extent; there it would be no liberal courtesy, but a base abandonment of truth, to disguise our convictions of its irremediable, unavoidable tendency to the deepest demoralization. When we see it stimulating human passions—passions expressing themselves in that ambiguous amatory language which applies equally to earth and heaven, but still betraying the lower nature even in the presence of such stainless men as St. Francis de Sales or Fenelon (look at the words of Madame du Chastel, quoted by Michelet), or even before the awful Bossuet himself—we almost tremble to imagine what it must have been at the command of the worldly, the ambitious, the sensual and unscrupulous priest. Even where it did not perhaps especially and peculiarly corrupt the clergy, did not the confessional in certain hands lower the general morality of nations? Did it not frame a system of evasion, of compromise, of equivocation, at which Christendom stood aghast? For the Confessional is the parent of all those huge tomes of casuistry which now repose in ponderous slumbers on the shelves of ecclesiastical libraries, but which are ever distilled into small manuals—even now, we lament
to

to say, placed in the hands of the younger clergy. This casuistry, as M. Michelet justly observes, was addressed to the world when it was reeking with all the foam and mire of the civil wars. 'There you read of crimes which probably were never committed but by the terrible soldiers of the Duke of Alva—or those Companies, in the thirty years' war, without country, without law, without God—*vraies Sodomes errantes dont l'ancienne eut eu horreur.*' This is among the strongest points of the Anti-Jesuit party; and if the clergy of France make common cause with—if they do not disclaim—this education of the priestly mind in the theory of all possible or impossible criminality, the moral indignation of mankind will shake off their yoke as a pestilence. Books of very recent date have been forced upon our notice (one bearing the name of the bishop of an important see), of which we write with the calmest deliberation, that if a husband or the father of a family knew a priest, a young priest, to have had his mind and memory infected by them, and did not spurn him from his door, he would be guilty of a sin against the God of purity—of a wicked and cowardly abandonment of his most sacred duties. Those who are but partially read in this controversy will find enough in a work of M. Libri. It is in vain to defend these publications, either as necessary or as mere harmless and traditionary speculations. One of the books which we have seen is made still more offensive by being adapted to modern use by a surgeon, who asserts that all the advanced medical knowledge on every part and condition of the human frame is indispensable to the priest. Even if any one of such inconceivable monstrosities as these works coolly conceive were to be revealed, by confession or otherwise, to a priest, and his natural and Christian horror of such things did not at once direct him how to act, such a case should be reserved for the bishop, and kept in deeper than religious silence.

But if such learning be so perilous to the priest's own inward sanctity—what is it when brought into contact with penitents of every age and moral condition, and of either sex—when, profoundly instructed in such a manual, the priest proceeds to scrutinize the secrets—perhaps of a delicate female heart?

'Et ce jeune prêtre, qui d'après vous croit que le monde est encore ce monde effroyable, qui arrive au confessionnal avec toute cette vilaine science, l'imagination meublée de cas monstrueux—vous le mettez, imprudents! ou comment vous nommerai-je, en face d'une enfant qui n'a pas quitté sa mère, qui ne sait rien, n'a rien à dire, dont le plus grand crime est d'avoir mal appris son catéchisme, ou blessé un papillon.'—p. 24.

This is the deep original sin of the whole system. That it compels

compels the minds of all, young as old, the tender maiden, whose light heart is as pure as the summer fountain, to dwell on thoughts from which they ought to be diverted by every lawful means; and not to dwell on them only, but to give them words, and that to a person of another sex. What she would scarcely dare to utter to her mother, to herself, is, with but a thin wooden partition, to be whispered, but distinctly whispered—and that not now to a hoary and venerable prelate, not to a monk pale with fasting and emaciated with study and prayer, and bowed to the earth with premature age—not to one who retires again with her secret to his lonely cell—but one in the full vigour, it may be, of manly beauty, whom she meets at every corner of the street, perhaps in her common society, and as a welcome guest in the quiet saloon of her own home.

M. Michelet sets forth with his usual graphic power, and at least with that probable truth which may suggest serious reflection, another scene (his pamphlet, like his history, is all scenes) in which a devotee, not quite so ignorant of the world, may pass from one excitement to another:—

‘Quel lieu, je vous prie, plus puissant que l’église sur l’imagination—plus riche en illusions, plus fascinateur? C’est l’église justement qui ennoblit l’homme, vulgaire ailleurs, qui le grandit, l’exagère, lui prête sa poésie.

‘Voyez-vous cette solennelle figure qui, sous l’or et la pourpre des habits pontificaux, monte avec la pensée d’un peuple, la prière de dix mille hommes, au triomphal escalier du chœur de Saint Denis? Le voyez-vous encore, qui sur tout ce peuple à genoux, plane à la hauteur des voûtes, porte la tête dans les chapiteaux parmi les têtes ailées des anges, et de là lance la foudre?... Eh bien! c’est lui cet archange terrible, qui tout à l’heure descend pour elle, et maintenant doux et facile, vient, là-bas, dans cette chapelle obscure s’entendre aux heures languissantes de l’après-midi! Belle heure! gracieuse et tendre (et pourquoi donc le cœur nous bat-il si fort ici?). Comme elle est déjà sombre cette église! il n’est pourtant pas tard encore. La grande rose du portail flamboie au soleil couchant.... Mais c’est toute autre chose au chœur; des ombres graves s’y étendent, et derrière c’est l’obscurité.... Une chose étonne et fait presque peur, d’aussi loin que l’on regarde; c’est, tout au fond de l’église, ce mystère de vieux vitraux qui, ne montrant plus de dessin précis, scintillent dans l’ombre comme un illisible grimoire de caractères inconnus.... La chapelle n’en est pas moins obscure; vous n’en distinguez plus les ornements, les délicates nervures qui se nouaient à la voûte; l’ombre s’épaississant arrondit et confond les formes. Mais, comme si cette chapelle sombre n’était pas encore assez sombre, elle enferme dans un coin l’étroit réduit de chêne noir, où cet homme ému, cette femme tremblante, réunis si près l’un de l’autre, vont causer tout bas de l’amour de Dieu.’—pp. 204-206.

We have done some violence to ourselves in quoting this passage, of which, however brilliant, we can neither altogether approve the spirit or the tone; but it furnishes a conclusive argument. Where such men can write fearlessly and unrebuked, at least by any *dominant*, we say not universal, feeling, of the confessional in such language, is it not a sign that its authority, and therefore that its use, has passed away? If not awful, it must be dangerous, or worse than dangerous. It is idle to denounce, as some may be inclined to denounce, the irreverence, the sacrilegious insolence, the impiety of such writers; the page is read from one end of France to the other: and how large a part of France will hail it as the vivid expression of its own sentiments! Can the confessional regain its awfulness in the face of such remonstrance—be that remonstrance just or not—with the historic certainty that in the Church of Rome itself it is but of recent date? For though confession is as old as Christianity, the compulsory confession to the priest was first enjoined by an authoritative decree in the pontificate of Innocent III.*

Christianity must never be degraded to a mere moral law; it must never for an instant forget its loftier mission of making the Invisible visible; of raising the soul far above this sublunary sphere: but while it is above, it must not be against the moral sentiment, the enlightened moral sentiment of mankind; it must harmonize with it jealously, severely, and without suspicion. Priestly influence may silence it, may pervert it, may substitute for it some other absorbing impulse; but the indissoluble wedlock of Christian faith and perfect morals cannot be long violated with impunity. Christianity has not emancipated woman to submit her to another dominion than that of her husband.

But the influence of the Confessional is nothing to that of the *Direction*. The confessor receives his penitents in the church, at appointed hours; the director, at his own time, in the private house:—

‘Au confesseur on dit les péchés; on ne lui doit rien de plus. Au directeur on dit tout, on se dit soi-même et les siens, ses affaires, ses intérêts. Celui à qui l’on confie le plus grand intérêt, celui du salut éternel, comment ne lui confierait-on pas de petits intérêts temporels, le

* With the author of a book which has just reached us, ‘De la Confession, et du Célibat des Prêtres, par Francisque Bouvier,’ we would both willingly augur, and devoutly pray for the increasing influence of the Pulpit, rather than of the Confessional. This work, though of considerable ability, and with much knowledge of the subject, is not written in the calm tone, or with that severe accuracy of learning which is demanded in this grave controversy. The quotations are strangely loose, some of the references incorrect—almost all to author or volume, without chapter or page. In one place, among the authorities cited is Tripartite (p. 414); a newly discovered ecclesiastical historian—we presume, an impersonation of the ‘Historia Tripartita.’

- mariage de ses enfans, le testament qu'on projette, etc. ? Le confesseur est obligé au secret ; il se tait, ou devrait se taire. Le directeur n'a point cette obligation. Il peut révéler ce qu'il sait, surtout à un prêtre, à un autre directeur. Supposons dans une maison une vingtaine de prêtres (ou un peu moins, par égard pour la loi d'association) qui soient les uns confesseurs, les autres directeurs des mêmes personnes ; comme directeurs, ils peuvent échanger leurs renseignemens, mettre en commun sur une table mille ou deux mille consciences, en combiner les rapports ; comme les pièces d'un jeu d'échecs, en régler d'avance les mouvemens, les intérêts, et se distribuer à eux-mêmes les rôles qu'ils doivent jouer pour mener le tout à leurs fins.—p. 225.

It is this *Direction* which, withdrawing confession from its last control—the solemnity of the church—from the partial publicity, the dignity of a sacred ceremony—introduces into the family one that is not of the family, but who rules it with despotic sway ; who knows more of the intimate thoughts of the husband than the wife, of the wife's than her husband ; who has an authority greater than that of the parent over the child, because the child intuitively feels that it is the Director, not the parent, who determines everything. Thus all that is delightful in affection, its spontaneity, is checked and chilled ; mutual confidence passes through the intervention of a third person ; love itself becomes timid and surreptitious—it has lost all its free and unrestrained effusion. It is now no longer the eye of God, whose eternal providence is watching over the development of the affections, the growth of the individual moral being, and the reciprocal influence of members of a harmonious family upon each other ; but the prying, curious, sleepless, importunate, inevitable eye of a *man*—who is present in the most intimate intercourse, hears every word, coldly watches every emotion ; whom habitual hypocrisy vainly attempts to elude, and habitual servitude only can satisfy. This assuredly is a temptation to spiritual tyranny to which human nature should not be exposed. A Rodin is the inevitable consequence of the system. The confession, too, of one must involve the conduct of others : thus it is an universal delation by a religious police, with an espionage in every family. The director is to the wife another husband, to the friend a more intimate friend, to the statesman far more than his secretary, to the king nearer than his minister. This direction, though not confined to the Jesuits, was the great secret of the Jesuit power ; and, no doubt, of the Jesuit ruin. It would be a curious speculation how far the decrepitude of the old royal families of Europe, which led to the triumph of the French revolutionary principles, may be traced to *direction*. Hereditary malady, no doubt, in many cases surrendered the enfeebled sovereign, without resistance, to this secret domination ; but it is a melancholy truth, that in scarcely any instance did this close religious superintendence

superintendence restrain, we say not the follies, but the grosser vices of these kings. Trace it from the soft and easy rule of Father Cotton down to the Père Tellier, down to the accommodating directors of Louis XV., and throughout almost the whole line of Spanish Bourbons. While even this poor advantage—poor as far as their subjects were concerned—was not obtained, the affairs of the kingdom were left to upstart favourites made or unmade by this secret influence—or they were abandoned to total neglect. To maintain that power—that sovereignty above the sovereign—that abasement of the temporal below the spiritual dominion—which the Gregôrys and Innocents sought by the bolder means of direct aggression, of haughty pretension, of spiritual force and violence, but which was far more fully exercised by being behind the throne rather than above it—what sacrifice could be too great? Christian morality went first: had not Pascal, with his fearless irony, forbade the divorce, it would have been complete. Monarchy, which ceased to rule, fell into contempt. The whole mind of Roman Catholic Europe, which by an education, cold, minute, laborious, Jesuitism strove to engross and keep down to a dead level of mediocrity, woke up suddenly, opened its wondering eyes, and mistook the brilliant meteor of the Voltairian philosophy for the sunlight of truth. Religion itself, without the poetry of the older Catholicism, or the more severely reasoning faith of Protestantism, which this order had been inculcating from the cradle to the grave, on the peasant, on the sovereign—to which they had been endeavouring to enslave literature, arts, philosophy—was suddenly found dead. With all the rising generation—as it would have seemed—at their disposition, they had not a man of talent or vigour to stand in the breach: it was as if their triumph had smitten the whole Church with barrenness. While this vast spiritual police seemed omnipotent as omnipresent—while by every kind of intrigue, by correspondence throughout and far beyond the civilized nations, by a free-masonry which communicated with the rapidity and the secrecy of the electric telegraph, it appeared to rule the world, it was put down, as it were, by acclamation. The suppression of this wonderful Society—for wonderful it was in its rise—in its progress to almost universal dominion—in the extraordinary characters of its first founders—in its reconquest of half Germany from Protestantism, in its foreign missions, which, after astonishing Christendom with their boasted success, were disclaimed by more than one Pope, as compromising the truth and the purity of religion;—their suppression is the evidence of their utter weakness in what appeared their hour of strength: they were still directors of half the consciences in a large part of Europe, when they were at once and contemptuously discharged.

discharged. The Pope was compelled to abandon them; and the only protectors they found were the English (with whom they had entered into some questionable commercial relations in America), that pious Christian Frederick of Prussia, and the virtuous Empress Catherine! *

We return to the relation of the clergy to the people. Of all the manifold blessings we owe to the Reformation, the greatest was that which restored the minister of Christ to his position as a citizen and as a man; the abrogation of the celibacy of the clergy; the return from that monastic Christianity, which from the fourth century had held out a false model of perfection, to genuine primitive Christianity.

Believing, as we implicitly do, the whole monastic system to have come originally not from the shores of the Jordan, but from those of the Ganges—not from the foot of Carmel or Lebanon, but of the Himalaya; believing it to be founded on a false philosophy—the malignity of matter, and in consequence the sinfulness of everything corporeal; believing it to be a dastardly desertion of one half of our duty under the pretence of exclusive devotion to the other—the utter abnegation of one of the great commandments of the Law, the love of man; believing it to be directly opposite to the doctrine of our Lord, who seems designedly to reject the example of John the Baptist as applicable to his disciples; believing that the one or two passages in the New Testament which can be thought to tend that way relatively to the dangerous and afflicting times of the primitive Christians; believing that the perfection of Christianity is the active performance of duty, the devotion, the dedication of every faculty of body and of mind with which we were endowed by God to the identical cause of God and human happiness; believing it to be inconsistent with any pure and lofty conception of the Godhead, and of the true dignity and destination of man; believing it to be low and selfish in its object—superstitious and degrading in its practices—at best but a dreamy and indolent concentration of the individual upon himself under the fond supposition that he is in communion with God—or the degradation of our better faculties to coarse employments, which there are and must be coarse natures enough to fulfil;—yet, with all this, we hesitate not to do justice, and ample justice, to individual monks, to monasteries, and to monasticism itself. In their time they have doubtless wrought incalculable good—good which could not have been wrought without them. The monk, because he has been a monk—at least, because he has not been encumbered with earthly

* See the curious recent volume of M. St. Priest.

ties—has been able to rise to the utmost height of religious self-sacrifice, of Christian heroism, in the cause of God and of man. The monastery, at least in the West, has been the holy refuge of much human wretchedness, driven from the face of a hostile and inhospitable world—of much sin, which required profound and solitary penance—of much remorse, which has been soothed and softened. They have taught industrial habits to rude and warlike tribes, and fertilized deserts; they have been the asylums of learning and the arts, the schools from which issued the most powerful intellects throughout the middle ages. Of their inestimable services, especially of the Benedictines, to letters, what lover of letters would not be afraid lest he should speak with less liberal gratitude than justice would demand?

So, too, the celibacy of the secular clergy—imperfectly as it was enforced, and perseveringly resisted or eluded, and therefore constantly producing the evil of practice inconsistent with theory, of life at war with the established laws—nevertheless, in its time, produced much collateral and adventitious good. It was not merely that the missionary priest, as well as the missionary monk, was better qualified for the great work to which he had devoted himself, by being unincumbered with amiable weaknesses and with sympathies which might have distracted the energies of his heart and soul; but there was a more profound policy than at first appears in the stern measures of Gregory VII. to seclude the clergy from mankind. Not only was an unmarried clergy a more powerful instrument for the advancement of the Papal sway, and an aristocracy necessary to maintain the great spiritual sovereignty, which he aimed to set up above the temporal thrones of Europe; but in the strong hereditary tendencies of the feudal times, a married clergy would have become an hereditary caste, and finally sunk back, bearing with it the gradually alienated endowments of the Church into the mass of each nation. But this view requires far more than a passing sentence, and more indeed than all which hereafter we shall be able to bestow upon it.

However it may appear to some of our readers, this whole question of the monastic Christianity and the celibacy of the clergy is by no means idle and irrelevant at the present hour. Our Ecclesiasticals are not content with the cathedral—they are looking back with fond and undisguised regret to the monastery; they disdain the discomfited surplice, and yearn after the cowl and the scapulary. When we have men not merely of recluse and studious temperament, with the disposition and habits of the founder of a religious order, revelling in subtleties of the intellect like an old schoolman, with a conscious and well-tried power of captivating young minds by the boldness and ingenuity of religious paradox;

but those too who have known the sanctifying blessings and the sanctifying sorrows of domestic life, not *as yet* indeed condemning the marriage of the clergy, but holding up monastic celibacy as a rare gift, an especial privilege of God's designated saints, assuming the lofty indignation of insulted spirituality against those who utterly deny the first principles of this doctrine—it may be time to show even hastily and imperfectly the grounds on which the English Church has deliberately repudiated the whole system.

Among other startling publications of the day, Mr. Albany Christie (still, we believe a professing Anglican) has lately given us a tract on Holy Virginity, adapted from St. Ambrose, for modern use—a mystic rhapsody in the worst style of that most unequal of the ancient fathers, strangely, and we must take the freedom to say, comically mingled up by the translator with allusions to modern manners. The boldness with which the authority of Scripture is dealt with in this little work is by no means the least curious point about it, considering that it is unscrupulously, no doubt from *reverence*, as proceeding from a holy father of the church, reproduced at this time. 'Consider,' we read, 'that they were virgins who, in preference to the Apostles, first saw the resurrection of the Lord.'* Now we read in St. Luke that it was Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and *Mary the mother of James*, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the Apostles (xxiv. 10). As all biblical critics know, there is some difficulty in harmonising the accounts of the Evangelists as to the coming of the women to the sepulchre; but without entering into the question about Mary Magdalene, besides the maternity of the other Mary, we read of Joanna that she was the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward; and Salome (who is named in St. Mark, xv. 40) was probably the mother of Zebedee's children! But the Song of Solomon furnishes the great persuasives to Holy Virginity,—

'*My locks,*' saith he, '*are filled with the drops of night*' (Cant. v. 2). Upon his head the razor came not, he is the Prince of Peace, and steel is the sign and implement of war, therefore are his locks unshorn; and they are filled with the drops of the night, the meaning of which we have already seen, even the dew of the Holy Spirit, which refreshes the parched and weary soul, watering the dry and sun-baked soil, that it may bear fruits of holiness. But we must not haste too fast: his locks are, as of a holy Nazarite, unshorn, the razor hath not touched his head; yet how unlike the ringlets of the wanton daughters of fashion, dressed with crisping pins, curled and plaited with a hireling's art, divided hither and thither with minutest care, redolent with luxurious perfumes and scented oils; these are not ornaments but criminal devices; not the modest head-gear of the virtuous maiden, but impure allurements to un-

* Tract on Holy Virginity, derived from St. Ambrose, p. 7.

chaste thoughts and enticements of a soul, if not a body, the victim of prostitution. These haughty daughters of England, who walk with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, despise the degraded and wretched woman whom deceit has lured, or agonising poverty has driven from the paths of virtue; think you that their virtue would be proof, if the fear of public infamy were withdrawn against the deed of sin, when now so many acts imply that the thought of sin is no stranger to their minds?—p. 31.

So, according to this new treatise on the ‘Unloveliness of Lovelocks,’ (pardon this approximation of Old Prynne and St. Ambrose,) all young ladies who curl their hair, or have their hair curled by ‘a hireling,’ are in heart no better than the outcasts of the Strand!

‘Shun then, Christian virgins, the public walks, shun the places of public concourse; shun the hot ball-room; the *worldly bazaar* (the more worldly because hypocritical); the fashionable watering-places; ay, and the Church of God, which should be the house of prayer, but which is made the scene of man’s display and man’s idolatry, where Christ’s little ones, the poor and wretched, cannot (for delicacy and pride exclude them) come to worship.’—p. 18.

This; if we could be amused by such things, would be an amusing confusion of modern-antique notions and antipathies. St. Ambrose may possibly have had a convent chapel to send his recluses to; but are the young ladies of the new school not to go to Church at all—because, to the horror of Mr. Christie, they may find it necessary to sit in *pews*?

It is singular that these monastic notions, even partially and timidly admitted, seem to produce an indelicacy and even grossness of thought and sentiment, which in the most innocent gaiety of manners, and in the most harmless amusements, can see nothing but the deepest and most shameless corruption. *Omnia munda mundis* may be a doubtful adage, but *omnia immunda immundis* is irrefragable. The whole series of ‘Lives of the Saints,’ in language severely pure, perpetually shows a coarseness of thought, we are persuaded more dangerously immoral than works of a far lighter and far less rigid tone.* We mean not only those perilous adventures in which almost all their knight-errants of monkish valour are tried—and from which they take refuge by plunging head over ears into cold water; and all the other strange conflicts with demons, who seem to have a peculiar spite against this especial virtue.† We dread the general effect of these writings on

* We suppose most of our readers are aware that the ‘Lives of the English Saints,’ publishing in small monthly numbers, were started with a preface by Mr. Newman—and are generally considered as having been designed to supply the place of the suspended ‘Tracts for the Times.’ We have before us a dozen of these numbers.

† See some small but clever tracts, called ‘Modern Hagiology,’ in the first of which,

on the minds of young men, aye, and young women too ; for we have no doubt that the beauty and simplicity with which a few at least of these very unequal biographies are composed—the singular skill with which every thing which *is*, is depreciated, and every thing which *has been* is painted in the most captivating light—the consummate artifice with which the love of novelty is disguised under a passion for ancient and neglected truth—will obtain some female readers. We dread it because throughout these writings the minds of the pure of both sexes, and especially of that which is purest by nature and by education, by innate modesty and tender maternal watchfulness, are forced to dwell on thoughts which recur frequently enough, without being thus fostered by being moulded up inseparably with religious meditation. The true safeguard of youthful manners is the sensitive delicacy which restricts from tampering with such subjects ; the strong will which dismisses them at once, and concentrates itself on other subjects, on the business of life, on intellectual pursuits, or even on sports or exercises : but here by this one conflict being represented as the great business of life, as the main object of spiritual ambition, no escape is left open ; it does not naturally recur, but is hourly and momentarily recalled ; the virtue we have no doubt is often rendered absolutely unattainable by the incessant care for its attainment.

This—almost beyond their perilous tampering with truth, and endangering of all faith, by demanding belief in the most puerile miracles, as though they were Holy Writ, or at least insinuating that there is no gradation in the sin of unbelief—and we must add a most melancholy hardness and intolerance—will confine the influence of these new hagiologists to a few, and those the younger readers, who will hereafter become wiser.

There is a passage in the ‘Life of St. Gilbert,’ which, profane and uninitiated as we are, we read with a shudder. † The author is speaking of certain dreams which determine the saint absolutely to forbid himself the sight of a woman. After an allusion, to our feelings most irreverent, to the Virgin Mary, he goes still further ; with, as usual, either a real or a studied ignorance of the meaning of the Bible. ‘He who was infinitely more sinless by

which, p. 10, et seq., are some significant extracts (such as we hardly dare venture), and some sensible observations on the language of these stern asserters of the strictness of what they call Catholic morals. As this writer says—‘A saint according to teaching is plainly a person of no ordinary degree of natural viciousness, and of unusual and almost preternatural violence of animal passions. His sanctity consists mainly in the curious and far-fetched ingenuity of the torments by which he contrives to keep himself within the bounds of decency.’ The example is that of St. Cuthbert, a bishop, who, when he went to hold holy conversation with the abbess St. Ebba, took the precaution to cool himself every night “by standing up to his neck in the water, or in the chilly air!”

grace,

grace, even by nature impeccable, because he was the Lord from heaven, he has allowed it to be recorded that his disciples wondered that he talked with a woman.' That his disciples did not wonder at his talking with a woman, but at his talking with a woman of Samaria, what simple reader of the gospel will fail to perceive? (John iv. 27; compare verse 9.) How many other passages in our Lord's life utterly refute this false monastic view of his character! Who are said to have 'ministered to him?'

We must add one or two extracts,—but they shall be passages of the more harmless sort.

'Holy virginity' is no less a portion of Christianity than holy penitence; and the denial of the virtue of the one most certainly impairs the full belief in the other.'—*Life of St. Gilbert*, p. 49.

The reader may not be prepared for the proof of this axiom—'for the communion of saints and the forgiveness of sins lie close together in the Creed'!! Again—

'They who deny the merit of virginity leave out a portion of Christian morals. . . . The Bible'—this writer acknowledges—'says nothing about monks and nuns; but it says a great deal about prayer, and about taking up the cross. It is quite true that the cross has sanctified domestic affections, by raising marriage to a dignity which it never possessed before; and yet human affections are terrible things; love is as strong and insatiable as death; and how hard is it to love as though we loved not; and to weep, as though we wept not; and to laugh, as though we laughed not! Happy are they to whom human affections are not all joy; the mother has her cross as well as the nun, and it will be blessed to her. Happy they who have to tend the sick bed of a parent or a friend; they need seek no further, they have their cross. Yet happiest of all is she, who is marked out for ever from the world, whose slightest action assumes the character of adoration, because she is bound by a vow to her heavenly spouse, as an earthly bride is bound by the nuptial vow to her earthly lord.'

For ourselves we rest content with the Christian perfection of the Bible. According to the plain principles of that book, we believe that the most 'enskyed and sainted nun' (in Shakspeare's beautiful words) is as far below, in true Christian perfection, we will say the mother of St. Augustine, or the wife who sucked the poison from her husband's wound, even, in due proportion, as he who went into the wilderness to him who 'went about doing good.' Who will compare the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' of the recluse with that of the sister of charity? Yet will the virginity of the latter weigh in the Evangelic balance one grain in comparison with her charity?

Another writer is not content with elevating the unnatural state, but must depreciate those natural affections, to be 'void of which,' we have high authority to believe, is no safe condition.

'After

'After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility!—but does it not at first sight require proof, that heaven can be won by a life spent in this quiet way?'—*Life of St. Stephen Harding*, p. 113.

We will tell this unhappy man that there is more true religion, more sense of God's goodness, more humble resignation to his chastening hand, from the sight of one living, or the grave of one dead child, than in years of fasting and flagellation.

We repeat that we have not the least apprehension of the ultimate, or even the extensive success of these doctrines here; their only bad effect will be to make a few young men very miserable, very sour tempered, and very arrogant; and on the other hand they may perhaps prevent some early and imprudent marriages.

But abroad, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, murmurs both loud and deep are again heard against the law of celibacy. It is not only the priest Ronge, who has absolutely seceded from the Church of Rome, and appealed to the good sense and truthfulness of Germany against the seamless coat* of our Lord, which in the nineteenth century the Archbishop of Treves thought fit to exhibit, and which in the nineteenth century was visited by above a million of worshippers. The clergy of Baden some years ago published a deliberate argument, to which a reply† was made by the late Professor Möhler, the author of the *Symbolik*; a reply written with his usual ability and polemic skill. Even in his own Church, the arguments and authority of this distinguished logician have had little or no effect in suppressing these opinions: they are day after day gaining ground. But we may be sure that Möhler would be accepted by all moderate and learned Roman Catholic writers as in every respect qualified to do justice to his cause. Möhler's great argument is, that the Church has the right not merely to lay before those whom she exalts to the dignity of the priesthood, but to exact, as a qualification for that dignity, the highest ideal of Christianity. But this assumes the point at issue. If it be not the ideal of the Sacred Writings—if it be the ideal

* Two German Professors at Bonn have published a curious tract on this seamless coat of Treves and the twenty other seamless coats, the history of which they have traced with true German perseverance and erudition. It is a calm disquisition in an excellent tone; its historico-theological learning relieved by quiet irony. It is somewhat amusing to find that the Infallible Gregory XVI. issued a Letter, asserting the authenticity of the seamless coat of Argenteuil, not remembering that the Infallible Leo X. had asserted the authenticity of that of Treves; while other Infallible Pontiffs have given their approbation to the list of relics in the church of St. John Lateran, where there is a third. 'Rom hat gesprochen'—say our Professors.

† The tract is reprinted in Möhler's '*Gesammelte Schriften*,' i. band, pp. 177–267.

of a false philosophy not recognised by the Sacred Writings, but almost universally dominant in the intellectual world, into which Christianity passed almost immediately after its first complete publication—and if that false philosophy be now utterly discarded from the human mind—the conclusion is inevitable.

• It may be assumed that the great ideal truth, which distinguishes any system, will pervade that system throughout; that if not objectively prominent in every part, it shall be found in its depths, wherever we sound them; that it will be, if not uniformly and explicitly, perpetually implied; that it shall be not casually and incidentally noticed, but fill that place which becomes its importance; and, above all, must be in perfect harmony with the rest of the revelation. But for this principle, upon which the ideal dignity of celibacy rests, the monastics can refer only to two insulated and ambiguous passages in the whole New Testament.*

This is the more remarkable, if it was not a new truth, of which the primary conception dawned as it were upon the world under the new dispensation. Notions absolutely uncongenial with the state of the human mind, might, according to the customary dealings of Divine Providence, have been introduced with caution, if we may so say, bordering on timidity; but this would hardly be the case with questions which might seem to await a solemn and indisputable decision from the new teacher of righteousness.

• The great question of the superiority of the celibate and contemplative state over that of marriage and of active life—the philosophy or theology, whichever it may be called, which proscribed marriage, and exalted celibacy, as withdrawing the soul from the pollution of malignant matter,—had already made its way among the Jews both of Egypt and Palestine: it was the doctrine of the Essenes and Therapeutæ, who, even if we do not allow them to be the parents, were at least the types and the forerunners of Christian monachism.

That such tenets had already grown up among the Jews we have the historical testimony of both the two great Jewish writers of the times—of Josephus and Philo (to say nothing of Pliny and others)—testimony absolutely unquestionable. And that such tenets, so directly opposed to the law, the history, and the actual predominant state of Jewish feeling, should so have grown up, is in itself very extraordinary, and shows the wonderful power which these tenets possessed of seizing and enthralling the human mind. The Priesthood, the High Priesthood itself, was hereditary; the

* We say two, because, though often quoted, the third (Rev. xiv. 4) is, to our judgment, clearly metaphorical: it is not physical pollution, but the pollution by idolatry which is meant. See Rosenmüller *in loco*, or the common Family Bible.

Levites were in no way exempt from the great duty, in some respects the positive law, of continuing their race; throughout the Old Testament we have no trace of the sanctity of celibacy: barrenness in all women was a curse; and this feeling, (for who might not be mother of the Messiah?) still in general prevailed among the Jews. This part of the Escenian doctrine was the strongest proof of the growth of foreign opinions. This therefore was a point on which the new religion would, it might be expected, authoritatively pronounce, if accordant with its design; accept with distinct approval, define with precise limitations, make it in fact an integral and inseparable part of the faith. Such it was when it became the doctrine of the Church, after several centuries: it was then virtually and practically a part of the religion. A Jovinian or Vigilantius of the fourth century might appeal to reason or to Scripture against it; but even they would hardly deny that it was a dominant tenet in Christendom.

But even that highest sanction, our Lord's own conduct in the choice of his disciples, was wanting to this tenet. The chief of his apostles, St. Peter, certainly had no claim to this ideal perfection; nor does there appear the least evidence in the Gospel, that up to a certain period, either by his language, or by his preference of those, who possessed this qualification, the Saviour had inculcated, or even suggested, any belief in its superior sanctity. The one occasion on which he spoke on the subject was that related in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. Questions had been brought before him relating to marriage and divorce. The purer and more severe morality of our Lord condemned without reserve that fatal facility of divorce which was permitted by the less rigid Pharisaic school. Adultery alone, according to his commandment, dissolved the holy and irrevocable marriage tie. But his disciples, bred, it should seem, under the laxer system, appear to have clung strangely to the easier doctrine. Their doubts assumed the following form:—'If this be the case, if marriage be so inflexible, so inexorable; if the wife is to be dismissed for no lighter cause, for no other vice, men would be wise not to load themselves with this intolerable burthen.' To this our Lord appears to reply:—All persons are not capable of refraining from marriage. Some are especially designated by the divine will for this peculiar distinction; some are born disqualified for marriage; others are made so by human art; others, from some religious motives, disqualify themselves. For all sound interpreters concur in taking this disqualification not in its literal sense, but as a voluntary abstinence from marriage. At first sight it might seem a natural interpretation, as our Lord speaks in the present tense—*there are*, not *there will be*, those who in expectation of the

the coming of the Messiah (for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake) abstain altogether from marriage—that he might in fact have alluded to those of the Essenes, or the other hermits, who, according to Josephus, had retired to solitary cells in the desert : and in them the great dominant expectation of the coming Messiah was at its sublimest height. The absorption of the soul, as it were, in this act of faith ; the entire devotion of the being, with the sacrifice of the ordinary ties as well as avocations of life, to the contemplation of the kingdom of God, was the lofty privilege of but this chosen few. But if we include the future sense, and with most interpreters give a kind of prophetic significance to our Lord's words, the meaning will be, that some men for the promotion of the kingdom of God, the propagation of the Gospel, will abstain from marriage ; they will willingly make this sacrifice if they are thereby disencumbered of earthly ties, and more able to devote their whole souls to the grand object of their mission. But it is this lofty sense of duty, in which lies the sublimity of the sacrifice, not necessarily in any special dignity of the sacrifice itself, excepting in so far as it may be more hard to flesh and blood than other trials. He whom duty calls, and who receives power from on high (*he that is able to receive it let him receive it*) is by this as by every other sacrifice for the cause, and through the love of Christ, thereby fulfilling the ideal of Christianity—which is the annihilation of self for the promotion of the Gospel and the good of man.

This is to us unquestionably the impression which is conveyed by our Lord's words, considered with relation to his times, and without the bias given by the long-fostered admiration of celibacy during certain ages of the Church. And in this view the language of our Lord is strictly coincident with the second passage, that of St. Paul to the Corinthians. This chapter (1st Epist. vii.) was written in answer to certain questions relating to marriage, proposed to him by some of the Corinthian Christians. It does not appear in what spirit or by whom those questions were submitted to St. Paul ; whether from a Judaizing party, who, like many of their countrymen, might hold the absolute duty of marriage at a certain time of life ; or in the spirit of that incipient Gnosticism which the apostles had to encounter in other sects who altogether proscribed marriage. Paul was unmarried ; other apostles, St. Peter himself (ch. ix. 5) were not only married but accompanied by their wives. The language of St. Paul* is something like a vindication of his own course ; though he asserts the *advantage*, perhaps the *merit*, most undoubt-

* 'Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote unto me : it is good for a man not to touch a woman. Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.'

edly *not* the absolute perfection of celibacy, he excepts no class from the right, or even the duty of marriage, if they have neither the gift nor the power of continency. But St. Paul himself returns to the main question, that of virginity; and in terms which appear to us clear and distinct, instead of a general and universal precept of Christianity, limits his own words to temporary and local admonition, called forth by some peculiar exigency of the times. 'I suppose, therefore, that this is good *for the present distress*;' I say that it is good for a man so to be.' The meaning of these words, διὰ τὴν ἐνεστῶσαν ἀνάγκην, is the key to the whole passage. Möhler, it is true, endeavours to get over this difficulty, by an interpretation, to which we will venture to say no such scholar could be reduced but by hard necessity. He interprets the ἐνεστῶσαν ἀνάγκην as what is commonly called in theological language, concupiscence; and as that is perpetual and inextinguishable in human nature, so he would infer the perpetuity and universality of the precept. But this notion is hardly worthy of refutation. What then was this '*distress*'? It was something instant—either some actually pressing calamity, or one imminent and inevitable. But the Corinthian Church, it is said, was not then under any immediate apprehension of persecution. Locke, no doubt among the most sober and cautious interpreters, does not scruple to suppose that the apostle had a prophetic anticipation of the Neronian persecution. But even those who reject this explanation must admit that it would not need either the sagacity or the experience of Paul to perceive that the state of the Christians, opposed as they were to all the religious and all the political prejudices of the world, was one of perpetual danger. Already, even in Corinth, tumults had arisen out of their progress in the public favour; already they had been before the tribunal of Gallio; and though the Roman governor then treated them with haughty indifference, and their enemies at that time were only their compatriots the Jews, yet it was impossible not to foresee that their further success must lead to some fearful crisis. Their whole life was at war with the world; and although a quiet Christian community might not always be exposed to the same perils as the apostle, yet they could not but be under constant apprehension; distress, if not actually present, was perpetually imminent.

But there is a singular likeness in the expression of St. Paul to that of a passage in St. Luke's Gospel, which may perhaps lead us to a more definite sense—*ἔσται γὰρ ἀνάγκη μεγάλη ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς* (c. xxi. 23). This is part of the awful prophecy, in which the destruction of Jerusalem, and the second coming of the Messiah, are mingled up in terrific and almost inseparable images.

There

There can be no doubt that this second coming of Christ was perpetually present to the minds of the first Christians: the apostles themselves were but slowly emancipated from this primary Jewish conception of the immediate and visible kingdom of the Messiah. St. Paul was obliged to allay the terrors of his disciples, who had inferred from his ordinary preaching that it was clearly and inevitably at hand (2 Thess. ii. 2). Certain signs were to precede that coming, and the believer is reminded that to God time is nothing. But still the images are left in the thoughts of the believer in all their unmitigated terrors; and they were renewed, or renewed themselves, at every period of peril or of persecution. Even as our Lord mingled up, or allowed to remain mingled, those fearful predictions of the destruction of Jerusalem with the images which shadowed forth the Last Day, so his apostles blended the uncertainty of life—its peculiar uncertainty to those who at any time might become objects of persecution—with the final consummation in the second coming of the Lord. Awe was perhaps not always precise and distinct in the language in which this truth was expressed:—it was still less so in the interpretation of that language by the hearer. But it was quite enough to justify the expression, the *present distress*, the ἐνεστῶσαν ἀνάγκην, at least during the apostolic age. With this view the words ‘for the time is short’ (is drawing closely in), ὅτι ὁ καιρὸς συνεσταλμένος τὸ λατρεῖν ἐστίν, and the whole of the verses from the 29th to the 38th, *παράγει γὰρ τὸ σχῆμα τοῦ κόσμου τούτου*, not fully rendered by ‘the fashion of this world passeth away,’ remarkably coincide.

It is not, then, the preoccupation alone of the marriage state which might divert either husband or wife from religious thoughts—the conflict between the desire to please each other and perfect devotion to religion—but the anxieties likewise, the trembling of deep love for others rather than themselves, which then rendered the unmarried life the safer condition. It is not merely a carefulness on account of the ordinary trials and uncertainties of life from which the Apostle desires to keep them free—but a peculiar carefulness, belonging to that especial time and to their peculiar circumstances. The trumpet may sound at any hour. The Christian soldier should be girt and ready, unincumbered with unnecessary ties; with no fears, no anxieties but for himself; no bonds to break but those of life. On the whole, in short, this is neither a general law of Christianity—nor even its perfect ideal, though attainable by few—an eminent and transcendent gift and privilege, which shows its first principles in their most full development. It is exceptional in time, place, person, circumstance. The merit is not intrinsic, but dependent on foreign and peculiar accidents. If marriage disqualifies in the slightest

slightest degree for greater usefulness—if marriage withdraws the mind from holiness—then it must be sacrificed, as the right hand or the right eye is to be sacrificed: but as the maimed man is not better than the whole, so celibacy in itself has neither superior dignity nor superior sanctity.

Who can point out any thing in the earliest Christian institutions which in any way secludes the virgins as a separate and higher class from Christian wives and Christian mothers; which distinguishes to his advantage the unmarried from the married apostle; which sets the unmarried Paul above the married Cephas?—Compare the significant caution of the Apostle's expression with any passage taken at random from Basil, Ambrose, or any of the writers on these subjects in the fourth century; and who will fail to perceive that it is with them not merely the development (the favourite phrase) of a recognised principle, but a new element, predominating over and absorbing the opinions and feelings of our nature? This is still more conclusive, if we observe certain positive and direct precepts of St. Paul. Not merely are there several passages, where, if this notion was present to the Apostle's mind, either as a necessary part of Christianity, or as its highest aim, and prerogative, it must have forced itself into his language—yet we have nothing of it. Not merely is he on such occasions profoundly silent, but his general precepts on the other side are clear and unambiguous. If we might suppose the Apostle to have contemplated in any quarter the peaceful and permanent establishment of the Gospel; if anywhere he deliberately organized a Church with its ministry, and described the qualifications of a settled teacher, of a separate clergy; it is in that calm epistle to Titus, in which he consigns to him the establishment of the Church in Crete. Throughout this Epistle it is the Christian *family* which St. Paul seems to delight in surveying in all its blamelessness and harmony. But is either the Elder or the Bishop a being standing alone and above this household virtue? He is its very model and pattern. Desperate ingenuity may explain away any passage in Scripture; but none can suffer greater violence than does that simple text, 'the bishop must be the husband of one wife,' when it is construed as meaning anything but that, in salutary contrast to the habits of a licentious time, he is to be a husband of unimpeachable purity, even as he is a man of unimpeachable sobriety.* Nor is this a casual and isolated expression.

* Chrysostom's Commentary on this passage is in these words, in *loc. c.* iv. p. 387. ed. Sur.: *τίνος ἕνεκεν καὶ τὸν τοιοῦτον εἰς μέσον παράγει: ἐπιστομίζει τοὺς αἵρετικούς, τοὺς τὸν γάμον διαβάλλοντας, δεικνύς ὅτι τὸ πρᾶγμα οὐκ ἔστιν ἑναγὲς, ἀλλ' οὕτω τίμιον ὡς μετ' αὐτοῦ δύνασθαι καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν ὅμιον ἀναβαίνειν ὁρόνον.* He proceeds to condemn severely second marriages.

In the fuller statement of the Epistle to Timothy—in what we may fairly consider to be St. Paul's abstract ideal of a bishop, there is not merely the same expressive silence as to the obligation, or even the excellence of celibacy, but again we find his marriage distinctly taken for granted (1 Tim. iii. 2). Here, again, not merely is he held up as the exemplary husband but the exemplary parent; his family seems a matter of course. He 'is to be one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.' *

There is no doubt that the false Philosophy or Theology—the common parent of Gnosticism, of Monasticism, and of all the high notions on celibacy—was at least in its elements widely disseminated, and could not but be known to St. Paul; yet not merely was it not admitted, but repudiated by him with remarkable vehemence. Forbidding to marry and abstinence from certain meats (1 Tim. iv. 3) is the distinctive mark of some sect, either already beginning to develop itself, or prophetically foreshown, as in direct antagonism to the Gospel. The Gnostic sects in the second century followed out these principles to extreme extravagance; some Encratites are said absolutely to have proscribed marriage, and to have abstained, with a Buddhist aversion, from every kind of food which had had life. But with a higher wisdom Paul did not, like the later uninspired preachers of the Church, receive the philosophy and attempt to avoid the conclusions; incorporate the primary doctrine of the Gnostics with the thoughts and feelings, and proscribe its excesses. There is a singular vacillation in some of the earlier local and particular councils, condemning those who but carried out admitted principles to their legitimate consequences; now depreciating, now asserting, the dignity of marriage; establishing not merely different laws and a different discipline for the clergy and laity, but a different morality, a different estimate of moral excellence. And this was the first great silent and almost universal change which grew upon the spirit of Christianity; and it commended itself by some sympathies with the Christian heart, to which we cannot be surprised if that heart should yield with unsuspecting passion:—by its high self-abnegation; its entire concentration of the soul on God; its terrors and its raptures; its communion with the invisible; even its detachment from a world in which happiness, security, as well as virtue in those dark and degenerate times, could only be found

* Mr. H. Drummond, who is so strikingly right when he is right, thus comments on the text 1 Tim. iii. 2-5:—'Whence the judgment of God plainly is, that wherever there is a body of clergy who have no families to govern, there is a body eminently incapacitated from guiding the Church of God; albeit it might be wise and merciful in a bishop not to ordain any missionary or evangelist for heathen lands who had a wife and family to care for.'—*Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion*, p. 228.

in seclusion. Yet was it directly opposed to that practical Catholic religion of our Lord and his Apostles, who did not promulgate Christianity for a sect, an order, a certain definite section of the human race; nor even reserved its high places for a few lonely contemplatives; but revealed a perpetual faith for all mankind—for mankind active, progressive, going through every phase of civilization; if not in continual advancement, yet constantly aiming at advancement.

The Scriptural—let us be permitted to use the word Pauline—ideas of evil, and its antagonist Christian perfection, are widely different from those of monastic Christianity. In St. Paul the evil principle is moral degeneracy; in the other, the moral is blended up with some vague notion of physical corruption; the body itself, as formed of malignant matter—of matter inherently antagonist to God—is irreclaimably corrupt. In the one system the aim is the suppression of the evil of our nature; in the other, it is the suppression of our nature itself. In one it is a sin, in the other absolute perfection, to be without natural affection. In the one, females make an important part of the mingled community; in the other, the line between the sexes, as if two hostile races which cannot approximate without pollution, is sternly drawn. In the one it is the purification—in the other the proscription, the utter extinction, of bodily emotion which is virtue. In the one it is the unlawful—in the other it is the physical act of procreation of children, which is sin. Paul will keep his body under; Antony the hermit paralyse its functions. In the one case sanctification was possible; in the other, extirpation was absolutely necessary. The tenet in truth of the resurrection of the body, though that body was to be glorified in the Resurrection, might almost seem a protest against this dualistic theory. Nor is it any answer that the monastic churches, who thus mingled foreign conceptions with the primitive doctrines of the Gospel, still retained that essential tenet of the faith; it was a necessary consequence of the fusion of two systems, that in many parts they should be irreconcilable and contradictory. The mystic Quietism, which in every age of the Church has been the extreme height to which this kind of Christianity has soared, and soared with such sublimity as to attract some of the noblest and purest of men, has been but the Platonic, and more mystic than the Platonic—the Indian triumph of mind over matter; the absolute annihilation of the physical being.

We have never seen that Protest of the Baden clergy against which Möhler directed his laborious refutation; but the Fribourg professors, who took the lead in the controversy, must not merely have been guilty of several errors as to dates and facts, (which Möhler

Möhler triumphantly adduces)—they must have argued their cause with feebleness bordering on treachery, if they abandoned the ground of the three first centuries without making a firm and decisive stand. They cannot, surely, have omitted the strong passages of Clement of Alexandria, which assert the fact of the marriage of the apostles and vindicate that of the clergy; the long line of married bishops which might be produced from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius alone, with some even from the later annals of Socrates and Sozomen: the direct admission of its legality by Athanasius (Epist. ad Dracontium); the absence of prohibitory terms even in Basil and Augustine. The assertion of Jerome that it was the universal practice in the East and Egypt, as well as at Rome, to ordain only unmarried clergy, or those who had ceased to exercise the privilege of husbands, must be qualified by a great number of known exceptions. In the West itself that which was first an usage, more or less rigidly observed, was first hardened into a law by Pope Siricius (A.D. 385). This decree was probably called forth by the progress of the opinions of Jovinian, who, as did Vigilantius, strove in vain to stem the overbearing tendencies of their age; and from that time it may be considered as forming part of the discipline of the Western Church—a discipline theoretically maintained, but in practice constantly violated in almost every part of Europe.

The East and the West, as is well known, came to a decided separation on this great point of ecclesiastical discipline. Either the usage was by no means so general in the East during the fourth century as Jerome intimates, or it fell into desuetude, or was so repugnant to the clergy that at a later period the council in Trullo, which finally regulated the Eastern practice, demanded celibacy only from the bishop. Such has continued to be the practice in the Greek Church. The reasons for this difference seem to lie on the surface. In the East the monks were more secluded within themselves; they dwelt aloof from general society; they did not spread as in the West, particularly the later orders, through every rank; nor wander abroad as apostles and missionaries, and later as mendicants and preachers, into every corner of the earth. They did not indeed always remain in their calm contemplative solitude; they were fierce partisans in religious, sometimes in civil warfare; they rushed from their caves in Nitria, or their cells on the side of Athos, into the streets of Alexandria and Constantinople—and by their surpassing ferocity sometimes almost shamed the worst cruelty of the rabble.* But

* Is this what is called 'stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith,' which, with other monastic virtues, reigned among the quietly succeeding generations of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries?—*Life of St. Adamnan*, p. 120.

they acted thus in bodies, and on occasions; they were not the perpetual, busy rivals of the clergy in every district and in every parish. But the chief cause was that there was no Papacy—no power which could enforce a law contrary to the general sentiment of mankind. Justinian, a sort of caliph, who almost openly assumed and undoubtedly exercised a religious as well as civil supremacy—who legislated for the clergy, for their mode of election, their position and duties, as freely as with respect to any civil arrangements of the empire—was disposed to limit rather than favour the celibacy of the clergy. But so completely had the lawful marriage of the clergy become a tenet of the Greek Church, that in the disputes between the Eastern and Western Churches in the ninth and tenth centuries it was one of the points most bitterly bandied to and fro as a mark of orthodoxy or heterodoxy.

In the West, we have said, from the time of Pope Siricius the celibacy of the clergy was the law of the Church; but it was a law which was so opposed to the common feelings of mankind that it was for some centuries eluded, defied, and even resisted by main force. In the north of Europe, in England during parts of the Saxon period, in Germany, if we receive as authority the indignant declamations of the high advocates of celibacy, the breach was at least as common as the observance of the rule. If it was an evil, it was an evil of vast extent, and inveterate in the manners of the clergy, against which Hildebrand for the first time wielded the thunders of the Vatican with much success. Even in Italy the Lombard clergy, especially those of Milan, boldly asserted their liberty of marriage: they declared that they had a tradition from St. Ambrose himself (whom the Church of Milan professed to venerate with almost as much honour as Rome did St. Peter) which allowed them the same latitude as prevailed in the Greek Church. It needed the sword of a fierce crusader, Herlembard, to hew asunder the bonds which united the clergy to their wives, whom it was the policy of the hostile party to brand with the odious name of concubines, while they retaliated on the unmarried clergy by far more odious appellations. But the history of this European strife is yet to be written with philosophic equity and Christian tenderness. On the Milanese chapter we have two remarkable authorities, the historians Arnulphus and Landulphus, who were partisans of the married clergy—the most curious perhaps of all Muratori's curious collections of mediæval history.

Hildebrand, a wise man in his generation, knew that the power of the Pope through the clergy and over the clergy, depended on their celibacy; and for that reason alone, to the extent that the papacy was beneficial to mankind, so was the celibacy of the clergy.

clergy. But at what sacrifice this advantage was bought can only be estimated by a long historical disquisition, which for the present at least we must decline.

But even in the Church of Rome, it may be said, for other times, other manners:—the celibacy of the clergy, according to all their best writers, is a question of discipline, not of doctrine. It rests on ecclesiastical authority, and is repealable by ecclesiastical authority. Nor is this our concern. With St. Paul, with our Lord himself, as we humbly and reverently believe, the whole is a simple question of usefulness (we take the word in no vulgar or debasing sense) to the cause of God and man. By Christendom, without the pale of Rome, the relation of the clergy to the people must be considered entirely with regard to their fitness for their high calling—the general fitness of the whole order, not of an individual here and there designated for some special service, or called upon by some particular exigences to isolate himself from the common condition of his order. Take first the effect of celibacy upon the character of man. Möhler has drawn out this argument with such singular fairness and beauty that we are surprised that he did not convince himself. We are really astonished as we survey the vague and false metaphysics by which he attempts to refute his own better understanding, and, we are almost inclined to suspect, the remonstrance of his own heart.

• The power of selfishness (*selbst-sucht*), which is inwoven with our whole being, is altogether broken by marriage; and by degrees love, becoming more and more pure, takes its place. When the man marries he gives himself up entirely to *another* being; in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed Nature renews the same attack on his selfishness; the man lives ever less for himself, and more, even without being distinctly conscious of it, for others; in the same degree as the family increases the selfishness diminishes; and his heart expands out of its former narrow exclusiveness. What agony during the sickness of the wife; what sadness when the children are in danger! Through all this the feeling becomes more pure, more holy. As his income is liberally dispensed among many, so his whole inward life is shared among them. This family life is the only strong ground from which the life of the individual becomes more public, *i. e.* his love becomes more full and expansive. How many new relationships and connexions are not partly the immediate, partly the more remote consequence of marriage; in the love to the wife all her relations are blended; by and bye the sons and daughters form new ties, and in the like proportion the heart of the father expands. The canon law wisely prohibited in rude times the marriage of relations, even in very distant degrees, in order to enlarge that circle of connexions which to uncivilised and rude natures, which were always disposed to draw back

within themselves, was extremely difficult. After all this necessary training, the moral strength has sufficient energy to love the native land (das vaterland) and then — mankind. But the unmarried, who without observing these gradations indicated by nature, would soar at once to the utmost height, in fact never emancipates himself from this selfishness; he attempts the flight of Icarus, which is sure to fail; as one who from the lowest step of a ladder would with one spring rise to the fiftieth, does not only get no higher than the lowest, but sinks powerless to the ground, and perhaps has not the courage to make a new attempt: thus is it with the unmarried. And so reason shows unanswerably what doubtful experience leaves uncertain, that want of feeling and selfishness necessarily cling to an unmarried life.'—*Werke*, vol. i. p. 249.

And Möhler's reply to this is a subtle paradox, that the love of wife and children is but disguised selfishness; that in them we love but ourselves: as if friendship, patriotism, we venture to say religion itself may not by the same argument be reduced to pure selfishness. God has so knit together our temporal and eternal interests, that it is really impossible, however our language may assume a lofty tone, or we may endeavour to withdraw our thoughts into a higher order of things, that we should altogether lose sight of the 'reward that is set before us.'

But is the language of experience so uncertain on this point? Is not an axiom confirmed by all history, that those who are most severe to themselves are apt to be most severe to others? Where did persecution ever find its most willing lictors—its most merciless executioners? Was it not in the convent? Those that are nightly flogging themselves are least scrupulous in applying the scourge: and it is too often he that would suffer death for the faith who would inflict death. We speak of the system, and we appeal to history. No doubt many a mock hermit has dwelt aloof, who, with his Buddhist aspirations towards absorption into the Deity, felt the Buddhist sensitiveness with regard to everything having life. In many cloisters the produce of the sweat of monkish brows has been distributed in lavish charity to the poor. In many more, during times of religious peace, and when no ecclesiastical passions were called forth, their boundless hospitality, their gentle habits, have spread, as it were, an atmosphere of love and holiness around them. In some, as in the Benedictines of France for instance, that best praise of learning—its tendency to soften the manners—has been exemplified in the highest degree. But on the great general principle we fearlessly appeal to the whole annals of the Church. Perhaps the monkish institutes should have the excuse, or the palliation, that they were composed in hard times for hard men. But what sentences of unfeeling, unmitigated, remorseless cruelty do they contain—what delight do

do they seem to have in torturing the most sensitive fibres of the heart—in searing the most blameless emotions of human nature! And we must take the freedom to say, that in all the semi-monkish, or rather, ultra-monkish literature, which is now poured out upon Protestant England with such rapidity, besides the arrogance, there is a hardness, a harshness, an incipient cruelty of disposition, which in such gentle and Christian hearts as we know to be among the writers, can only be the effect of a bad and unchristian system. They sternly compel themselves to theologic hatred. Their biographies are strangely at issue with their motto—‘*Mansueti hereditabunt terram*.’—the meek Becket!—the humble Innocent III.! From this text the teacher even vindicates an interdict by which a whole people was consigned, as far as the privation of *most* of the means of grace, to everlasting damnation for the sins of their rulers! This spirit, we grieve to say, is not confined to one class of their writings. We have read, for instance, high admiration of that sanguinary saint, Cyril of Alexandria. If Laud, we should say, their great hero, or rather confessor, had had a wife and children, he would neither have cut off Prynne’s ears, nor lost his own head.

On the general theory we will go further. They are best suited to minister to the sorrows of men who have been tried by those sorrows—

‘*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*’

It is not in the cell—it is not even in the home of the unmarried pastor—that deep sympathy is to be taught for the afflicted parent or bereaved father,

‘He talks to me who never had a child.’

Take the gentlest village curé—a man by nature of the kindest heart, and that heart softened by constant study of the Bible, and books of quiet devotion—heightened, if you will, by the contemplation of *His* image on the cross, ‘whose sorrow surpassed all human sorrow’—take him in age and personal familiarity the parent of his flock—yet there is one school in which his barren heart has not been taught; and that school will give more real experience, more skill in healing the wounds of others, more patient sympathy, more truth, and therefore more eloquence of language, than years of secluded study, or even of actual intercourse with the untried ills of life.

In our Church, and in all churches which have rejected the celibacy of the clergy, there are some advantages which in our present social state cannot be appreciated too highly. In thousands of parishes the clergyman’s wife is his best curate. She is not merely useful as multiplying the occasions of mutual kindness, but as an additional almoner, as the best instructress in the female school.

school. Throughout the country there are thousands of females with all the gentleness and activity of sisters of charity, with the superior good sense and tenderness of mothers of families, ministering to the necessities and afflictions of the poor as females alone can minister. This quiet and noiseless system of beneficence is so completely a matter of course that it is often entirely overlooked in such discussions.

Even in modern missions the married will be not less steadfast, or more *safe* in his high calling, than the unmarried. There will be exceptions to this rule, but still they are exceptions. Our modern missions are rarely among fierce and warlike tribes, such as were encountered by the apostles of the faith in the earlier and middle ages of Christianity. Among such lawless savages a female, besides the actual hardships under which her feeble frame might have sunk, must have been an object of deep and incessant anxiety: her perpetual exposure, unprotected, to worse evils than pain and death, would proscribe at once such enfeebling, such disqualifying companionship. There might, indeed, be imagined a female of that rare loftiness and imposing character which would have appealed to the awe and sanctity which the ancient Germans attached to the feminine character, accompanying the first missionary on the banks of the Elbe, or in the depths of the forest: a Christian Velleda might have gone by the side of St. Boniface, and assisted rather than embarrassed his great work. Female influence has been in various ways of no small moment in the conversion of the heathen; but in general the missionary must have confronted danger alone, and set forth unladen with a venture at once so precious and so insecure, upon his perilous voyage. But in modern missions there are rarely hardships which may not be borne by the missionary's wife as well as by himself; and his labours, if not actually promoted, are rarely impeded by such a companion. Tahiti at first would have been a delicate mission for an unmarried man: most, if not all, of the pious men who have laboured throughout Polynesia have been accompanied by their wives; and the Abbé Dubois might be quoted on certain dangers to which unmarried missionaries were especially exposed in India. Nearly all successful missionaries in the present day are settlers in the land where they have gone to propagate the faith, not itinerant and adventurous wanderers from tribe to tribe. Their family binds them still more closely to the scene of their labours. But these questions lie rather beyond our present consideration. We speak of the fixed resident clergy of an Established Church—each in his bishopric, his ecclesiastical dignity, or his parish, holding an important position, and that position recognised and defined, in the social system.

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Now we believe that the silent influence of one well-regulated family—as every candid person of whatever creed or party will admit that of the English clergyman usually to be—not abstaining from social intercourse, but not its slave, with the great Christian virtues of ordinary life quietly displayed, to have been, and to be, of far greater importance than many social influences of which more is thought and said. Some will, no doubt, have the foolish vanity of vying in expensive habits with their wealthier neighbours; some will be too much addicted even now to field-sports; others may be too much absorbed in the care and in the advancement of their families: but if pomp and profuse expenditure be wrong in a churchman, we are inclined to think that the English clergy inherit whatever can be traced among them of such habits from their predecessors, the unmarried clergy of former times. We doubt whether the wives and families of modern deans consume more, or more unprofitably, as far as regards the interests of religion, of the wealth of the church, than the retainers, and apparelled steeds, and sumpter mules, of the lordly alshots of other days. The love of field-sports comes lineally down from those times when the prior or the secular priest might be seen with his hawk on his fist or his hound in a leash; and however the nursery windows of our episcopal palaces, and so forth, may offend the architectural vision of Mr. Pugin, we are inclined to think that their withdrawal from the secular business, which, though much of it was of necessity forced upon them, we do not find that they were too eager to decline, will give our clergy at least as much time as is usually devoted to their domestic concerns. If those domestic concerns are regulated according to St. Paul's precept, they are not merely beneficial to society as patterns of the holier and gentler virtues, but the growth of well-conducted Christian families is perpetually infusing into the mingled mass of society a leaven of sound, honourable, and religious principle. How much of the good old household virtue of England is due to this silent influence! How ill could we spare it in our present shifting and conflicting state of society!

Other considerations are closely connected with this great expansion of Christian families throughout the land. That which in feudal times would have been almost an unmitigated evil, an hereditary clergy, is now, partially as it exists, of great advantage. The families of the clergy furnish a constant supply of young men, trained at least by early respect and attachment, if not by deep and home-bred piety, for the service of the Church; and yet not bearing that undue proportion to those who spring from the gentry, from other professions, the higher tradesmen, or others, as to form anything like a caste. In these days of crowded competition

competition for every occupation, at least every occupation held in respect, their places might be supplied: but, if they were, we doubt whether, on the whole, by persons equally adapted for their station.

And as the moral and social, we are fully persuaded the religious influence likewise of a married clergy is not only more extensive and lasting but of a more pure and *practical* cast. Jesuit morality would have been indignantly and instinctively rejected by a married clergy; they would have perceived at once its deep and deleterious operation on all the first principles of active life. Even cases of conscience have gone out of use in the English Church; and though some of our great writers (as Jer. Taylor, in his 'Ductor Dubitantium') applied their wonderful powers of mind to the science of casuistry, honest English good sense, and English practical religion, felt with Bishop Butler,

'That in all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing else but endeavouring to explain it away. Thus those courses which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own consciences, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness; these are refined upon—things were so and so circumstantiated—great difficulties are raised about fixing bounds and degrees; and thus every moral obligation whatever may be evaded. Here is scope, I say, for an unfair mind to explain away every moral obligation, to itself.'—*Bp. Butler, Sermon vii.*

There are other—the worst parts of this immoral morality—from which the being husbands and fathers would be an absolute security. What husband and father could have published what bishops in neighbouring countries have published within these few years? Must he not have been compelled to conceal from his wife and children that which he sent forth with his name into the world?

Shall we offend if we say that the secrets of fraudulent miracle would neither be safe, nor would they, we are persuaded, ever have been practised to a great extent under female confidence or that of a family? Men will hazard untruths before the world, for certain objects, which they would not (so sacred is truth to the unperverted heart of man) before their own children. The cloister has always been the school, the workshop of these impostures; they have been encouraged by a clergy standing aloof from the world, bound together by what has seemed a common interest, and even by mutual rivalry. The more the clergy are segregated from the world, the stronger the corporate spirit; and it would not be difficult to show from history, that where one of these false miracles has been wrought for the sake of Christ and his religion,

twenty

twenty have been wrought for the separate power, authority, or estimation of the clergy.

But the celibacy of the clergy, it is argued, is the great guarantee for the independence of the clergy on the State. 'So long,' writes Möhler, 'as it flourished in the Church, it was a living protest against the Church permitting itself to be lost in the State, even for this reason, because celibacy will for ever hold fast the opposition between Church and State, and for ever prevent the merging of the former in the latter; it will prevent the secularization of the Church, and uninterruptedly frustrate the mistaken attempts formerly begun by some particular Church rulers to subject the State to the Church.' Möhler is too much of a German to be a Hildebrandine, like some of our modern English writers. But we have an importunate and troublesome propensity to inquire the distinct and practical meaning of terms, even though they pass current among writers of the highest authority. 'The independence of the Church' has a lofty and commanding sound; it appeals to generous and disinterested emotions; it seems to be a calm and dignified assertion that God is to be obeyed rather than man—that religious are to be predominant over temporal motives, eternity over time. Erastianism again is a word of sinister and ill-sounding import; it must contain some dire, latent heresy. But what does it mean? What sense does it now bear to Statesmen or to Churchmen who are most conscientiously determined to carry right principles into firm and consistent action? In plain truth, all our theories of the relation of Church and State, of the Unity of the Church—whether with excellent Dr. Arnold in some unexplained and inexplicable manner we make the State the Church—or, like other high-minded and high-toned writers, we keep them as distinct and antagonist powers—utterly break down when we attempt to apply them to the existing order of things. Let the framers of ecclesiastical Utopias dream over whatever unreal Past or impossible Future it pleases imagination to patronize—but this state of things, we presume to say, arises necessarily out of the constitution and progressive development of man, and therefore out of God's appointment. If it has its evils, in God's name let us labour to remedy or to allay those evils in the best practicable manner. But it has likewise its inestimable blessings, for which in God's name let us show our gratitude.

What is meant by the independence of the Church upon the State? We apprehend that there is now no country, or hardly any country in Europe, where the clergy even of the Roman Catholic Church, however in theory some may profess their admiration for what they hold up as the sublime doctrines of Bellarmine and Mariana, would pretend to be a separate, self-ruled

ruled caste, superior to all the obligations, and free from all the restraints of citizens. For all offences against the laws they are amenable to the civil tribunals; they hold, where they still hold landed estates or property, on the common legal tenure of the country; they are liable to public burthens; they owe allegiance to the sovereign; and are bound by all the enactments of constitutional authority. This common allegiance they owe in return for the common protection of the law. So far, then, no independence belongs to the clergy beyond any other members of the same community.

The independence of the Church, then, is the right of propagating and maintaining Christian truth, whether by direct teaching or by its peculiar rites and ceremonies. This is indeed to a certain extent a right, and more than a right—a solemn duty—in every one whom God has gifted with powers for such a work;—but it is a right peculiarly vested in the clergy, who have solemnly dedicated themselves to, and are recognised as exercising, in a peculiar manner, this great public function. This independence is grounded on the great law of Christian liberty, which is superior in its claims on the conscience to all other law—the law by which all are bound to obey God rather than man. On the other hand, there is and must be an abstract omnipotence in the laws of the land—a supremacy, according to the constitution of each state, vested in a monarch, a senate, or in a popular assembly; and extreme state-necessity may justify the suspension of this as of all other inalienable rights. But that state-necessity must be clear, urgent, irresistible; the civil polity must be in actual, in imminent danger. Where Church and State from separate become antagonist powers, there is something wrong or unnatural, something out of the usual course—on one side or the other usurpation or injustice. When a man's civil and religious duties are brought into collision, either the State is unnecessarily interfering with Christian liberty, or the Church has advanced some pretensions beyond her proper province.

This state of things at once appears in the early history of Christianity. The abstract supremacy of the law the Romans—those idolaters of law—had vested by the change of their constitution in the emperor. In him, however tyrannical he might be, was the full, unlimited sovereignty over all mankind. This sovereignty was first put forth against the Christians, afterwards in their behalf, or in behalf of one class of Christians against another. The emperor now of his solc will forbade man to be Christians; now commanded them to be Christians; this year to be Arians, next year to be Trinitarians. If there had been an absolute state-neccesity,—if either Christians or Heathens, Arians

or Trinitarians, had been undoubtedly and irreclaimably enemies of public order and peace—if, as they were at first wrongfully accused, they had infringed the first principles of social morality, had been cannibals, and from their religion itself devoted to horrible crimes—then the justice of their persecution would have been unimpeachable: but as there was nothing in either religion, either in Christianity before the days of Constantine, or in heathenism after the days of Theodosius, to prevent men from being good subjects and orderly citizens, all interference was unjustifiable tyranny—tyranny which they were bound to oppose, at least by passive resistance.

So far on these abstract principles of independence; and, undoubtedly, where this collision between the sovereignty of the State and the proper liberty of conscience, or the liberty to the clergy of exercising its high functions, was inseparable from the order of things—or even likely to be frequent—an unmarried clergy, being freed from social ties, might have greater courage to resist, and to resist to the death, this intolerable state-despotism. But, for the same reason, if more hardy asserters of the independence of the Church, they would be more dangerous enemies to the proper supremacy of the State. If the tender charities of life would weaken the heart of the Christian, so their absence would harden and make more inflexible that of the ambitious and usurping churchman.* Möhler, with his usual sagacity, has endeavoured to anticipate this, and adduced as examples of the independence of a celibate clergy, even in front of ecclesiastical usurpation, the friar Minorites, and the asserters of the liberties of the Gallican Church against the exorbitant pretensions of the Papacy. The fact of such resistance is true: but what follows? That these pretensions were so at war with the common sense and reason of mankind, that they provoked rebellion even among the subjects of the Papacy; they were resisted by some of the clergy who lived under the general law of celibacy; but celibacy had no connexion whatever with their resistance. The married Protestant clergy of France might be strengthened in their Protestantism by their attachment to their wives and families; but neither did the democratical opposition of that branch of the Franciscans, nor the aristocratic opposition of the higher French clergy, rise out of, nor was it strengthened or supported by, their

* Furono biasimati li Legati d' haver lasciato disputar questo articolo, come pericoloso: essendo cosa chiara che coll' introduzione del matrimonio de' Preti, si farebbe che tutti voltassero l'affetto et amor loro alle mogli, a figli, e per conseguenza alla casa, ed alla patria; onde cessarebbe la dipendenza stretta che l'ordine Clericale ha con la Sede Apostolica, e tanto sarebbe conceder il matrimonio a Preti, quanto distrugger la Hierarchia Ecclesiastica, e ridur il Pontifice ch' non fosse più ch'è Vescovo di Roma. —Fra Paolo, Stor. del Con. di Trento, Lib. vii.

celibacy: in the former it was much more connected with their vows and habits of poverty; in the latter with their adulatory exaltation of the French Crown. It is singular enough, that while Möhler is holding up this independence of the older Dupin, and Bossuet, and Fleury, as a noble testimony to the effects of celibacy, the celibate clergy of France, with Cardinal Bonald at their head, are condemning most solemnly the work of M. Dupin, a layman, who asserts the Gallican liberties.

But how far is this natural and unalienable independence of the Church limited or compromised by its becoming an Established Church, recognised by the Constitution, directly endowed or paid by the State as the Church of France, or holding property under the protection of the common laws, and having the guarantee of law for whatever gifts or bequests it may receive from the piety of its disciples? It is the plain duty of every Christian to provide, in his proportion, for public worship, and the maintenance of the necessary ministers of religion.* But in whatever form, and to whatsoever amount, this provision may be—if it is taken, as it were, from the precarious safeguard of the individual conscience—if the payment ceases to be voluntary—if it be secured by statute as a legal claim, or as a corporate inheritance, assessed and levied by legal authority—it cannot at once be under and above law. How far then has the State, if the religion of the Church be that of the whole people, or even of a dominant majority, a right to interfere; either as the general guardian of property—which is to a certain extent the creation of the State, and which it must not permit to be diverted from its legitimate purposes; or as itself constituting the Church (minus the clergy), and *eo nomine* bound to maintain this property in perpetuity for its sacred uses? When the Church thought itself strong enough to maintain Church property by Church censures alone—when the danger lay in the treachery of their own body, who might be tempted to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of their family—then there certainly was a strong argument for the celibacy of the clergy. A married clergy—in the endeavour to make that hereditary in their own families, which was rightfully hereditary according to Church descent—would probably not only have diminished the enormous wealth of the sacerdotal order—even though counteracted by the monastic spirit, which was con-

* We find that we have now a new champion of the divine right of tithes. 'The tenth part of every man's fixed income has been by God's ordinance devoted to Him ever since the creation; Christian kings gave it from the revenues of all their lands, and such was regularly paid so long as income was derived from the produce of the land alone. Merchants and manufacturers, however, never paid it out of their revenue; they always cheated God, and do so to this day.'—*Mr. Henry Drummond's Letter to Sir R. Inglis.*

stantly bringing large revenues into the Church—but they might have reduced it far too low for the times. Not that this danger has been absolutely prevented by the Hildebrandine Law. Episcopal, and still more, Papal nepotism has preyed in quiet on the wealth of the Church, with almost as much rapacity as could have been feared from parental affection. The great and wealthy houses of Rome, which bear the family name of almost each successive pope (though many of these popes were of mean origin), could hardly have been founded except either by direct alienation of the estates of the see, or at least the diversion of its actual revenues for the time from their designed and avowed uses. But to return—that in most countries in Europe the State has been tempted by the vast wealth of the Church, or of ecclesiastical bodies, to abuse its power for plunder and confiscation, is no argument against the proper control of the State. The laws of England, which prevent the alienation of Church or Chapter property to private uses, will hardly deserve the unpopular name of Erastianism. This is at least a more simple and more safe measure than trusting altogether to the superior integrity, or the devotion of an unmarried clergy to the interest of their order, or the good of the Church, over that of a married clergy.

What part of the *independence of the clergy*, which is *salutary either for themselves or for mankind*—what part of their legitimate, their beneficial influence—is more conscientiously guarded, more strenuously exercised by an unmarried than by a married ministry? A married clergy will always (from being an order, especially if an endowed order) have as much of the corporate spirit as is good for them and for the laity. It never has been wanting (its excess has rather been complained of) in the English Church. The double allegiance to the Pope and to the temporal sovereign, we hold, in the present day, to be almost a harmless fiction of ecclesiastical law. In this sense we would speak with our friend Mr. Carlyle, if we may without offence, of that ‘chimæra the Pope.’ The ultra-montane doctrines of the French clergy are the growth of France, not of Rome; their Jesuitism is, we are satisfied, at bottom more political than religious; it is anti-revolutionary, and anti-revolutionary even to abject absolutism, though at present in opposition to the government, rather than merely papal.* It is inclined to repudiate the Gallican liberties, because those liberties are asserted by the ruling party in the State. In other parts of Europe the movement is more decidedly religious; but we greatly doubt, though its more powerful and zealous partisans may themselves sternly embrace and rigidly enforce clerical celibacy, whether eventually this question may not become
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the groundwork of a more formidable schism than has yet divided the Western Church. Appealing, indeed, to later history, we cannot see that the clergy of England, or of Protestant countries in general, have been more subservient to the State (to the Crown as head of the State) than the unmarried courtly prelates of France or Spain. The latter may have obtained greater power, because the priestly character was more awful, and they still maintained something of that intellectual superiority which had belonged to them in the middle ages; but we doubt whether the claims of ten hungry children or the ambition of a luxurious wife would have sharpened their contention or subtilized their intrigues for court favour and preferment. The 'sufferings' of the married clergy in England in the days of Cromwell were no doubt greater than they would have been, had they been unmarried; but they were not borne with less meekness and resignation. We do not remember how many of the seven bishops were married, but they all went to the Tower with the same submissive dignity. The direct power of the Crown as to the Church, in the appointment of bishops for instance, may be greater in England than in most Roman Catholic countries; but the actual power has always been as great wherever the Crown was strong:—witness Austria, witness even France. Had our bishops been unmarried, they would not the less have been appointed, in former days, through parliamentary influence or ministerial caprice. No part of our present ecclesiastical system, which is denounced as Erastian, is affected by this question of discipline—neither the royal or parliamentary supremacy originally recognised, and ratified in the Act of Uniformity—nor the more recent parliamentary measures relating to Church property—nor those for the relief of the Queen's subjects who are without the pale of the National Church.

Looking, indeed, entirely towards home, we will neither disguise nor deny some incidental advantages which might arise at least from voluntary clerical celibacy. * We as little incline to compulsory marriage, compulsory even by the mild influence of persuasion, as to compulsory celibacy: we are not such zealous anti-Malthusians as to wish to weaken the check of forethought. The clergy are not merely as much bound as any other men—they should be more strongly bound by the ordinary rules of prudence than the poorest of the poor, with whom indeed themselves, considering their station, are too often to be numbered: if they marry without provision for the future, they must make up their minds to pay for the luxury of domestic happiness by personal privation, and not by impairing their small means of usefulness. For this reason we look with
great

great apprehension to the temptations held out through the multiplication of very small benefices by the recent ecclesiastical arrangements. If young men, impressed with the wretched state of the lower population in our large towns, shall deny themselves that luxury in order more entirely to devote themselves and their worldly means to their mission, and shall find that they have strength to adhere to their purpose, who will refuse to admire the beauty and the grandeur of such Christian love? But this, as its sole merit consists in the conscientious conviction and self-denial of individuals—so it must stand without, and high above, any general rule. All its dignity arises out of its spontaneousness; the self-dedication is its one claim to Christian reverence.

Some transitory folly and vanity may under our present ordinary system beset the path of the clergyman in the opening of his career, which he might escape if he were known to be one to whom the softer sympathies of our nature are interdicted by a stern and irrevocable law. The sensation produced in a village, or even a town, by the appearance of a young, perhaps handsome, undoubtedly eloquent curate, may not be quite purely spiritual: the young ladies are seized with more than usual warmth of devotion—they are even more than ordinarily attentive in the church—they become remarkably active in their visits among the poor—and greatly interested in charitable societies. But this does not last long—except in a very few cases: the curate makes his choice, and settles down into the quiet and exemplary husband and father. Still we must not behold our young and moderately-beneficed clergyman in the first blameless enjoyment of domestic happiness only;—we must look forward to the pressure of domestic cares and anxieties. The provision for the growing family more and more occupies the thoughts, and withdraws them from the higher calling. The scanty income must be more exclusively devoted to these imperious claims, or eked out by pupils, or some other occupation. This is an evil, undoubtedly, to be set against the enormous amount of good, arising out of the removal of an unnatural restriction—a restriction which, when enforced, has been enforced only by a severe struggle—where attempted to be enforced in a less rigid period of morals, then most fearfully demoralizing; and likewise against the other blessings which a married clergy confer on a Christian community.

On a broad and general view even of this *maintenance* part of the question, as it works practically among ourselves, there are many incidental advantages which the merest utilitarian must allow to counterbalance the afflicting penury, or at least straitened circumstances, of many among our parochial clergy. Such inquirers

quirers must consider not only how much Church wealth (we mean wealth arising out of the offerings or endowments received by a clergy) is thus to a certain extent withdrawn from church uses strictly so called; but also how much temporal wealth is brought into the Church by the present system, and devoted to what may fairly be called church uses; the better maintenance of the clergy, the charities, and even in some cases the adornment of the sacred edifices. In a word, how many of the English clergy spend far more of their own—first on their professional education, afterwards in the sphere of their professional duty—than they ever receive from it! This arises, no doubt, from the respect in which the profession is held. But how many such valuable men would be repelled if they had to make the further sacrifice of domestic life!

In fine, you may make a sect, you may make a brotherhood, by imposing any test, however above nature or contrary to nature:—and your sect or your brotherhood will rise and fall, as did all the monastic orders, with sudden accesses and gradual paralyses of zeal—but that was immaterial; whether the succession was kept up, or how the succession was kept up, regarded the order alone. But you cannot so make or maintain an order of clergy—an order which must be supplied in cold as well as excited, in rationalizing as well as in enthusiastic times. You cannot calculate on a sustained and perpetual effort to subdue and extirpate nature. To recruit a clergy who are to influence every class, cope with every adversary, meet the wants of a vast population in various degrees of intelligence and advancement, you must not look merely to the rare and heroic virtues of which our nature affords specimens. You must disqualify none who might be useful, by unnecessary restrictions; you must condescend to, rather than haughtily proscribe, human weakness. A clergy all burning zeal, all vehement enthusiasm, all restless activity, would be a questionable blessing to any country: extreme fanaticism, extravagant superstition, alone would raise the more ambitious and enterprising above the high level. But among a sober and practical people like ourselves there must always be a strong counterpoise of moderation, good sense, and practical wisdom. Imperfect Christians as we are, we do not stand in need of fiery missionaries every two or three years to reclaim us from our heathenism, and to teach us anew the primary elements of our faith. The constant infusion of youth into our clerical body is of itself (independent of sectarian rivalry) enough to keep us alive—of youth which in its generous ardour will be always looking out for some new principles which are to regenerate mankind: who have been Evangelicals—are now Puseyites—in ten years may be Arnoldines.

The

The clergy in general must partake of the character of the people. Without assuming Lord Clarendon's well-known reproach on the professional narrowness of mind and unfitness for the affairs of life to be quite obsolete—admitting the contracting influences of seclusion in country cures (if railroads will allow the deepest dells or the wildest mountain hamlet to be secluded)—the conscientious confinement of their minds to one class of literature—the occupation of their whole thoughts by the severe duties of their calling—the temptation of breaking up into small sets and clerical cliques—still it is impossible that our clergy should not partake of the general intelligence, or that they should keep themselves entirely aloof from the general movement of the human mind.

The great trial of the English clergy—the test of their fitness for the English people—is a distinct perception of their actual position as regards the rest of society. This perception must be realised, notwithstanding every attempt to bewilder them into a false idea of that superiority which they may and ought to possess, by skilful appeals to their pride, by artfully disguised suggestions of self-sufficiency, and by perpetual persuasives that in the most exaggerated notions of their authority they are magnifying God, and not themselves. The real danger of the recent movement in the Church is the total isolation of the clergy from the sympathies, from the hearts, and from the understandings of the people. The energizers of the hour are a mere unintelligible enigma to the popular mind.

We know very well all the sounding common-places that will be evoked by what we are about to say—but we cannot afford space to forestall them: it is our simple duty to look steadily into the state of the world around us, and declare the results of our investigation. The party to whom we allude have been straining themselves in a vain effort to resuscitate a dead system of things. The clergy can no longer command—but they may persuade with irresistible force; their persuasion, however, must be purely moral and religious, as contradistinguished from sacerdotal persuasion. Many causes, none indeed which ought to make us despair of their proper and legitimate influence, have altered their position. They no longer stand alone on an intellectual as well as a religious eminence. The awe in which they were invested as wiser as well as holier than the rest of mankind, has passed away; they are not the exclusive, or even in any peculiar degree the pre-eminent cultivators of letters, of arts, or of philosophy. The mass of the clergy are, no doubt, and must henceforward be, inferior in general knowledge to many of the laity in their respective parishes; and if, on the strength of their position,

tion, on the sanctity of their ordination, they pretend to assume a superiority which they cannot support; if, where they are not intellectually superior, they do not confine themselves entirely to their religious guidance—nay, if, being conscious of high talents, they do not exercise even that guidance with the modesty which ought always to belong to youth—which (to say truth) is very rarely wanting when the mind is really strong—but which is, in fact, the surest pledge of the real Christian temper and spirit—they will lose their proper power, by straining after that which is unattainable—which neither is nor can again be their prerogative.

The knell of ecclesiastical *authority* has rung: even in the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding its large apparent increase in many quarters—and great is still its influence upon the minds of men—its *power* is a phantom. It is now a great confederacy working together for a common end; not a body wielded at will, and governed and directed in all its movements by a despotic Head.

The Pope holds Rome through the great powers of Europe: if they were to withdraw their support, his own subjects would reduce him, as they often attempted of old but always failed, to a simple bishop; if indeed young Italy would still endure his presence. The kings, who were of old his vassals, are his masters. In Austria the Church is the servant of the state: it has never shaken off the yoke imposed upon it by Joseph II. What may be called the spiritual mandates of the Pope are obeyed, even in Italy, according to the good will of the sovereign princes. He attempted to interdict the scientific meetings in Italy; they have been held in Tuscany, in the Austrian States, and even in Turin—this year they assemble in Naples. Even the puny despot of Modena has invited them. In Spain the work of spoliation, the secularization at least of conventual property, has hardly condescended to notice the remonstrances of the Roman Pontiff. In Germany Roman Catholicism is still strong: it is strong in the old poetical and æsthetic feelings of the people in some parts, among the men of letters, the artists; it is strong as the badge and distinction of one of the great political divisions, of the Austrian as counterbalancing the Prussian power; it is strong in the contentions of its adversaries, in the three main sections—the religious Protestants, the Rationalists, and the Hegelians. But is the Roman Catholicism of Germany a submissive, obedient faith? One *Hermes* has been hardly suppressed, partly perhaps because his system was too abstruse and metaphysical even for Germany itself. But how long will it be before there is another and more popular

Hermes?

Hermes? 'They' (says the writer of a strange book, but with many things in it not less true because they are strange; at all events, a very able man, and one who knows much of the real state of Germany).—'they who now hear the Hegelite lectures and read the O'Connell addresses of Romish literati, would hardly believe that they emanated from the children of that Church which condemned Galileo, and denounced all rebellion against the Lord's anointed. But besides the politic relaxations of discipline on the part of the Romish Church towards those without, her own clergy plainly indicate a tendency to reject, as unscriptural or intolerable, many of her observances. They chiefly insist on the use of the vernacular tongue, the abolition of celibacy, communion in both kinds, the reform of the confessional, and the abridgment of the Papal authority. Although some are actuated by an infidel impatience, others are truly seeking the well-being of the Church: and although Möhler—whose fair pictures of his mother make one wish that they were true, and that he did not know their falseness—quieted matters for a time by his moral influence and apologetic adroitness, yet the principles at work will not long leave these objects unattained.'* Since this gentleman wrote the affair has assumed a very formidable shape. The movement of the Ronge party has already swept like a torrent from west to east, from north to south. A new Reformation is organized.

Among ourselves we will not dwell on the total abrogation of all real *authority* in those who hold the place of rulers in our Church. What is the case in the quarter where obedience is the very vital principle of the system? In the words of that remarkable letter to Sir R. Inglis, which we have already more than once cited, 'The tractarians, obedient in theory, and loyal, not to their own diocesans, but to their own ideas of what their diocesans should say and do, go a-head of, reprove, and teach the Bishops of the Church, without any commission, without the thought or pretence of apostolic authority so to do.' Here and there we have some desperate, ostentatious act of submission, endured with the air of a martyr. What can a bishop do by *power* even over his clergy? What may he not do by gentle influence?

All this may be very melancholy, and to those who have less faith in the vital powers of Christianity, in whatever form it may

* 'Moral Phenomena of Germany,' by Thomas Carlyle, Esq. 'Behold there are two Percies in the field!'—of Germany. This gentleman holds very different principles (principles akin to those of Mr. Henry Drummond) from the *original* Thomas Carlyle, neither does he write in Carlylese. We wish we could have given more of this his first performance—but his vein is so evidently a rich one that we may safely count on a future (we hope a speedy) opportunity of making our readers better acquainted with him.

adapt itself to the infinite varieties of the human mind, and to every stage of civilization, it may lead to utter despair. But let us rather look back to the causes of this decay of authority with quiet impartiality. Nothing is more easy than to denounce the infidelity of the age—to deplore the irrevocable past—with the almost enviable unfairness, though not always with the beautiful feeling and eloquence of the author of the ‘*Mores Catholici*,’ to recall all that was poetical, tranquil, holy, in what that writer is pleased to call the Ages of Faith, and to be totally silent on the unutterable miseries, and crimes, and cruelties of those fierce times. But trace the growth of ecclesiastical power, and we trace its decay. The one legitimate extreme penalty which belongs to the Church, however that Church may be ruled, is *excommunication*. Penance in its various forms can, of course, only be enforced on a reluctant member by the dread of that last and capital punishment. No sooner had the Roman emperors been converted to Christianity than excommunication became connected with civil disabilities. It was not merely a religious, but likewise a secular punishment. In the high days of ecclesiastical power it even smote, as it were, the State itself with civil disability. The excommunicated king, according to the loftiest theory, was thereby deposed. Even where the sentence of deposition was either not issued, or was despised by the refractory son of the Church, public opinion inflicted a kind of civil disability. The excommunicated monarch was, even to his subjects, as it were, a leper, and all allegiance which he might still receive or enforce was at best doubtful and precarious. But by the constitution of most kingdoms, by the great common law of Europe, excommunication has entirely lost this alliance with civil disability. Some privileges may still be withheld, some offices be refused to dissentients from the dominant faith, from those who are self-excommunicated (for all separation is self-excommunication) from the Church, whether it call itself Catholic, or be a national or otherwise self-incorporated society—but that is all.

Beyond this; that kind of civil incapacity which was inflicted by public opinion, that open or that tacit proscription which dooms those without the pale of the Church to inferiority, has likewise, for the most part, practically disappeared. The sympathies of men are so entirely in favour of toleration, that the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every the smallest sect (of which the *theory* equally is, and must be, exclusive salvation within its own or some limited pale) is perpetually at issue with its own principle. Its *authority* is gone when men can despise that authority and be none the worse, either as to their worldly situation or their estimation in society, and *where they themselves dread*

no eternal consequences. Where excommunication does not certainly imply (if unrepealed) absolute exclusion from heaven, where it has lost its spiritual as well as its temporal terrors, then and there its power has either altogether ceased, or is so reduced as almost to be deprived of its controlling efficacy. When any one may in a Roman Catholic country become a Protestant (excepting where feuds, as in Ireland, run high), however he may distress his friends or family, without losing caste; where a man excluded from one religious community (at least on purely religious grounds) is at once received into another—what is excommunication? It is already incurred by the voluntary renunciation of relationship. I banish you, says, with Coriolanus, every proud or at least self-confident seceder. But if deprived of this *ultima ratio*, how shall ecclesiastical authority enforce its smaller penalties for smaller offences? The conscience of the individual has become his sole judge; whether he fears or whether he defies Church censure, absolutely depends on his own individual conviction of the validity or invalidity of Church censure. If, indeed, we bemoan the loss of godly discipline, if we think • those wiser or more safe who still bow themselves to its humiliating and it may be sanctifying control, we should first remember that it was because it ceased to be godly discipline, and stooped to be worldly discipline, that it has been so entirely lost. And was penitential discipline so efficacious? All that we know of the state of morals and of manners, when it was at its height, is not much in its favour. According to our own modes of feeling are we quite sure that doing penance and being put to open shame would be productive of inward contrition? and notwithstanding the contempt and pity which is felt and expressed towards our degenerate age, we believe that our aversion to ostentatious penitence, to that self-atoning confrontation of shame, is a sign of our moral advancement, of our genuine rather than affected religious sensibility.

What mission, then, remains to the clergy in a state of society which thus repudiates their *authority*? The noblest, the most sublime, because the most quietly, secretly, unostentatiously, beneficent; in many, perhaps in most places, ill-rewarded, often entirely disinterested service; and that without awakening the old justifiable jealousies, and therefore without encountering the hostility, which perpetually struggled against a presumptuous, arrogant, dictatorial, meddling, sacerdotal power. To be the administrators of the holy, the sanctifying sacraments of our faith; to be the ministers of a Church ceremonial, simple, but solemn, affecting, impressive—a ceremonial, not to be regulated by pedantic adherence to antiquated forms, but instinct with spiritual

spiritual life ; not the revival of a symbolism, which has ceased to be a language, and become a hieroglyphic—a hieroglyphic without a Champollion ; neither a sort of manual exercise of Church postures, which have lost their meaning—an orderly parade of genuflexion, and hand-clasping, and bowing the head :—but a ceremonial set forth, if possible, with all that is grand and beautiful in art (for nothing is grand or beautiful which has not an infelt harmony with its purpose)—the most solemn and effective music, the purest and most impressive architecture—everything which may separate the worship of God from the ordinary and vulgar daily life of man—all that really enforces reverence—excludes the world ; calms, elevates, truly spiritualizes the soul—all which asserts, heightens, purifies devotion—that devotion daily fed and maintained, where it may be practicable, with daily service. The mission of the clergy is to be more than the preachers of the Gospel, the example of the Gospel in all its assiduous and active love. In each parish throughout the kingdom to head the model family of order, of peace, of piety, of cheerfulness, of contentedness, of resignation in affliction, of hopefulness under all circumstances. To be the almoner (the supplementary almoner over and above the necessarily hard measure of legal alms) of those who cannot be their own. To be the ruler, as such a clergy will be, by the homely poetic precept of domestic life :

‘ And if she rule him, never shows she rules.’

The religion of such a clergy will not be the religion of the thirteenth century, nor of the ninth century, nor of the fourth century, but it will be the, in many respects, better religion of the nineteenth. Let us boldly say that the rude and gross and material piety of former ages was an easy task as compared to rational, intelligent piety in the present. Mere force is not strength, but force under command. The cilice and the scourge are but coarse and vulgar expedients to subdue the will to the yoke of Christian faith and love. What is the most flagellant asceticism, the maceration of the body, to the self-denial of a great mind, above all the transitory excitement, the bustle and fashion of the religionism of his day, but sternly and hopefully striving for the truth, holding with steady equipoise the balance of reason and faith ?

Of all things, such a clergy will be utterly abhorrent to all tampering with truth ; they will place themselves high above even the suspicion of profiting by untruth—not, we grieve to say, under existing circumstances, the least difficult of our trials. For among a truth-loving people like ourselves—at least comparatively

paratively truth-loving—the sure effect of the slightest dishonesty of purpose or language will be the total estrangement of the confidence and the respect of the people.

‘Thus, then it is’ (writes one of the biographers of the Saints): ‘some there are which have no memorial, and are as though they have never been; others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else: they have left a name, but they have left nothing besides; or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life gives a character to their memory; or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighbourhood, or by the titles or decorations of a church; or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them; or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea. *Such are some of the small elements which, when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes and forms, till by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character, which is indeed but the portrait of the original, yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole; but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination.* It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; it is the truth under assumed conditions; it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savours of the age, yet it is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. It is the picture of a Saint, who did other miracles, if not these; who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace—of this we are sure; we are not sure, should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence.’—*Life of St. Gundleus*, pp. 4, 5.

There is a work of which our readers perhaps have heard much, but know little; the ‘Life of Jesus,’ by Strauss. We have sometimes contemplated an attempt to give our readers some notion of this book, but have been deterred partly by general doubts as to the expediency of such a course; partly by the difficulty of fairly translating the peculiar mode of thought and expression, which is not merely German, but German according to a special philosophy—that of Hegel. It is done to our hands by this unconscious Hegelite; alter a few words, and we are reading Strauss, unfolding the process by which grew up the great Myth of Christianity; and if this be the legitimate principle of Christian history, what criterion of superior credibility have the four Gospels over the fifth by S. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakley, recently published for the edification of the English Church?

We have quoted but one sample; we could easily give fifty in the same strain. It is a serious question to deal with a peasantry in whom legendary faith has been, as it were, a part of their baptismal

tismal creed, who have been nursed, and cradled, and matured in this atmosphere of religious fiction, lest, when we pluck up the tares, we pluck up the wheat also. But deliberately to load Christianity again with all the lies of which it has gradually disburthened itself, appears to us the worst kind of infidelity both in its origin and in its consequences; infidelity as implying total mistrust in the plain Christianity of the Bible; infidelity as shaking the belief in all religious truth. It may be well to have the tenderest compassion for those who have been taught to worship relics, or to kneel in supplication before the image of the Virgin; but to attempt to force back, especially on an unimaginative people, an antiquated superstition, is assuredly one of the most debasing offices to which high talents, that greatest and most perilous gift of God, can degrade themselves. If mankind has no alternative between the full, unquestioning, all-embracing, all-worshipping faith of the middle ages, and no faith at all, what must be the result with the reasoning and reflecting part of it? To this question we await an answer; but let this question be answered by those only who have considered it calmly, under no preconceived system, in all its bearings on the temporal and on the eternal interests of mankind.

ART. II.—*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland.* By George Petrie, V.P.R.I.A. (Being Vol. XX. of *The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.*) Dublin. 4to. 1845.

WE have taken up this beautiful work of Mr. Petrie's with the interest due to one of the most curious of antiquarian researches, and laid it down with no little gratitude for the temporary relief and respite which it offers to those dreary, cheerless contemplations with which the present and past history of Ireland is so thickly beset. A man without family pride, and a nation whose present life seems full of poverty, turbulence, sedition, and bloodshed, while its past records present at first sight little but a blank of barbarism, are destitute of one of the most ennobling incentives to reformation or improvement. And to an ignorance of the past history of Ireland must be attributed much of that indifference, amounting even to false shame, with which Irishmen in English society sometimes venture to depreciate, and even disown their country. While to a remembrance of the same history, however vague and obscure, and overlaid with legends and superstitions,

stitutions, we may trace many of those high and even holy instincts which redeem the other faults of the Irish peasantry.

And to the same ignorance may be attributed much of that weariness and hopelessness (stronger words need not be used) with which the prospects of Ireland are too often regarded even by educated Englishmen. Before us, behind us, all around us, on every side, to superficial eyes there seems to open a wilderness of untilled ground; whose very luxuriance vents itself only in the rankness of its weeds. In the past worldliness and impotency of a Church whose present zeal is little understood—in the extravagance and extortions of a race of landlords which now has all but past away, though the sons are reaping the whirlwind which the fathers have sown—in the religious distractions of age after age,—and in the petty marauding vexatious series of burnings, and massacres, and plunderings, and perjuries, which constitute the wars of Ireland from the beginning of the English Invasion to the final subjugation of the whole island, there is scarcely a single feature which can interest or attract. The whole scene is dark and dismal.

And yet there was a time when Ireland was the light of the world. In the same ages in which knowledge and philosophy and art were dying away over the whole surface of the known globe, under the ravages of barbarians, the neglect of emperors, the schism and heresies of Christians, and the disorganisation of a corrupted and crumbling empire, Ireland offered a refuge and a school, in which the light was kept burning, and from thence spread once more over the greater part of Europe. ‘Sola Britannia,’ says Brucker (*Hist. Philos.*, vol. iii. p. 575), ‘literarum cultu felix insula exules Musas patentibus ulnis amplexa, profugam cum reliquis literis philosophiam cultu squaloreque deformem vixque dignoscendam recepit, et in amplexus admisit suos. *Id imprimis, et jure quodam suo ad Hiberniam pertinet, quod hoc seculo Angli literarum addiscendarum causâ adhuc proficisci solebant.*’

‘I have long wished,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious either in the original of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be fully informed of the revolution of a people so ancient and once so illustrious.’ (*Boswell*, vol. ii. p. 77.) ‘In Mexico and Peru,’ says Sir William Temple (*Of Ancient and Modern Learning*), ‘before the least use or mention of letters, there was remaining among them the knowledge of what had passed in those mighty nations and governments for many ages. Whereas in Ireland, that is said to have flourished in books and learning before they had made much progress

progress in Gaul or Britany, there are now hardly any traces left of what passed there before the conquest made of that country by the English in Henry II.'s time.

If it is asked how the records of this period have been so lost or hidden—the answer is, first by the ravages of the Danes—then by the internal quarrels and predatory incursions of the numerous petty princes, between whom Ireland was divided—then by the English Invasion—then by the plunder and ravages of the Reformation—then by the outrages of the Puritans under Oliver Cromwell—then by the neglect, and indifference, and ignorance of the Anglo-Irish, who succeeded to the confiscated properties—and, lastly, by the mistaken prejudice and ill-directed zeal which latterly has endeavoured to unite Ireland to England rather by effacing the vestiges and affections of Irish nationality, than by consecrating and developing them as a grand portion of the common treasure of the British empire.

And yet, notwithstanding these various forms of destruction, a vast number of most interesting relics exist in Ireland, some already brought to light, and others still capable of recovery, which bring us at once into contact with the sixth and seventh centuries, with a degree of reality and evidence surpassing perhaps that of any ecclesiastical remains of antiquity in the world.

Of the architectural portions of these relics Mr. Petrie has given a minute and detailed account in his present volume; and we propose to mention a few others, principally from information supplied by his own researches, in the hope of drawing more general attention to a subject little studied even in Ireland, but one full of interest and importance.

Its interest lies chiefly in the fact that in the sixth and seventh centuries Ireland, beyond a doubt, became an extraordinary instrument for the preservation and diffusion of the Truth. Though comparatively little has been done in extracting from the Irish manuscripts still in existence the information which they contain on this subject, the following facts are undoubted:—1. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of civil society in Ireland at that period, the Christian Church did make an extraordinary progress, and produce an immense number of holy men and devoted missionaries, the memory of whom is still preserved in the popular name of Ireland,—*Insula Sanctorum*—the Isle of Saints. 2. It was the resort of Christians for the purpose both of instruction and religious discipline from England, from Wales, from France, from Italy, from Germany, as Athens or Alexandria were the schools of a preceding age. 3. These students were gathered in vast bodies, who in many instances were not only taught but supported and fed at the expense

pense of religious communities : as at Armagh, Clonard, Mungret near Limerick, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, and many other places.* 4. Missionaries were sent out from it, under the followers of Columba and others, to Wales, to Scotland, to England, to France, to Germany, to Italy, and to Iceland, who founded celebrated monasteries, and brought with them a variety of arts connected with the offices of religion. 5. It is clear that Ireland in those times was, like the rest of Christendom, not yet subjugated to Rome; nor to any considerable degree infected with religious errors. Whatever trace of these is found in the late records of this period disappear in the older annals: and the progress of invention and falsification may easily be traced; and thus this portion of Irish history offers a wide and peaceful field, in which lovers of their country, and of its ancient glory may expatiate without collision or jealousy.

These facts are proved, not by legendary lives of saints or the exaggerations of a national poetry, but by the concurrent testimony of foreign and independent witnesses. And the question still to be solved is this,—by what means was this great work achieved under circumstances apparently so unfavourable?

Four of these means may be seen faintly indicated in the brief annals of the times which have hitherto been examined. In the first place, Columba and his followers seem uniformly to have acted on the principle derived from their predecessors, of gathering their clergy, both secular and regular, into organised collegiate bodies. In the second place, a close connexion appears to have been established between these bodies and the episcopal order of the Church—a connexion indeed very different from the relation which would exist between collegiate bodies formed in the present day and the bishops of the dioceses in which they may be placed—since bishops were often at the head of them, and still oftener were inferior members of the body subject to their abbot, as in the well-known instance of the abbot of Iona; or as a bishop holding a prebendal stall in his own cathedral is subject as a prebendary to his dean, while his dean as a priest is subject to himself as a bishop. Thirdly, these collegiate bodies, or monasteries, improperly so called, were for the most part formed upon a plan essentially different from either the solitary retirements of Eastern monks, or the ascetic system of the Benedictines. They were great schools, of which education was the chief object; and those who have ever practically examined the working of monasticism will comprehend the importance of this distinction. Fourthly, as far as we can judge, classical literature, and especially the

* There were 7000 at Armagh. Compare the numbers at Oxford: *s. g.* 30,000.

Greek language, formed an integral part of the course of instruction pursued in these seminaries; and that, at a period, when from the rest of Europe the traces of Greek literature were rapidly vanishing. The importance of this fact will be best understood by an historical examination of the progress both of society and of the human mind, wherever Greek literature has been profoundly and generally studied, and of the influence which the same study has exercised in stimulating and developing the intellectual powers.

It is, however, no part of our intention at present to enter into a fuller discussion of these facts, which can only be extracted and confirmed from a minute induction of particulars scattered over a wide range of records, many of them unedited. Our present business is with the architectural remains of that period; and of these the most interesting and prominent specimens are the Round Towers which have proved the occasion of Mr. Petrie's disquisition. It must be unnecessary to say that these structures have for centuries formed the stumbling-block of antiquarians. Tall, slender, cylindrical, cone-topped piles, too small for habitations, too simple for ornament, too vast for mere appendages to the little buildings with which they seem to have been connected—too uniform in construction to be accidental caprices of taste, and yet too varied to be all reduced under one age—rising up, as they often do, among the bleakest mountains, by a gloomy lake, or on some desolate island, or even from a group of ruins clustered round them by ages later than their own, as on the rock of Cashel, they produce a singular effect of mysterious ghostlike grandeur—far beyond any composition of the most elaborate architecture.

And their effect upon the understandings of the beholders has been scarcely less surprising than upon their imaginations and feelings. It is impossible to enter on Mr. Petrie's own theory of the Round Towers, without adverting to the severe yet merciful ingenuity with which he has anatomised the theories of too many of his predecessors. We have all heard of Aristotle's logic. Some of us may have read of a new system of ladies' logic which has been recently propounded in a popular though not very grave publication. But there is also, it would appear, an antiquarian logic, very different from either, which has been largely employed in the present discussion, before Mr. Petrie thought it necessary to recur to the dry and more painful process of investigating facts. A long and not useless treatise might be devoted to this subject, which might embrace many other antiquarian researches besides the present, and be illustrated by the practice of not a few well-known writers. But two or three heads of syllogisms may be sufficient for our purpose.

One

One of these may be entitled the argument from hearsay, the 'somebody-told-me' syllogism, which, by a very easy and simple process, a short series of expert and courageous writers may at any time convert into an argument from undisputable testimony. For instance, Giraldus asserts that the Round Towers were built '*more patriæ*, or in a mode peculiar to the country' (*Inquiry*, p. 5, pt. 1, s. 1). To overturn this assertion, in company with a multitude of others by the same writer, Lynch, the author of '*Cambrensis Eversus*,' in 1662, ventures to hint that there is '*a report*' to the contrary—that they *are said* to have been erected by the Danes. In 1684 Peter Walsh takes courage, and translating nearly word for word the statement of Lynch, slips at the same time by a bold stroke of legerdemain the '*it is said*' into '*it is most certain*.' Fortified by this authority, Dr. Molyneux insists on the same theory. And in the beginning of this century, Ledwich, who in this as in many other points has exhibited, of all writers on Irish history, the most intrepid conscience, comes forward boldly to claim in support of the same hypothesis the whole series of authorities, during a space of 542 years, from Cambrensis to Molyneux inclusive—Cambrensis having positively affirmed the contrary.

Another mode of reasoning is the argument '*à non existentibus*,' or the proof from things that never existed. Thus Dr. Molyneux convinces us that nothing was more likely than that the Danes should erect in Ireland buildings like those which they had left in their own country, and therefore that the Round Towers were erected by the Danes. It is true that a remorseless and unpatriotic Dane declares that his countrymen never possessed on their own shores any buildings of the kind. But Denmark is at a considerable distance, and little visited by travellers; and under similar conditions the argument may at any time be safely employed, and with very great effect, provided the existence of the non-existent facts be boldly assumed, and cannot readily be disproved.—Or again, the peculiar occurrence of Round Towers in Ireland is explained by Mr. Beauford (*Inquiry*, p. 31) from the well-known fact of the Gaurs or Persian Magi overrunning Europe in the time of Constantine; and the explanation will be perfectly satisfactory till the reader looks into history, and finds that no such '*overrunning*' ever occurred.—Or again, the Round Towers were observatories—because the four windows are uniformly placed at the four cardinal points; a solution which we eagerly embrace till we stumble on towers with five apertures, others with three, and others commanding all the points of the compass.

Another argument is that of analogy drawn '*à rebus toto cœlo differentibus*'—from things having no analogy whatever. The reader

reader will find an admirable illustration of the form in p. 75 of Mr. Petrie's work. He has only to compare a Round Tower with the drawings there given of the Nuraghes of Sardinia—the tall, slender, simple shaft of the one with the central cone of the other standing on a square base, and having four small cones at the angles connected with a parapet-wall—in order to recognise at once their perfect similarity, and deduce from the analogy without difficulty the Phœnician origin of both.

Another form is the well-known reasoning from etymology. But the use of this is so common, and the instances so abundant, that we need only allude to it. The Irish language, whose manuscripts are unknown, spelling uncertain, origin obscure, and glossaries rare, affords peculiar facilities for the employment of this argument. And assuming the well-known fundamental principle that in deducing etymologies consonants go for very little, and vowels for nothing at all, there is nothing which may not be proved by it. General Vallancy and Sir William Betham may perhaps claim the palm of dexterity in the use of this most powerful and versatile instrument of antiquarian research.

Another variety is that from Irish history. To this General Vallancy has referred for a multitude of facts respecting the Druids and the fire-worshippers in Ireland; for the reformation of that worship by Mogh Nuadhat, or the Magus of the New Law, otherwise called Airgiod-lamh, or Silver-hand (*Inquiry*. p. 27); for the Fomorians or African Sea champions, who came to Ireland a few centuries after the deluge, and taught the natives to build with lime and stone; for the adoration of Crom Cruach; and for the introduction of fire-worship by a certain *draoi* named Midhghe, a corruption of Maguisch, which in Persian signifies 'nailed by the ears'—together with a number of other events which would be indisputably conclusive to the fact that the Round Towers were created for the worship of fire—provided only we could find the histories in which the facts themselves are recorded. But General Vallancy having forgotten to give any references, and all inquiries hitherto made to discover them having failed, this slight confirmation is still wanting.

Perhaps we may place separately the argument from manuscripts. Thus General Vallancy quotes from the glossary of Cormac, and Mr. D'Alton from the Psalter of Cashel, and Dr. O'Connor from the Annals of the Four Masters. If indeed such men as Mr. Petrie are close at hand, who will provokingly interfere; who will look into the manuscripts themselves; who will wonder at omissions and insertions, which produce a perplexing contrariety between the original manuscript and the quotations; who will teasingly and tiresomely inquire

inquire into the real meaning of words, and even use painful expressions like garbling and inventing—then indeed we would recommend that this mode of proof should be used with great caution. And perhaps henceforth it must be dropped, or used with far less boldness than hitherto in the case of Irish records, which are beginning to attract the attention of scholars. If used at all, as by some former Irish antiquarians in some of their speculations, the references should be carefully confined to such manuscripts as are either wholly illegible, or can nowhere be found.

We may close our list with the argument ‘à Museo Britannico,’ or if named from the work chiefly employed in the present controversy, the argument ‘à Psalterio Cassioleni,’ from the Psalter of Cashel. A copious illustration of this kind of argument may be found on another subject in Lauder’s ‘Detection of the Plagiarisms of Milton’—all the finer parts of whose poems he had discovered in a variety of Latin poems, which were to be found somewhere or another, no one knew where, in the Bodleian Library. What the Bodleian Library was to Mr. Lauder, the British Museum has been to more than one ingenious writer on the Round Towers. Mr. D’Alton and Miss Beauford have referred largely for the most important confirmation of the fire theory to the Psalter of Cashel and the Psalter of Tara; documents evidently of the highest antiquity and authority, and whose testimony must at once set the question at rest. Unhappily their references are all traceable up to one source, a little abridgment of the English translation of Keating’s History of Ireland by Mr. Comerford, who unhappily also appears to have known nothing of any Irish authorities. Still more unhappily, and to the cruel disappointment of Irish antiquarians, who would give their heads to obtain a sight of either of the volumes referred to, all notice of their locality, of the time of their inspection, and of the nature of the context, has been accidentally omitted by the quoters. No clue to the discovery of these points can be traced beyond a vague hint in another writer, Mr. O’Reilly, that *they are said* to be in the British Museum. Still more unhappily, even this intimation is coupled with a suspicion that the saying is probably not true; and, most unhappily of all, those who know most of the history of Irish manuscripts have reason to doubt not only if the Psalter of Cashel exists anywhere at this present day, but also if the Psalter of Tara ever existed at all.

—But we must not dwell more on a part of the subject which Mr. Petrie has discussed with as much accuracy as delicacy and forbearance. Our readers, we suspect, possess the same amount of information on the state of Ireland which has been attained by Englishmen

Englishmen in general, and which is about equal to that which we enjoy of the interior of Africa ; and they will be more disposed to ask what a Round Tower is than what it is not :—

‘ These towers, then, are rotund, cylindrical structures, usually tapering upwards, and varying in height from fifty to perhaps one hundred and fifty feet ; and in external circumference, at the base, from forty to sixty feet, or somewhat more. They have usually a circular, projecting base, consisting of one, two, or three steps, or plinths, and are finished at the top with a conical roof of stone, which frequently, as there is every reason to believe, terminated with a cross formed of a single stone. The wall, towards the base, is never less than three feet in thickness, but is usually more, and occasionally five feet, being always in accordance with the general proportions of the building. In the interior they are divided into stories, varying in number from four to eight, as the height of the tower permitted, and usually about twelve feet in height. These stories are marked either by projecting belts of stone, set-offs or ledges, or holes in the wall to receive joists, on which rested the floors, which were almost always of wood. In the uppermost of these stories the wall is perforated by two, four, five, six, or eight apertures, but most usually four, which sometimes face the cardinal points, and sometimes not. The lowest story, or rather its place, is sometimes composed of solid masonry, and when not so, it has never any aperture to light it. In the second story the wall is usually perforated by the entrance doorway, which is generally from eight to thirty feet from the ground, and only large enough to admit a single person at a time. The intermediate stories are each lighted by a single aperture, placed variously, and usually of very small size, though in several instances that directly over the doorway is of a size little less than that of the doorway, and would appear to be intended as a second entrance.

‘ In their masonic construction they present a considerable variety : but the generality of them are built in that kind of careful masonry called spawled rubble, in which small stones, shaped by the hammer, in default of suitable stones at hand, are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar appears to be intermixed in the body of the wall ; and thus the outside of spawled masonry, especially, presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone, supplementary splinters being carefully inserted in the joints of the undried wall. Such, also, is the style of masonry of the most ancient churches ; but it should be added that, in the interior of the walls of both, grouting is abundantly used. In some instances, however, the towers present a surface of ashlar masonry,—but rarely laid in courses perfectly regular,—both externally and internally, though more usually on the exterior only ; and, in a few instances, the lower portion of the towers exhibit less of regularity than the upper parts.

‘ In their architectural features an equal diversity of style is observable ; and of these the doorway is the most remarkable. When the tower is of rubble masonry, the doorways seldom present any decorations, and are either quadrangular, and covered with a lintel of a single stone of great size, of semicircular-headed, either by the construction of
a regular

a regular arch or the cutting of a single stone. There are, however, two instances of very richly decorated doorways in towers of this description, namely, those of Kildare and Timahoe. In the more regularly constructed towers the doorways are always arched semi-circularly, and are usually ornamented with architraves, or bands, on their external faces. The upper apertures but very rarely present any decorations, and are most usually of a quadrangular form. They are, however, sometimes semicircular-headed, and still often present the triangular or straight-sided arch. I should further add, that in the construction of these apertures very frequent examples occur of that kind of masonry, consisting of long and short stones alternately, now generally considered by antiquaries as a characteristic of Saxon architecture in England.—pp. 355-357.

With respect to the origin and use of these mysterious structures, we fear that to many readers Mr. Petrie's solution of the problem will be productive of some disappointment. Its simplicity dispels that charm of doubt and wonder which has hitherto surrounded them like a hazy atmosphere, distorting and refracting every view which has been taken of them. Its comprehensiveness will act as a most uninteresting sedative to the animated belligerents of the contending theories; and its rigid imperturbable appeal to facts, to actual admeasurements, accurate surveys, and personal research both into buildings and into manuscripts, will considerably damp that free and ardent spirit of speculation which has hitherto expatiated, with so much of boldness and delight, in Paganism, Buddhism, Gaurism, and the mythical ages of Irish history, without the fear of being surprised or detected by a single historical policeman.

'The towers have been all subjected to a careful examination, and their peculiarities accurately noticed; while our ancient records, and every other probable source of information, have been searched for such facts or notices as might contribute to throw light upon their history. I have even gone further: I have examined, for the purpose of comparison with the towers, not only all the vestiges of early Christian architecture remaining in Ireland, but also those of monuments of known or probable pagan origin. The results, I trust, will be found satisfactory, and will suffice to establish, beyond all reasonable doubt, the following conclusions:—

'I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. II. That they were designed to answer, at least, a twofold use, namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack. III. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

' These conclusions, which have been already advocated *separately* by many distinguished antiquaries—among whom are Molyneux, Ledwich, Pinkerton Sir Walter Scott, Montmorenci, Brewer, and Otway—will be proved by the following evidences:—

' For the **FIRST CONCLUSION**, namely, that the towers are of Christian origin:—1. The towers are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. Their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the *original* churches with which they are locally connected, when such remain. 3. On several of them Christian emblems are observable, and others display in the details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to be of Christian origin. 4. They possess, invariably, architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

' For the **SECOND CONCLUSION**, namely, that they were intended to serve the double purpose of belfries, and keeps, or castles, for the uses already specified:—1. Their architectural construction, as will appear, eminently favours this conclusion. 2. A variety of passages, extracted from our annals and other authentic documents, will prove that they were constantly applied to both these purposes.

For the **THIRD CONCLUSION**, namely, that they may have also been occasionally used as beacons and watch-towers:—1. There are some historical evidences which render such a hypothesis extremely probable. 2. The necessity which must have existed in early Christian times for such beacons and watch-towers, and the perfect fitness of the round towers to answer such purposes, will strongly support this conclusion.

' These conclusions—or, at least, such of them as presume the towers to have had a Christian origin, and to have served the purpose of a belfry—will be further corroborated by the uniform and concurrent tradition of the country, and, above all, by authentic evidences, which shall be adduced relative to the erection of several of the towers, with the names and eras of their founders.'—pp. 2-4.

We have no wish to anticipate the reader and defraud the author, by condensing the ingenious and interesting process with which Mr. Petrie has extracted his evidence to these facts, as well from the details of the buildings themselves as from the manuscripts of Irish literature. The second part of the work is still to come, and in this we may hope for still more minute delineations of the several edifices; but even thus far the evidence is to our own mind complete; and there is one deeply interesting fact which must be impressed on the mind of every candid reader who will follow the line of argument—it is the extraordinary value of that mass of unpublished and neglected documents which now lie cobwebbed and worm-eaten, and often uncatalogued and unknown, on the shelves of public or of private libraries, under the despised title of Irish manuscripts. Once more—the fact cannot be repeated too often—let it be remembered that there was a time when

when Ireland was the sanctuary of Christian truth, the school of Europe, the nurse and mother of the holiest men, and the enlightener of an age of darkness. Upon this period a cloud has hitherto rested, enveloping it in the profoundest obscurity. Its most heroic and saintly names have been dealt with as the shadows of a myth. The memory of it has been preserved in our own days only by a few faint allusions to it in authors of more than ordinary research. No traveller visits Ireland with the thought that he is treading ground hallowed and ennobled as one of the brightest sanctuaries of the Church. He looks upon its border castles and ruined abbeys, numerous as they are, contemptuously, as compared with the grander monuments of England, and painfully as associated only with records of turbulence and crime. A Danish rath or a Druidical stone may catch his attention for a moment; a slight question may cross his mind as to the reality of a St. Patrick, or the schools of St. Columba; but to look for any trace of their footsteps, or any light upon their history, would seem a delusion like a struggle to exhume the relics of a Preadamite nation.

• Meanwhile there lie sleeping, not only in many a poor cabin of Ireland, but even on our own book-shelves, in the Bodleian, in the Royal Irish Academy, in Trinity College, Dublin, at Stow, in the British Museum, in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, a vast collection of records, unequalled for their minute historical accuracy, and accessible, without any extraordinary difficulty, to any fair Irish scholar—records which, patiently and thoughtfully analysed, would throw a flood of light upon this very period, and render it perfectly intelligible. Let us not be misunderstood. It is not said that these records contain intentional detailed descriptions of the sixth or seventh centuries in Irish history, or philosophical disquisitions on the state of domestic society, or political relations at that period, such as we expect and demand from a modern writer of history. To find among them any such treatise would be like finding a steam-engine, with the name of Watt upon it, in a Pictish barrow. It would prove them to be forgeries. Neither must a lover of poetry expect any very delightful food for the imagination in the songs and poems which form the main feature in them.* Poems, indeed,

* The passion of the Irish at the present day for poetry, as the sweetener and reliever of graver studies, may be understood by a little anecdote which, whether somewhat heightened or not, may be worth subjoining. A distinguished and benevolent English scholar was appointed not many years since to one of the highest ecclesiastical stations in Ireland. He is said to have shared the fate of Englishmen in general, in being little acquainted with the real state of Ireland—even with the existence of the Irish language. But his zeal for benefiting the people was

indeed, are the passion of the Irish, and their poets formed a distinct class of society; and St. Columba himself did not think it beneath him to interfere, with the whole of his influence, to preserve them from a sweeping and meditated destruction. He himself became their reformer. But we candidly confess that the specimens of epic verse which have recently been given to the world by the labours of the Irish Archæological Society, and which record the wonders of the battle of Magh Rath, are not such as yet supersede, in our own case, the perusal of Milton and Shakspeare. It is true that even Eton and Oxford possess an alembic in which the choruses of Æschylus and the glories of Homer are transmuted daily into the most absurd, disjointed, abominable rhapsodies which a barbarous imagination could devise. Construed by a schoolboy or an under-graduate, according to the uniform principles of our English scholarship, even the battles of Troy sound by no means unlike the battles of Magh Rath. We therefore suspend our judgment; and until it should be possible for ourselves to peruse the original documents in their native language—a possibility which looms far beyond the distance even of the removal of the income-tax—we pause before we pronounce that the poems which still lie imbedded in the Irish language may not be models of elegance and sublimity.

Still, though neither poetical nor philosophical—though composed, to a great extent, of a bare catalogue of names—Irish manuscripts may be of incalculable value as historical documents. They are authentic, for each monastery had its annalist—each family its historiographer; and it is something to possess even a dry

worthy of his character. The fact that the Irish language was still spoken, and its extraordinary influence on the people having been at last brought home to him, he bethought himself of some mode in which it might be most successfully turned to account in elevating the character and ameliorating the condition of the peasant. And it appeared that a deeper insight into the principles of political economy would prove one of the most powerful instruments in the regeneration of the country. He procured therefore the assistance of a good Irish scholar, and commanded him to translate for popular circulation some extracts from some of his own writings on the theory of rent, wages, value, stock, capital, bullion, &c. &c. The work was completed—the translation brought. To test the accuracy of the translation, and remove a still lingering doubt, whether the Irish language was not still a dream and a fiction, the illustrious author took his own work in his hand, and commanded the humble translator to translate his own translation. Nothing could be more accurate—all doubt was dispelled. The author's benevolent eye gleamed with delight at the thought of the impoverished peasantry crowding to purchase and peruse a true philosophy of wealth. At last he observed the translator turning over several pages in the midst of a most profound but demonstrative argument on the true theory of rent. 'What are you about?' was the question—'What are you hiding, sir?' 'O, nothing, please you, my lord.' 'But I must insist on knowing. Why did you turn over the leaves?' 'Nothing, indeed, my lord. It was nothing.' 'Nothing!' exclaimed the prelate. 'What is here?' and he took up the book. 'What is this that you have inserted in the middle of my essay?' 'If you please, my lord,' said the blushing and confounded translator, 'if you please, my lord, it is only a poem. I did not think they would read the rest.'

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rough-hewn causeway of pedigrees and genealogies by which to wade safely and firmly into the unsounded depths of antiquity. Our Egyptian discoveries have given us little more—but who does not feel even here that to touch solid ground in a period of history, in which, before this, every fact seemed impalpable and unreal, is a very healthy check to a dangerous scepticism, and that the confirmation of an already recognised historical truth, even in the minutest detail, may be of considerable importance in supporting a whole body of tottering evidence, and in laying open a vast field of interesting philosophy? We have heard, and we have no reason to doubt the anecdote, that for the volume now before us—which has drawn up a veil from the most interesting period of the history of Ireland—we are indebted to the following fact:—Mr. Petrie, it is said, was visiting, as a tourist, the ruins of Clonmacnoise, once the richest bishopric, the grandest monastic establishment, the most celebrated royal burial-place in Ireland, now a barren dreary desert on the banks of the solitary Shannon. He was climbing a stile, over which he was obliged to ascend and descend by a flight of seven or eight rude steps. To his surprise he found that they were formed of stones inscribed in the Irish character. He passed into the adjoining grave-yard, thickly strewed with tombs, lying like corpses round the ruins of its ancient churches, its exquisitely sculptured crosses, and its two ghost-like Round Towers; and still there met him on every side the same inscribed stones. He collected from that one spot no less than three hundred epitaphs in the Irish language. He catalogued the names, and then turned to Archdale's Chronicle of that abbey, and found that these stones were the tombs of the very men there recorded as among the most eminent ecclesiastics in Ireland, from the seventh century downward.

Let us imagine another instance of coincidence and mutual support presented by the old structures and the old records of Ireland—and the hypothesis shall be a fact (Inquiry, p. 163). It has been sometimes questioned by antiquaries whether or not St. Patrick really had any nephews, and whether they came, as it is hinted, from Gaul. There is indeed mentioned, in the Lives of St. Patrick, one nephew, a Gaul of the name of *Lugnath*, or *Lugnaden*, whose mother was named *Liemania*, and the names occur nowhere else among all the innumerable catalogues of saints. He was located in the neighbourhood of Lough Corrib, on an island still called the 'Island of the Devout Foreigner,' close to a church, the foundation of which popular tradition at this day assigns to the age of St. Patrick, and the ruins of which still remain and bear his name; and upon this island, at a little distance

distance in front of the church, an antiquarian, in 1820, stumbled on a stone—an upright pillar of dark limestone, about four feet high—with the following inscription, in characters apparently of the earliest Christian antiquity to be found in Ireland :—‘ *Lie Lugnœdon macc Lmenueh* ’ (The stone of Lugnœdon, son of Limenueh).

In the same manner, during the most interesting operation of the kind ever carried on in any country—the Ordnance survey of Ireland—a party who were examining the hill of Aileach, in the county of Derry, found on the summit of it the remains of a large fortification, formed of concentric circles of walls, now mouldered and covered with grass, and intersected by a broad level passing from the foot of the hill to the gateway of a keep or central inclosure. What was the nature and meaning of this? Their attention was directed to the ‘ *Dinn Seanchus*,’ a manuscript originally of the sixth century, and in its present interpolated form certainly not later than the tenth century, and in this they found the place delineated with the greatest accuracy—its green banks described as walls, and the level as the road of horses, and the locality marked as the celebrated palace of the kings of the northern half of Ireland down to the twelfth century.

Once more: in the old manuscripts of the twelfth century, which are, for the most part, transcripts and compilations from much earlier authorities, it is stated as a fact, which has received the usual credit of the mythical tales of antediluvian history, that in the great contests between the *Fir-bolgæ* and the *Tuatha de Danann*, centuries before the Christian era, the *Fir-bolgæ* were defeated in the battle of North Moy Tuiry, and driven across the bay of Ballisadare into the peninsula of Cuilirra, on the south of the bay of Sligo, and that their king, Eochy, was killed in crossing the strait. In this peninsula there is found at this day a space of about a square mile, which a few years ago presented one series of circles of stones, each with its cromlech in the centre, and of which no less than sixty-five circles were marked by Mr. Petrie in the Ordnance map. These, there can be no doubt, were sepulchral, not Druidical monuments, because in all the circles, and beneath all the cromlechs, cinerary urns and burnt bones, and other indications of interments, are invariably found; and in the middle, beneath one of the largest cromlechs, and covered with a cairn, have been discovered not only human remains, but a vast mass of bones of animals, chiefly horses, such as has been found in other parts of Ireland, and lately in the county of Meath. Now in all the battle-fields of the *Fir-bolgæ* similar stone monuments are found, as at the Northern Moy Tuiry in Sligo, and at the Southern Moy Tuiry in Mayo. But there is a singular peculiarity in the Cuilirra cemetery coinciding with the statement
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in the manuscripts (and this is the point we are now illustrating). The History states that the king was killed in crossing the water. And at this day, nearly in the centre of the vast tract of level sand from which the sea retires at low tides in the Bay of Ballisadare, and where the bay is still fordable, there rises above high-water mark a cairn of stones, marking, according to O'Flaherty, the very spot where the monarch fell.

But for the most interesting of any of these inquiries we must be once more indebted to Mr. Petrie's own publications in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.' His essay on the celebrated Hill of Tara exhibits, on the authority of manuscripts, a topographical account of that locality as it stood in the twelfth century, with all its features, its raths or circular forts, the foundations of its ancient regal halls, its Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned,—which the credulous visitor of Westminster Abbey at this day firmly believes that he sees in the seat of King Edward's chair—and to the possession of which is attached, by the old traditions of Ireland, the talisman of the empire. This stone, or Lia Fail, is an upright pillar, about nine feet high; it stands at present on the grave of a body of rebels, who were buried there in 1798; and whither it was removed from its original spot to mark the place of their interment. But its existence on the Hill of Tara may be traced, by manuscripts, from the sixth century downward. And the stone on which the sovereigns of England are now supposed to be crowned, as the Lia Fail,—the stone on which the kings of Scotland used, on the same hypothesis, to be crowned;—which Edward, for this reason, brought, in the same hope, away from Scotland—which the Scots, an Irish colony, had borrowed from their ancestors of the mother-country—which, as they believed, the Irishmen of the mother-country had brought, with them from the East; and which possessed the miraculous power of attesting the legitimacy of their sovereigns by roaring as those sovereigns were enthroned on it—this stone, it appears—O wonderful phenomenon of Irish prudence and caution in the sixth century!—O miraculous insight into the spirit of acquisitiveness and economy, which the mere climate of Scotland seems to have breathed from the first even into the profuse and generous character of the colonists from Ireland!—this stone is found to have been a sham. When the colonists, as the Scotchmen say themselves, begged it as a loan from the mother-country, the mother-country thought it safer to retain the original in her own maternal hands, and to send over a duplicate, or fragment, which the colonists accepted in faith as the genuine article, and cherished the loan too highly ever to think of returning it. The original is still at Tara.

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But the artificial remains of Tara are not the only points indicated in the manuscripts. Tara was deserted in the seventh century : and the manuscripts of the twelfth century describe it as it then stood ; and that description was found to tally exactly with its condition now—with the number, position, and character of its earthen mounds and walls. But a still stronger attestation to the historical accuracy of these documents still remained. On the Hill of Tara are three springs—one of them is known, both in the manuscripts and in the traditions of the neighbourhood, as the spot on which the first mill in Ireland was erected ; another, indicated in the manuscripts, had not been discovered by the party who were prosecuting the Ordnance survey on the spot. Mr. Petrie recurred to the manuscripts, traced out exactly the point where this spring might be expected to lie, walked across the hill in that direction, and came down immediately upon a very copious well, which had escaped all former observation. This fact may be found in a note appended to Mr. Petrie's remarkable Essay on Tara in the 18th volume of the Transactions.

These few instances may be sufficient to indicate two of the remarkable trains of evidence, one derived from manuscripts, and the other from monumental remains still existing, which may be brought to bear upon the early history of Ireland, and the chief value of which consists in their mutual and independent confirmation of each other. But there is a third, of very considerable value, and the weight of which can scarcely be appreciated by an English reader—it is the uninterrupted chain of popular tradition. In England we possess no such literary records of the contemporary period of English History, because England at that time was in darkness, while Ireland was in light : and our monumental remains have been obliterated by the hand—shall we say of civilization? We pull down churches to build docks—would carry a railroad over Glastonbury Abbey—would build a lighthouse out of the remains of St. Cuthbert's chapel on Farne Island—and would pave New Sarum with Stonehenge. In the same manner, with civilization, as it is called, and with that which accompanies civilization, the breaking up of families, the destruction of local ties, of the superstition of hereditary rank, of the charm of oral records, preserved from parent to child, and familiar as household words, there have perished our popular traditions. In Ireland they are still preserved : the very efforts made to extinguish them, by the suppression of the Irish language, by the uprooting of ancient families, by the confiscation of property, which followed on repeated rebellion, seem rather to have preserved and perpetuated them. They are cherished, as a vanquished but noble nature cherishes the memory of its former state under the pressure of
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of a defeat and oppression, from which it hopes and believes that one day it shall again spring up. To this hour the supposed lawful owners of the confiscated estates in Ireland are known as well as the present possessors. Families, which to strangers' eyes are no more than private gentlemen of moderate fortunes, or, it may be, even sunk in poverty, are esteemed and honoured as still representatives of royal blood.

And by this popular tradition the strongest confirmation is given to the minute accuracy of the manuscript documents, coming as they did originally from a regularly authorised class and profession of writers, attached to each monarchy, and family, and monastery. Let us give an instance. In the pedigree of the O'Brien family, preserved in all the ancient genealogical books of Ireland, there occurs the name of Breacan, who is described as an ecclesiastic and a distinguished saint, and the first bishop of Ardbrackan: and it is stated that he died in the island of Aran. He was the second son of Eochaidh Balldcarg, king of Thomond, who was baptized by St. Patrick at Saingel, now Singland, near Limerick, and was the direct ancestor of the illustrious family of the O'Briens. Here is the statement of the manuscripts: now follows the popular tradition. At the present day, in the island of Aran, there is a groupe of seven churches, in the midst of which (see Inquiry, p. 136) there is an inclosure of a circular form, which is known by the name of St. Breacan's tomb, and is held in the greatest veneration by the natives, who cherish his memory, honour his anniversary, and recognise him as the tutelar saint of one half of the island. Now follows the monumental evidence. About 1800 the tomb is opened to receive the remains of a distinguished and popular ecclesiastic, who left a dying request that he might be buried in it; and in the interior is found a small round stone, with an inscription, which those who preserved it did not understand. The stone is now in Mr. Petrie's possession. The inscription is in the Irish character and language; and the translation of it is 'A prayer for Breacan the pilgrim.' Mr. Petrie obtains leave in 1820 to reopen the tomb, and he finds, at the depth of six feet, the original stone which covered the grave, inscribed with the words 'Capiti Brechani'—'over the head, or the headstone of Breacan:' perhaps a singular corroboration of the fact mentioned by Colgan, that it was not unusual at that period to bury bodies in an upright posture. And this last supposition is still further confirmed by the size and shape of the stone itself, which could not have covered a recumbent figure.

Once more. An antiquarian (and the case is but one out of many) extracts from manuscript records the pedigree of one of the oldest regal families of Ireland: by these he is enabled to trace

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up this family, from son to father, from the time of Queen Anne to the fourth century. He can even fix the year of the death of every father, and, what is more, of every mother, in the chain. He desires to prosecute the inquiry further, and bring down the pedigree to the present day. He inquires in the neighbourhood where the family property lay, and is then told that a poor woman, in a country town at a distance, is the lineal representative of the family. He ascertains her residence, finds her in a cabin surrounded by poverty, but with superior manners. By the fire, stirring something in a pipkin, is sitting a young man with the marks of high blood in his manner and appearance, but dying in a consumption, and apparently pained and offended at the intrusion. The stranger makes his inquiry, and learns from the female that she is the representative of this regal family; that the young man is her son. She gives her visitor the whole pedigree of her family back from that day to the time of Queen Anne, and ten or twelve degrees beyond it, which degrees exactly tally with those in the records, although those records can never have been seen by the informant. Not an error is made: and the informant could have gone further back, but her memory had failed; and the inquirer, having nothing more to learn, is unwilling to trouble her. It may be added, that when pressed to give information respecting one of her sisters, she begs to be excused: the other sisters had married into old families of noble blood; but the one passed over in silence had demeaned herself by a low connexion with a tradesman. We have touched on one or two anecdotes of this kind, not only from their intrinsic interest, but as illustrating the nature of the evidence by which the ancient history of Ireland and Mr. Petrie's researches must be tested. And they will be peculiarly valuable when brought to bear upon that part of the volume before us which illustrates the ecclesiastical remains of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and following centuries, down to the twelfth, which are still extant in Ireland.

1. There are then to be seen in Ireland at this day (let not the reader be surprised) authenticated remains of churches—humble indeed, and simple even to rudeness, but of the deepest interest—anterior to the eighth century, to the number of perhaps several hundred.

‘These churches, in their general form, preserve very nearly that of the Roman basilica, and they are even called by this name in the oldest writers; but they never present the conched semicircular absis at the east end, which is so usual a feature in the Roman churches, and the smaller churches are only simple oblong quadrangles. In addition to this quadrangle, the larger churches present a second oblong of smaller dimensions, extending to the east, and constituting the chancel or sanctuary, in which the altar was placed, and which is connected with
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the nave by a triumphal arch of semicircular form. These churches have rarely more than a single entrance, which is placed in the centre of the west end; and they are very imperfectly lighted by small windows splaying inwards, which do not appear to have ever been glazed. The chancel is always better lighted than the nave: it usually has two and sometimes three windows, of which one is always placed in the centre of the east wall, and another in the south wall; the windows in the nave are also usually placed in the south wall, and, excepting in the larger churches, rarely exceed two in number. The windows are frequently triangular-headed, but more usually arched semicircularly, while the doorway, on the contrary, is almost universally covered by a horizontal lintel consisting of a single stone. In all cases the sides of the doorways and windows incline, like the doorways in the oldest remains of Cyclopean buildings, to which they bear a singularly striking resemblance. The doorways seldom present any architectural decorations beyond a mere flat architrave or band, but are most usually plain; and the windows still more rarely exhibit ornaments of any kind. The walls of these churches are always perpendicular, and generally formed of very large polygonal stones carefully adjusted to each other, both on the inner and outer faces, while their interior is filled up with rubble and grouting. In the smaller churches the roofs were frequently formed of stone, but in the larger ones were always of wood, covered with shingles, straw, reeds, and perhaps sometimes with lead.

‘To the above general description I may add, that no churches appear to have been anciently erected in Ireland, either of the circular, the octagonal, or the cross form, as in Italy and Greece,—though it would appear that churches of the last form were erected in England at a very early period,—and the only exception to the simple forms already described, is the occasional presence of a small apartment on one side of the chancel, to serve the purpose of a sacristy.’—pp. 159, 160.

It must be added, that they are almost invariably of small size, their greatest length rarely exceeding eighty feet, and being usually not more than sixty. And there are evident traces of the preservation of a particular type and proportion in these structures.

2. Besides these churches, there are the remains of oratories—probably the first stone buildings erected for Christian purposes in Ireland, and which served as a species of chapel for the saint who dwelt, and often was buried, near them. These are small quadrangular structures, built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to the apex in curved lines. In many instances, according to ancient records, they were built of wood, and have perished: and yet there is reason to suppose that a number may still be traced scarcely inferior to that of the primitive churches. The oldest of these are built without cement, but with the greatest art, and may possibly be anterior to the age of St. Patrick himself; but, for drawings and

and descriptions of them we must refer to Mr. Petrie's own book (p. 130).

3. There are still in existence the great cemeteries appropriated to the interment of the princes of the different races, who ruled as sole monarchs, or provincial kings or toparchs. And such cemeteries were well known to the people in Christian times, and in one or two instances the localities have been consecrated to the service of Christianity. The authority for this is to be found in one of the most celebrated Irish manuscripts (see Inquiry, p. 95), the '*Leabhar nah Uidhre*,' a work compiled at Clonmacnoise, and transcribed by a distinguished writer of that great abode of learning in the twelfth century. The treatise alluded to is called a '*History of the Cemeteries*,' and its age must be referred to several centuries previous to its transcription. From this and other documents we know not only the use of these localities, but the very names of the persons buried in them: and when we wonder that no articles of value are found in some of them, as in the magnificent mounds on the Boyne at Drogheda, Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange; this also the manuscripts enable us to explain, for they tell us that these very sepulchres were opened, and plundered by the Danes in the year 862.

4. There are still in existence, though in a more or less advanced stage of dilapidation, several hundred specimens of the round, or beehive houses, partly pagan and partly the habitations of the earliest Christian saints in Ireland, and the form of which is still retained in the wigwags (they are scarcely more) of some of the islands of the coast of Connamara. Of those of St. Finan Cam, who flourished in the sixth century—and of St. Fechin, a saint of the seventh, Mr. Petrie has given drawings and accurate admeasurements (p. 127).* The roof of these is formed by the gradual approximation of stones laid horizontally, till it is closed at the top by a single stone; and two apertures in its centre served the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The dimensions of St. Finan's house is 16 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 1 inch; and the height at present 9 feet 9 inches. The doorway is 4 feet 3 inches high; its width is 2 feet 9 inches at the top, and 3 feet at the bottom. The jambs of the doorway converge, in the Egyptian form, a form repeated in many subsequent buildings of much later date; but exhibiting another among many remarkable indications of the Orientalism of Ireland. In the

* When the subject of drawings is mentioned, we ought to add that the number and beauty of those contained in the present volume render it in themselves a remarkable work. And, what is of great importance in the illustration of an architectural theory, their accuracy may be depended on in the smallest minutiae, as they were made upon the block by Mr. Petrie himself.

Christian structures of this form the interior becomes square instead of round, and, singular enough, the transition itself is indicated in early manuscripts by a prophecy.

We must extract from Mr. Petrie's book one more account, perhaps the most interesting of all, of another class of most ancient ecclesiastical edifices, of which many remains, in various stages of decay, are scattered over Ireland. It describes the state of the anachoretical or heremetical establishment, founded by St. Fechin, in Ardoilen, an almost inaccessible island off the coast of Connamara.

' Ardoilen, or High Island, is situated about six miles from the coast of Omey, and contains about eighty acres. From its height, and the overhanging character of its cliffs, it is only accessible in the calmest weather, and even then, the landing, which can be only made by springing on a shelving portion of the cliff from the boat, is not wholly free from danger: but the adventurer will be well rewarded for such risk; for, in addition to the singular antiquities which the island contains, it affords views of the Connamara and Mayo scenery of insurpassable beauty. The church here is among the rudest of the ancient edifices which the fervour of the Christian religion raised on its introduction into Ireland. Its internal measurement, in length and breadth, is but twelve feet by ten, and in height ten feet. The doorway is two feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its horizontal lintel is inscribed with a cross, like that on the lintel of the doorway of St. Fechin's great church at Fore, and those of other doorways of the same period. The east window, which is the only one in the building, is semicircular-headed, and is but one foot high and six inches wide. The altar still remains, and is covered with offerings, such as nails, buttons, and shells, but chiefly fishing hooks, the most characteristic tributes of the calling of the votaries. On the east side of the chapel is an ancient stone sepulchre, like a pagan kistvaen, composed of large mica slates, with a cover of limestone. The stones at the ends are rudely sculptured with ornamental crosses and a human figure, and the covering slab was also carved, and probably was inscribed with the name of the saint for whom the tomb was designed, but its surface is now much effaced; and as this sepulchre appears to have been made at the same time as the chapel, it seems probable that it is the tomb of the original founder of this religious establishment. The chapel is surrounded by a wall, allowing a passage of four feet between them; and from this, a covered passage, about fifteen feet long by three feet wide, leads to a cell, which was probably the abbot's habitation. This cell, which is nearly circular and dome-roofed, is internally seven feet by six, and eight high. It is built, like those in Aran, without cement, and with much rude art. On the east side there is a larger cell, externally round, but internally a square of nine feet, and seven feet six inches in height. Could this have been a refectory? The doorways in these cells are two feet four inches in width, and but three feet six inches in height. On the other side of the chapel are a number of smaller cells, which were only large enough

enough to contain each a single person. They are but six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, and most of them are now covered with rubbish. These formed a *laura*, like the habitations of the Egyptian ascetics. There is also a covered gallery, or passage, twenty-four feet long, four feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its entrance doorway is but two feet three inches square. The use of this it is difficult to conjecture. Could it have been a storehouse for provisions?

'The monastery is surrounded by an uncemented stone wall, nearly circular, enclosing an area of one hundred and eight feet in diameter. The entrance into this enclosure is at the south-east side, and from it leads a stone passage twenty-one feet in length and three in width. At each side of this entrance, and outside the great circular wall, were circular buildings, probably intended for the use of pilgrims; but though what remains of them is of stone, they do not appear to have been roofed with that material. Within the enclosure are several rude stone crosses, probably sepulchral, and flags sculptured with rude crosses, but without letters. There is also a granite globe, measuring about twenty inches in diameter.

'In the surrounding ground there are several rude stone altars, or penitential stations, on which are small stone crosses; and on the south side of the enclosure there is a small lake, apparently artificial, from which an artificial outlet is formed, which turned a small mill: and, along the west side of this lake, there is an artificial stone path or causeway two hundred and twenty yards in length, which leads to another stone cell or house, of an oval form, at the south side of the valley in which the monastery is situated. This house is eighteen feet long and nine wide, and there is a small walled enclosure joined to it, which was probably a garden. There is also adjoining to it a stone altar surmounted by a cross, and a small lake, which, like that already noticed, seems to have been formed by art.'—pp. 419-421.

And now having exhumed thus briefly these singular relics of antiquity, before we pass from them, let us reflect once more who were the men by whom they were raised, and by whose memories they ought to be hallowed in the eyes of even the nineteenth century. Ireland at this period was known, in Colgan's words, as the '*Communis Europæ bonarum literarum officina, communique ascetarum sacrarium.*' To Ireland, as a place of refuge, as a school of learning, as an abode of holy discipline, flocked crowds, by thirties, fifties, even by one hundred and fifties at a time, of Saxon, British, French, Italian, Roman, and Egyptian Christians. A remarkable proof of this is found in the *Litany* of St. Aengus, the Culdee, in which are invoked numbers of foreign saints buried in Ireland (*Inquiry*, p. 134). In the great Island of Aran may still be seen the Grave of the Seven Romans, with an inscription of the remotest Christian antiquity. In the town of Cead Belaigh (*Inquiry*, p. 351) there were the
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seven streets inhabited by strangers. Saxon kings, among them an Alfred, came to be educated in Ireland for their regal duties ; and when wearied with those duties retired to Irish monasteries to close their lives in peace and devotion. In the meanwhile Ireland was pouring forth a tide of holy and educated men to carry all which then existed in the world of Christian knowledge and discipline into the rest of Europe. It was to such a degree the recognised nurse and mother of such men that in foreign churches a saint whose nation was not known was at once reputed an Irishman. Without dwelling on the illustrious Iona—of which not only the founder St. Columba, but every abbot, with the exception of one, was for 700 years an Irishman—St. Cuthbert, the founder of Lindisfarne, was an Irishman. So also was St. Chad. Glastonbury is known in manuscripts as the Glastonbury of the Irish. The Palatine school of Charlemagne was Irish. The Saints venerated in Cornwall, and to a great extent in Wales, were Irishmen. Pinkerton himself acknowledges that all the great ecclesiastics of Scotland, down to the twelfth century, were Irish. Even in Iceland are found Irish bells, croziers, and shrines. The monasteries of Bavaria, of Austria, and those along the banks of the Rhine, were formed from Ireland. In France, in Switzerland, and Italy the same phenomenon occurs. Whatever superior intellect and piety irradiates the darkness of that period, is connected with Ireland and the Irish under the name of Scoti. It is a fact to be remembered and cherished, not only by Ireland at this day, but by England even more. What has been once produced upon a certain soil from certain elements of national character, may be produced again. And amidst all the miseries of poverty and neglect, of superstition on the one hand, and laxity of rule upon the other, no observant eye can examine the state of Ireland even in the nineteenth century, without detecting elements of intellect, feeling, energy, faith, piety, and self-devotion, even in both the extremes of its religious divisions, which promise a most fertile harvest in return for wise cultivation.

And in carrying on this great work no little encouragement is supplied even by the interest which the revelations of Mr. Petrie have already created ; and which must tell, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, upon every class of society, from the peer to the peasant. But we should ill appreciate the value and extent of the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland and of Mr. Petrie's researches, if, before this brief outline is closed, a few words were not added on other portions of ecclesiastical remains, such as no country—on this side the Alps at least—can match, and for our knowledge of which, as indeed for nearly all our knowledge of this most interesting

interesting subject, we must be indebted to Mr. Petrie's incidental remarks in the volume before us, and to many scattered little notices which he has placed before the public in various forms.*

In the first class of these remains we must place its manuscripts, beginning with those of a very early date, and immediately connected with the most venerated ecclesiastical names of Ireland. And when the surprise of the reader is roused, as it will be, before he questions, as he will do, the authenticity of these remains, let him transfer himself from England to Ireland, and remember the following facts. Religion in the heart of an Irishman is a passion, of which the cold hesitating independent spirit of the nineteenth century can scarcely form a notion. It throws him at the foot of his priest, or before the relics of his saint, with an entire devotion both of the understanding and the affections. We may call it by what name we choose; but the devotion still exists. And by it were canonized and preserved inviolable for successive generations, in the hands of appointed families, endowed with landed property as the keepers of the treasures of the nation, nearly all the important relics which we know from existing documents to have been left by the great saints and ecclesiastics of the country. These relics have been guarded with the most mysterious awe. They have been screened from detection by any who would be likely to profane or misappropriate them. At the same time their existence has been generally known by whole districts. They have been applied publicly and habitually to a variety of, it may be, superstitious uses. And nothing but abject poverty has prevailed on the hereditary keepers to part with them. In this manner they can be traced, for the most part, up to a very short time back, and beyond this their existence and authenticity, and preservation in certain families, is proved by indisputable historical evidence from an uninterrupted series of manuscript documents.

In the first rank of these relics for exquisite decoration, we must place the Book of Kells, now in the possession of Trinity College, Dublin (Inquiry, p. 203), 'a manuscript,' says Mr. Petrie, 'which for beauty and splendour is not surpassed by any of its age known to exist.' This manuscript, a manuscript

* We have heard incidentally (perhaps it is scarcely delicate to allude to it, and yet we can scarcely refrain) that a young nobleman who, if Providence spares his life, will hereafter be at the head of the peerage of Ireland, has appreciated so justly and warily the value of these scattered notices, and their important bearing not only upon the interests of literature, but upon the welfare of his country, that he has expressed a wish to be allowed to bear the whole expense of their publication in a collected form. If this is the spirit now rising in the higher classes of Ireland, especially in the coming generation (and we know from our own observation that it is rapidly spreading), what may we not hope for Ireland, when those who have hitherto felt ashamed of their country learn to honour and reverence it in its past history, and to devote themselves with earnestness and zeal to its future improvement?

of the four Gospels, was given to the College by King Charles II., with the Library of Archbishop Usher. It is proved to have been originally in the possession of the monastery of Kells, by a variety of records and documents relating to the property of that monastery, which are inscribed in blank leaves of the folio. We know from the Irish Annals that in that monastery was preserved a remarkable manuscript of the Gospels belonging to St. Columba—and held in the greatest veneration. The style of writing fixes it undoubtedly not later than the sixth century. Its exquisite beauty of illumination can only be described in the words of Giraldus, speaking of a manuscript of a similar kind at least, at Kildare—‘inter universa Kyldariæ miracula nil mihi miraculosius occurrit.’ It has been generally identified by the most eminent critics with Columba’s own book of Kells. It may even be a question whether this was not the identical manuscript described in such glowing terms by Giraldus in the twelfth century, as then in the possession of the church of Kildare, and known as the Book of the Angel; and perhaps is the same which St. Columba is known to have taken away as a relic of St. Patrick from Armagh, and transferred to Kells.

In the same Library is a copy of the Gospels, known by the name of the Book of Durrow. By inscriptions, which in Bishop Nicholson’s time (see Irish Historical Library) were still upon the silver ornament of the case, it is proved that this book had belonged to St. Columba’s great monastery of Durrow; and that it had been decorated at the expense of Flan O’Melaghlin, who was monarch of Ireland in the ninth century. And it is ascertained by the uniform tradition of manuscript history, that this volume was in the handwriting of St. Columba himself.

In the Royal Irish Academy is the Cathach, a manuscript of the Psalms in the hand-writing of the same Saint. It is a small quarto, very imperfect. It was deposited in the Academy by the present Sir Richard O’Donnell—who is considered as a descendant of Columba’s own family. In the possession of the O’Donnells, as Lords of Donegal, it has been preserved since the close of the eleventh century. Beyond that, by the undoubted evidence of manuscripts, it can be traced in the possession of the tribe, a branch of whom were its hereditary keepers, and held the lands of Bally Mac Rafferty on this very title. Like other relics of the kind, it was enshrined in a magnificent case, which a superstition of the remotest antiquity, and traceable in every age of Irish history, forbade to be opened. Even a few years since, when Sir W. Betham was allowed by the family to inspect it, the same stipulation was solemnly made, under the belief that some awful calamity would follow on its violation. As one of the great re-

liquaries of the North of Ireland, it was carried, like other similar treasures, before their chiefs in battle, as a sort of standard, and from this derives its name—the *Cathach* or warrior—and was employed as the most solemn sanction which could be given to oaths. According to the Life of Columba by O'Donnell, this was the identical manuscript which was the occasion of Columba's leaving Ireland and establishing himself in Iona.

Another manuscript in the hand-writing of St. Columba, must have been extant at no very distant period, and may perhaps even now be recovered; though at present nothing remains but the richly ornamented case of sculptured silver and enamel. This case itself is repeatedly mentioned in ancient manuscripts as the *Meeshach*. The keepers of it were the family of O'Muirghessan, who held lands in Donegal on this title, as is proved by an inquisition of James I., to inquire into the state of church property. The inscription on it shows that it was repaired by one of the family as late as 1533. From that family it passed into the hands of Dr. Bernard, Bishop of Derry. By the assistance of Mr. Petrie, and the munificence of Viscount Adare, it was recovered from hands into which it had fallen, without the interest attached to it being known, at the sale of the Duke of Sussex, and is now deposited in the hands of its fittest possessors, in the new founded College of St. Columba.

But a still more ancient and interesting manuscript than these is still in existence. In the possession of Lord Rossmore is the *Domnach Airged*, or Silver Dominica, a case similar to the *Meeshach*, of highly ornamented silver set with gems and enamelled, and exhibiting a remarkable instance of three distinct ages of Irish art—in the eighth, the fourteenth, and the sixteenth century;—work of each of which periods may be traced on the case, and indicates a gradual decline. No chain is attached to it; but as one of the great reliquaries of Ireland it is not improbable that, like the *Meeshach*, it was carried before the armies to battle. The size of this case is that of a quarto volume; and it contains an interior wooden case, in which is deposited a copy of the four Gospels, each Gospel being a separate manuscript. The vellum is now so conglutinated and massed together that as yet no one has ventured to separate all the leaves. But from the examination already made by the learned and accomplished Dr. Todd, it appears that the version is different from any one known, is anterior to the version of Jerome, and is written in characters which bear the mark of the fourth and fifth century. The gift of this manuscript by St. Patrick to the first Bishop of Clogher is mentioned under the same name in the 'Tripartite Life of St. Patrick,'

Patrick,' a work, even in its interpolated state, anterior to the tenth century. Under the same name it has always been known among the peasantry down to this day: and the inscription, of various dates, on the case describes it as the reliquary in the possession of the Bishop of Clogher or Clones. A very full account of this relic has been given by Mr. Petrie in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' and to this we must refer for a more minute delineation.

In the possession of the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the county of Derry, there is also the celebrated Book of Armagh, the identical book mentioned by St. Bernard (see Inquiry, p. 328) as one of the three relics of St. Patrick—the bell, the crozier, and the book—the possessor of which the people without inquiry recognised as their bishop. The bell also is still in existence, and the crozier is known to have been destroyed in Dublin at the Reformation. The manuscript was considered of such inestimable value that its safe stewardship, like that of so many other relics, became an hereditary office of dignity, and was held by a family connected with the church of Armagh, who derived their name, Mac Moyre, or son of the steward, from this circumstance, and as a remuneration for it held no less than eight townlands in the county, still known as the lands of Bally Mac Moyre, or Mac Moyre town.

The subsequent history of this volume is given by the celebrated antiquary Humphrey Lhwyd, and is published in O'Connor's 'Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores.' In 1680 it was taken to London by Florence Mac Moyre, who went there to give his evidence, probably false evidence, against Oliver Plunkett, titular Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed for high treason. Mac Moyre fell into extreme poverty, pledged the volume to an ancestor of the present Mr. Brownlow for five pounds, returned to Ireland, died a beggar and an outcast, and his memory is at this day held in such detestation that the common people are in the habit of purposely defiling his grave. The manuscript itself is evidently not older than the seventh century, and is a transcript from an older one. It contains a copy of the Gospels, the Confession of St. Patrick, the oldest known lives of that saint, some epistles and canons, and a life of St. Martin of Tours. The silver shrine in which it was originally deposited is lost. But the outer case, or satchel, is still in existence, and is a very elegant specimen of stamped leather, of the workmanship of the tenth century, a fact which is ascertained by a record in the 'Annals of the Four Masters.'

In the 17th century we know that there was also in existence another copy of the Gospels given by St. Patrick to the first
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Bishop of Duleek, and preserved with similar care. All immediate traces of this have now been lost; although among the manuscripts of Trinity College there is one the age and character of which might justify us in supposing it to be the same.

We find in the same library St. Cronan's copy of the Gospels, described by Sir W. Betham in the 'Antiquarian Researches,' and evidently of the date of the seventh century. There is also the great reliquary of the Cavanagh family, Kings of Leinster; by whose representatives it was deposited here. It is a small manuscript of the Gospels in the handwriting of St. Moling, a saint also of the seventh century. Both these manuscripts were preserved in silver covers richly ornamented, which still exist. These are but some of the many relics of the kind, of which there are traces in the manuscript records of Ireland, and which even now may be in existence, though known only to the possessors, and carefully hidden from profane eyes.

But besides these relics so deeply interesting, there are in existence vast collections of manuscripts of a date anterior to the twelfth century: the works of the old poets, of the family historiographers, and chroniclers of the monasteries — manuscripts which throw extraordinary light on the history and topography of the country; but from which we have only space to select one portion, the examination and publication of which is a duty imperative on the University of Dublin. These are the Brehon Laws. A very large collection of these was made by Humphrey Llwyd, and from him passed into the possession of the Sebright family, by whom, at the suggestion of Mr. Burke, they were presented to the University, in the confident expectation that their contents would be made known to the world. The value of these, as the only records which could give us an insight into the state of society in Ireland anterior to the twelfth century, must be inestimable. The laws themselves are apparently pagan, but modified under the influence of the church to suit the Christian system. The documents contain the original laws, their modifications, and copious commentaries upon them. They did undoubtedly hold a very close relation to our own Anglo-Saxon codes. They exhibit a most minute detail, entering into every variety of crime, every ramification of domestic life, every branch of art and property—as may be inferred even from the incidental notices of them with which Mr. Petrie has illustrated his present volume; especially one which prescribes the sum to be paid to the builder of a round tower, and the proportion which the tower should bear to the chapel—a proportion which even now may be detected

tected. Without a thorough examination of these records it is idle to think of inquiring into the early history of Ireland; and so long as they are permitted to sleep unknown and unnoticed upon the shelves of an Irish University, that University will forfeit one of its first claims to the respect of the nation.

If the University should much longer neglect this duty, there is still hope that it may be undertaken by the Irish Archæological Society, which has been formed under high auspices for the very purpose of exploring and laying open this field of inquiry. And the admirable manner in which, with small resources, they have already prosecuted their labours, demands the gratitude and encouragement of every one interested in the history and literature of Ireland.

We would willingly point out some few more relics among the many still remaining, which, with Mr. Petrie's information, to detail their history and association, must fill the most cold and sceptical inquirer with astonishment and interest. He will see in Mr. Petrie's own museum, in that of the Academy formed under his superintendence, and even in the hands of private individuals, bells, croziers, shrines, and other remains, of which there cannot be a doubt that they were fabricated for St. Patrick and St. Columba, and other most eminent saints of the Irish church. Like the copies of the Gospels belonging to those saints, they have been deposited in the hereditary keeping of certain families, and have been known and almost worshipped by the people through successive generations. Their existence is noticed repeatedly in the usual manuscripts. The evidence which authenticates them is irresistible: and many of them (the bells especially) are used at the present day for the very same purposes as of old—for enforcing oaths, honouring funerals, curing diseases, exercising a species of ordeal, and attending the festivals of the patron saint of the district—just as we find them used in most ancient histories of the country. The very last possessor of the celebrated bell of Armagh—the identical bell noticed by St. Bernard as one of the three palladiums of the see—bore the same name as that of its hereditary keeper, inscribed upon its shrine of jewelled silver and gold in the eleventh century, when it was newly cased for the archbishop by Donald Mac Laughlan, then king of Ireland. These bells are usually from nine to twelve inches in height, and about six in width. They are formed of a dark bronze, and are remarkable for the sweetness of their tone. They are quadrangular like the Roman bells, from which they probably derive their shape. Sometimes they are cast in one piece; but at other times they are formed of two or three plates riveted together, and subsequently

quently fused into one mass by some singular process of founding, which in the present day appears to have been lost.

The croziers of the founders of the churches in Ireland were preserved in like manner—short, simple-shaped, and yet elegant bronze crooks, remarkable chiefly for the beauty of their detailed workmanship, especially the interlaced triquetra filagree so peculiar to Ireland; and they are not unfrequently ornamented with enamel and jewels. Of these very many are still in existence, and may be authenticated as genuine relics of the most eminent saints of the sixth and seventh centuries, the original form being preserved, although repaired and embellished at different periods.

Of a still later date may be seen in the Museum of the Academy the most beautiful specimen of jeweller's work to be found in the empire, the celebrated cross of Cong—the identical cross, as inscriptions on it prove, made to receive the piece of 'the true cross' which was sent over by the Pope to Turlogh O'Connor king of Ireland in 1123; and the casing of which in gold is recorded in the Annals. In the abbey of Cong it was preserved apparently from the death of the last king of Ireland, Roderick, who died in the twelfth century within the walls of the abbey. At the dissolution of the body it passed into the hands of the priest of the parish, who still held the nominal office of abbot, as the head of the Augustinian order in Ireland, and was recognised as such by the people—even with the title of lord—though living in a poor cabin, and stripped of all the dignity of his order. With the death of the last priest this order became extinct; but before he died Mr. Petrie had obtained a sight of the relic—had learned that it had been found in an old oak chest, together with many illuminated manuscripts of exquisite beauty, which, during the absence of the priest on the continent, his curate had torn up and destroyed. At the death of the priest it became the property of his successor, by whom it was allowed to be exhibited in the chapel, and there most seriously injured; and from him it was obtained by Professor Mac Cullagh for the sum of one hundred guineas, and deposited in the Academy, of which it now forms the most remarkable ornament, though it must be added that as an ecclesiastical relic it might be deposited in a more appropriate locality. The ecclesiastical interest of this cross is not a little enhanced by remembering that it is a memorial of the strenuous efforts made at this period by the see of Rome to subjugate the Irish Church. And as a work of jewellery it is no less valuable from exhibiting, as the inscriptions on it prove, the extraordinary perfection of Irish art at a period when it is commonly imagined that the whole country was lost in barbarism.

And now we must close these remarks with one practical suggestion,

gestion, with a view to which they have chiefly been made. To those who really understand the state of Ireland, it is obvious that any attempt to pacify, to elevate, or to purify it will be futile, which does not take into consideration two great elements on which an English politician in the nineteenth century will be very much disposed to look down as the extravagances of an idle enthusiasm—nationality and religious feeling. In what way these elements are to be dealt with, so as to draw most closely the ties which may bind together the hearts and minds of the Irish people to the British empire, is a question on which we have no intention to enter here; but to overlook them, or to think of extinguishing them, is as mischievous as it is idle. Such instincts in the minds of a people are vast powers, which a wise statesman will think not of destroying, but of employing to good. And we do believe that one of the great avenues to the hearts of the Irish nation is by recognising, fostering, appealing to, valuing as a great treasure, in which Englishmen have a common interest, their deeply cherished, worthily cherished nationality, fed as it is to this day by the traditions and memories of that very period to which Mr. Petrie's researches have carried us back. These memories have been never forgotten among the peasantry: and now that they have been exhumed and set before the more cultivated classes, they will produce on them also a very powerful impression. The nobility of Ireland are beginning to take in them deep and increasing interest. The formation of the Museum of Antiquities in the Academy, a work the merit of which must be given to Mr. Petrie, has given a powerful stimulus to his own branch of study. The cultivation of the Irish language is proceeding rapidly, and a class has been formed in the Academy itself. To the same Academy, and the Prize proposed by it for the Investigation of the Round Towers, we owe the present volume; and had the Society accomplished nothing more, it would deserve the support of every lover of Ireland. Within the last year, in consequence of the zealous energy of Lord Adare, three great exertions have been made, all bearing in the same direction. A large and valuable collection of Irish manuscripts has been purchased, and deposited in the library of the Academy. A College has been founded (under the highest ecclesiastical authority) for the purpose of providing for the higher classes in Ireland the highest form of education, and giving to them at the same time a knowledge of the Irish language, as the most powerful means of reaching the hearts and understandings of the people, whether as their landlords or their clergy. And efforts, we hope and believe not yet to be wholly despaired of, have

have been made to bring before the Government, and to obtain from it aid in carrying on, one of the most grand designs of topographical and antiquarian research ever projected or commenced.

When the Ordnance survey of Ireland was undertaken, the active and intelligent officers to whom it was intrusted (and we believe more particularly the Local Director, Captain Larcom), conceived the idea of employing at leisure hours the expensive machinery required by it for a far wider field of inquiry than the mere geometrical survey. For the utility of this survey itself, it was of great importance to fix with accuracy the topographical names. To do this they resorted to the manuscripts, of which so much has been said already; collected every mode of spelling they could find, and selected, with the assistance of good Irish scholars, the most correct etymology. In making this inquiry they collected from the manuscripts and digested a vast amount of curious topographical and antiquarian history. They followed it up by examinations into the oral traditions of the places where they were stationed, and by careful investigations of all discoverable monuments of antiquity, in which they had the assistance of able draughtsmen, and of Mr. Petrie's own antiquarian knowledge. They extended their search into the geological and natural history of their localities, and by this employment of the time which was not required for the survey, they formed an interesting and very valuable museum. The result of one portion of these researches has been given to the world in the 'Memoir of the County of Derry,' the antiquarian part of which was executed by Mr. Petrie. And a vast mass of materials has been accumulated for more publications of the kind, if Government will venture to undertake the expense; and the expense would be well and wisely incurred, if it only indicated a consciousness and feeling that the whole empire is interested deeply in all that relates not only to the physical well-being, but to the national glory and ancient memorials of Ireland.

The more that our thoughts can be carried back to the period of its greatest glory, the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, the better spirit will be awakened in all classes. Ireland and England were then bound together in the closest and most endearing ties by which nation was ever united to nation. England placed her children under the teaching of the saints of Ireland, and Ireland threw open her sanctuaries as a refuge of peace and holiness to the nobles and kings of England. Rome had not yet succeeded in setting subject against sovereign, and brother against brother. The early church of Ireland, like the churches of the East, offers one of the strongest protests in history against her
aggressions

aggressions and usurpations. Political society, though rude, was neither barbarous nor irreligious: it exhibits its distinct classes, its defined rights; a homage paid to literature and talent—cultivation of arts—reverence for piety, courage, and honour, and patriotism, even amidst the war and bloodshed which form the history of every federal people until, what never happened in Ireland owing to the invasion of the English, the supreme power is permanently established in some one branch.

ART. III.—1. *Military Miscellany; comprehending a History of the Recruiting of the Army, Military Punishments, &c. &c.* By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E., Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals. London, Svo. 1845.

2. *A Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Principal Chaplain to the Forces. London, 12mo. 1844.

3. *A View of the Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies.* By the late Robert Jackson, M.D., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. A New Edition, from the Copy corrected by the Author immediately before his decease; with a Memoir of his Life and Services, prepared from the personal records of the Author, and of his friends. London, 1845.

THE three works of which we have transcribed the titles, are all possessed of merits peculiarly their own. Mr. Marshall's contains a well-digested account of the causes of many of the evils which attach to our military system; of the improvements which have in late years taken place; and of the still further improvements of which it is susceptible. Mr. Gleig's is what it undertakes to be, a rapid but interesting and correct account of the rise and progress of the British army from the earliest to the latest times, and of the manner in which it has conducted itself in the presence of an enemy in every age—those of Julius Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington inclusive. The author's style is familiar to us all: we think on the present occasion he has been more successful than in several of his preceding performances—writing with a love and an intimate knowledge of his subject, he condenses clearly, and now and then expatiates with happy energy. Dr. Jackson's is a more elaborate performance than these, and though here and there out of date, well deserves attention. However our present business is not to give a detailed account of works which are sure to find their own level in the world of readers. We have a graver and more important object before us.

Perhaps

Perhaps there is nothing which more surprises a foreigner, on his first visit to this country, than the almost total absence from the streets and public places in the capital of military uniforms. A few sentries planted beside the royal palaces, and in other situations where the call for them is of more doubtful urgency; a couple of orderlies at the entrance to the Horse-Guards; with here and there a group of private soldiers lounging upon the esplanade, or passing to or from their quarters in Portman Street, at Knightsbridge, or in the Wellington Barracks: these make up the whole amount of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' which on ordinary occasions meets the eye of the stranger in London. To be sure, guard-mounting is a fine thing, and so is a review in Hyde Park; for the household troops, both infantry and cavalry, are magnificent, and their bands and corps of drums and trumpets perfect; and if we pass but a few miles beyond the suburbs, we arrive on Woolwich Common, at the head-quarters of the best appointed, best worked, best organized, and most efficient artillery that the world has ever produced. But guard-mounting in London is an affair of duty, not of show; and reviews occur but rarely; and the Royal Artillery, few in number, practise their evolutions in order to become perfect in them, not to gratify the sovereign or amuse the people, or rouse in the bosoms of the more ardent of the youth of England a thirst for military glory. Accordingly, unless he lay himself out to look for it, the stranger may pass whole weeks, perhaps months, in London, without meeting with any external indication of our being one of the greatest of military powers.

We do not object to this state of things, at least entirely. We are not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a military nation; and we desire never to become such. War is a great evil, let it be undertaken for what cause it may; and to create among our young men a love of military parade, and to shun at the same time frequent occasions of war, is impossible. Besides, we are no admirers of those arrangements in social life which give precedence to military rank above all others.

In Russia, such rank is the sole passport to distinction. In Austria, the white coat, if it cover only the back of a serjeant, or even a private, commands very great deference, especially in the more remote dependencies. As to Prussia, she is a nation of soldiers—a gallant and high-minded nation, we acknowledge, yet so completely under the influence of not the best of the impulses to which the military spirit gives rise, that the King has found it necessary of late to reprove them. In France the case is different. A military people, if ever people deserved to be so called, our neighbours have learned discretion enough to keep the profession

profession of a soldier in its proper place, and to honour it with all the honours due, but not with more. The French army may be, in point of appearance, inferior to that of either Austria or Prussia: the men are generally smaller, especially in the infantry, and both their clothing and appointments sit more loosely upon them; but for work in the field, we are disposed to think that the French are still what they proved themselves to be in former wars—the most efficient among the soldiers of continental Europe; and we are satisfied that the social position of the French army, considered as a great national institution, is admirable. The pay of the soldier, of every grade, is moderate. It is sufficient, however, with the allowances that accompany it, to support him in a cheap country comfortably; and the uniform which he wears ensures for him the goodwill of his fellow-citizens, so long at least as they are not in a state of sedition, nor he insolent or domineering. Moreover, the French officers, and particularly the subalterns of the line, are a very different class of men from what they used to be under the Empire. All the boasting and *fanfarronade* which used to disgust and annoy in the *vieille moustache* have disappeared, and you find in their room a love of study, quiet and unassuming manners, a tolerable knowledge of the theory of war, even on a grand scale, and a perfect acquaintance with the details of regimental duty. We have heard some of our own young officers, on their return from a French review, or after being present at one or two garrison parades in a fortress, speak slightly of the infantry, and laugh them to scorn. We venture just to hint to these youths, that under the looseness of movement which may have excited their mirth, there lurk among the small, long-coated musketeers on the other side of the Channel both high courage and great power of endurance, and that it would not be amiss if they were to spend their time, during this present season of profound peace, in making themselves as well acquainted with the science of their profession as are many of the gentlemen of their own grade, whose word of command, prefaced as it is with a sort of compliment, may have struck them with surprise. Our friends may depend upon it that, should war between France and England unfortunately arise, more will be required of them than the display of valour. Manœuvres so bold as those which turned the tide of battle at Meannee and Hyderabad will not do in the presence of a European force; bull-dog courage can accomplish much, but it alone never yet has decided, nor ever will decide, the fate of a campaign in France, or in Germany, or in the Low Countries.

The constitution of the British army is so essentially different from that of all the continental armies, that to institute a comparison

parison which shall be at once rigid and fair, is absolutely impossible. Civilians judge of the qualities of national armies by the external appearance of the minute bodies out of the aggregate of which they are made up. A single battalion is the criterion by which to try the infantry; a squadron of horse, and a demi-battery of nine-pounders, stand for the cavalry and the artillery of a nation. But this is a great mistake. The setting up, the dress, the appointments of the troops in one country may be more pleasing to the eye than elsewhere. An English battalion may march better, and execute any given series of movements with greater precision than a French one; its fire, too, of blank cartridges may be more rapid and better sustained—or the reverse of all this may be the fact; but it does not therefore follow that the infantry of one of these nations shall be upon the whole superior to the infantry of the other; and the same thing may be said in regard both to the cavalry and artillery; for the attainments of which we are now speaking belong exclusively to an army of manœuvre; and however desirable, and indeed indispensable, they may be, they are worth little if they stand alone. It is in its *morale*, much more than in its *physique*, that the value of an army consists; and the *morale* of an army, whether good or bad, is the result of so many and such constantly varying contingencies, that to reason about it in the abstract, much more to assume this or that concerning it, from results which may have occurred a quarter of a century ago, would be nonsense. One thing, however, is certain, that as the *morale* of all armies must, under every variety of circumstance, be to a great extent dependent on the sort of treatment which individual soldiers receive, so it becomes a point of the gravest importance for governments to weigh well and deeply the character, in every particular, of the training bestowed upon their troops, and especially upon their recruits—most seriously—first, midst, and last—what we may call the Moral Discipline of the Army.

The English stands alone among the great armies of Europe in these, among many other respects, that its ranks are filled exclusively by voluntary enlistment, and that its commissions are conferred *per saltum*, through the favour of the Sovereign, or, as much more frequently occurs, on purchase. In Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, the conscription, modified so as to suit the usages of civil life, equally prevails. Of Russia we need not say much. Every male not devoted to the service of the Church is at the disposal of the Emperor; and so complete is this control, that while all are liable to serve in the ranks, the field-marshal and the lance-corporal may any day change places,
if

if such be the will of their common master. In Austria, and the kingdoms dependent upon it, the nobles are by right of birth exempt from military service—yet it so happens that in cavalry, in the artillery, and among the superior grades in the infantry, the army is officered exclusively by nobles. At the same time it is worthy of remark that they all win their gold sword-knots by service, more or less protracted, in the ranks as cadets. Prussia, as we have said, is a nation of soldiers—no matter what their lineage or fortunes may be, all young men from eighteen years of age and upwards, unless incapacitated by physical deformity, or their dedication to some sacred profession, are liable to serve; and all, when drawn, go forth from the schloss or from the cottage, to poise the musket or wield the sabre as privates. Frenchmen of all stations and callings—the clergy, and teachers of youth, and public functionaries, of course excepted—come under the operation of a similar law; which is, however, relaxed in favour of such as may be rich enough to purchase substitutes, at the cost of as much sometimes as eight hundred or a thousand francs. In Great Britain alone there is no compulsory levy of regular troops. He who may be disposed to offer himself as a recruit is received, provided there be no physical reason to the contrary; and it must be confessed that, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the fact that a young man has accepted the Queen's bounty, and gone, as his friends call it, for a soldier, turns out pretty good ground for surmising that he has not been the steadiest or most correct member of the society from which he thus separates himself.

Again, the periods of time for which young men engage, or are required to serve, vary according to the customs of their countries. The Austrian government used to keep its conscripts to their colours fourteen years—they now serve only eight. In Prussia the term of service in the regular army is exceedingly short; it never exceeds three years, and often terminates virtually at the end of one: but the youth is not therefore in any sense of the expression free, for he passes from the regular army into the landwehr, and when too old for that, becomes a member of the *arrière band*. France exacts seven years of service from her recruits. In England they *enlist for life*. But this, after all, is a mere form of speech, of which a great deal too much has sometimes been made; as Sir Howard Douglas on a late occasion showed in the House of Commons, every facility is afforded for the purchase of men's discharges, and at the end of fifteen years they may claim them as a matter of course;—in practice, the longest life service with us usually terminates at the end of twenty-one or twenty-two years; after passing which in the British army, a soldier,

dier, it must be acknowledged, is for the most part pretty well worn out. Yet this much he may boast of—that he is not then cast loose upon the world, but that he is entitled to a retiring pension as his right—which no other worn-out soldier in Europe can look for on a surer ground than the good-will of his sovereign. Granting, therefore, that when he awakens from his fit of intoxication or wild enthusiasm, there may be a good deal to appal the recruit in the thought that he has sold himself to a particular calling *for life*, we are not sure but that, all things considered, it is better that the case should be so; because a competency at least is secured to him in the meanwhile, and he is certain that, should he live to attain to it, he will not be absolutely neglected in his old age. Possibly the late warrants may have reduced the worth of the latter privilege somewhat below what it ought to be. But if this be an evil, it is one which the course of events will be sure to remedy. When the call for a large increase to the army arises, the necessity, if the enlistment system be adhered to, of bettering the veteran's pension will arise with it; and the principle at least has never been lost sight of that he who has devoted the best years of his life to the military service of the country, has a claim of right to be provided for, at the country's expense, after health and strength shall fail him. On the whole, therefore, we are not inclined to regard the practice of life-enlistment, conducted as it is in Great Britain, with disfavour. If indeed we had the conscription among us as it prevails in Austria, or France, or Prussia, the necessity, not to speak of the justice, of assigning fixed limits to military service, would be apparent. But where the recruit comes in of his own accord, it is better for himself and for the country that he should become a soldier for life; the truth is, we do not see how, taking the extent of our empire into account, he could be rendered by any other arrangement an efficient servant of the state.

Another peculiarity in the condition of the British soldier is this—he is the most severely tried man-at-arms whom the world has ever seen. Inferior in point of numbers to that of the least of the four first-rate powers, the English army has a greater amount of hard work imposed upon it than the three armies of Austria, Prussia, and France put together. We have settlements or colonies in every part of the world. We are never entirely at peace. If there be no fighting nearer home, scarce a newspaper comes into our hands which does not describe a skirmish, or a siege, or a battle, or a series of marches in order to come up with an enemy, in India or China, or the islands of the Pacific, or on the shores of the Red Sea, or amid the forests of North America. Moreover, the fighting part of his business is the least trying, both

to the health and the patience of the British soldier. He is a police-officer at home, as well as a warrior, and a severely tried one too, abroad. Take the routine of his existence in what are called peaceable times, and see what it is. At the early age of eighteen or twenty, a boy finds that there is no employment to be had in his native village, or he gets drunk, or runs into some other scrape, and enlists. He is marched off to his *dépôt* or battalion, and subjected to the usual course of drill. Having accomplished this, or while it is yet imperfect, he is moved about through the United Kingdom, according to the good pleasure of his superiors. If there be disturbance anywhere, or a well-grounded apprehension of disturbance, he is hurried off at a moment's notice—he is hooted, insulted, it may be pelted by the mob, yet he must never lose his temper. And all this, he it observed, not at remote intervals, but perpetually—as often as a *Repeal cry*, or a *Chartist movement*, or the irruptions of *Swing* into a rural district, shall disturb the equanimity of quiet subjects. For we must never lose sight of the fact that the amount of force retained for home service is well nigh inconceivably small. To provide for the defence of England, Scotland, and Ireland against invasion from abroad—to protect all our magazines, arsenals, forts, and stores, and to maintain order among a population of six and twenty millions, there are available something less than fifty thousand men. In France the standing army amounts to three hundred and sixty thousand, of which two hundred and ninety thousand are always at home; yet the population of France does not exceed thirty-three millions. Austria, with her thirty-six millions, and not a single colony or foreign possession to provide for, keeps up a standing army of three hundred and twenty thousand men. Prussia has her regular army of one hundred and eighty thousand, besides her *landwehr*, of equal amount, to watch some fourteen or fifteen millions; and as to Russia, her legions are innumerable. Verily, even the home service of the British soldier is a trying one; there is nothing at all resembling it anywhere else in Europe.

Having spent a year or two in this fashion, our youth learns that his regiment is under orders for foreign service. He has great cause to congratulate himself moreover, for he is going forth upon the most agreeable tour of duty to which any portion of the British army is liable; his place of destination is Gibraltar, or Malta, or perhaps the Ionian Islands. Away he goes in the highest possible spirits, and at one or other of these stations three years are spent. Now three years in the Mediterranean tell. The sun is hot, the glare from the white cliffs at Valetta is strong—wine is cheap, and there is a sad absence of all such occupations

as might rouse his energies or his interests. However, he gets through them, upon the whole, pleasantly enough; and then comes a change. He is shipped off for the West Indies—it cannot be said that his condition, either moral or physical, is improved—the fever breaks out, and his friends and comrades die by the dozen round him. The climate is very relaxing both to mind and body. Idleness, even to a greater degree than at Malta or Corfu, is the order of the day; for the authorities, through a humane but mistaken policy, leave him as much as possible to himself. He drinks because of a strong desire of the excitement which he cannot find in any other way, and his constitution suffers. Nevertheless, he gets through his three years in the West Indies also, it might be difficult to explain how, and hears at the end of them with delight that transports may be expected daily. They come, and he proceeds to Canada. Now (unless the constitution has been seriously shaken) this is a change decidedly for the better—the climate of Canada, though it be subject to the extremes both of heat and cold, agrees better, on the whole, with the English soldier than that of any other dependency of the Crown. Yet the soldier, if all thought of home be not by this time obliterated, would gladly exchange even Canada for old England. The shores of England, however, he is not destined to see till he shall have spent three more years in his new quarters—and it does not always follow that, either in Canada or anywhere else, the order of the reliefs is, or can be observed, to the letter.

Our hero has now been—say eleven years in the service, out of which ten have been spent abroad. A happy man, therefore, is he when he reads in the orderly book, that ‘the regiment will march to-morrow morning to Quebec, there to embark on board of the troop-ship *Leviathan*, and to be conveyed to England.’ He marches, he embarks, the passage is a good one, and in due time he and his comrades land at Portsmouth. Is their lot now one of relaxation and repose? By no means—Birmingham is riot—or the colliers of Staffordshire are up: down comes an order for our newly arrived regiment to stow itself away in a set of second-class carriages, and forthwith, with pouches crammed full of ball-cartridges, it flies upon the wings of steam to the scene of action. In all probability the alarm was a false one—but this by no means reconciles our recruit, now matured into a thorough soldier, to the breaking up of all his plans. He had applied for and obtained a furlough to go to his native place, and find out who among his kindred might yet be in the land of the living—but now all furloughs and leaves of absence are cancelled, and he begins to perceive that to be in England is not to be at home.

Riots and strikes are not, however, perennial. The winter comes; patriots, however ardent, refuse to face the cold; our soldier, if his regiment be yet in England, does get his furlough at last, and spends a whole month with his mother. She has long since forgiven him all the care and anxiety which he cost her, and believes that if she could only keep him with her till she died, the world would not contain a happier woman. But this cannot be—his month is up—he bids her farewell in a cheerful tone—why should she fret?—could they not hear from one another often?—and next year, would not his commanding officer, who had always been kind to him, give him another furlough? The poor old creature is comforted—she gives her boy her blessing—and away he goes, reaching the barracks at Weedon on the day that he was expected, and being recognised by his superiors as one not unworthy of future indulgences. He finds, however, that the regiment is under orders for Ireland, and in a few days it sets out. Of course his hope of a furlough next winter is at an end—there are no such indulgences granted to troops in that ticklish section of the empire; and our man passes in consequence from station to station, till it appears that the period of home service for his corps is ended.

The theory of reliefs for our regiments requires that they continue five years at home, after a return from foreign service, before they shall be sent abroad again; but the exigencies of the moment, and the extreme inadequacy of the force to meet the calls that are made upon it, seldom permit this home service to exceed four years, and not unfrequently reduce it to three—for the total of our standing army, inclusive of infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers, and colonial corps, does not exceed one hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, whom we must scatter over the surface of an empire at once more extensive, and in its detached portions more widely separated, than has ever before existed among civilized men. Accordingly, the route comes just as our friend was beginning to dream again of Liverpool, and of the means of communication between that great town and his native place;—and he passes with his regiment to Cork. There the ships lie that are to receive them on board; and so, after having spent something less than five years at home, out of the thirteen during which he has worn the Queen's uniform, he proceeds to India. That he will ever return is, to say the least of it, improbable—for regiments once landed in India often abide there a quarter of a century, and some of them even longer. If he do escape the bullet of a Beloochee, or a jungle fever, or an attack of cholera, he must contend against some fifteen years of baking

at the least; at the termination of which, if there be energy enough left to bring him back, he will come only to claim his discharge, and die of sheer exhaustion in Chelsea Hospital.

With this picture before them of the British soldier's career (and it is very far from being overdrawn), our readers will, we conceive, agree with us in thinking that England takes to the full as much out of her troops as she well can—that if their pay be liberal, and their allowances on the whole good, they earn them dearly. We deceive ourselves moreover, if the considerate do not join with us in another opinion—namely, that troops thus employed, thus harassed, tried, and on all occasions found trustworthy, deserve, if they do not always possess, the respect and gratitude of the nation. Now, is the case so? Is the army a popular body in this country? We fear that it is not—and we come to this conclusion, not merely from recollecting the eagerness with which from year to year the army estimates are criticised in the House of Commons; but from some slight knowledge of the temper of the great body of the people in regard to the social position in which they conceive that a young man, however humble his origin may be, places himself by enlisting. Tell a peasant who, thrown out of employ, has no brighter prospect for himself and his family than the Union workhouse—tell even him that his son has gone off with a recruiting party, and he will grieve over the tidings as if some terrible calamity had befallen him. Inform the market-gardener that his boy, worn out with constant toil, has enlisted in a regiment of foot-guards, or taken service with a corps of lancers, and he will sell his horse and cart, and reduce himself to beggary, in order to pay the smart. As to the children of the classes above these, farmers' sons, or the sons of small tradesmen or shopkeepers, they must be put to their last shifts, and surrounded by difficulties of no ordinary kind, before they will think of hiding their shame under the uniform even of the life-guards. Why is this? The English are a brave people—they are jealous of the renown of their armies, and amazingly proud of the triumphs which they have achieved; neither are they afraid to face either hardships or restraints, should the necessity so to do be forced upon them. Indeed, the whole existence of a labouring man—we write it in sorrow, for we believe it to be the fact—is little else now-a-days, in too many parts of the country, than an unbroken series of hardships and restraints; yet these very persons shrink in their sober moments from the thought of military service, and look upon their sons, whenever they enlist, as lost. How may so curious an anomaly be accounted for?

We have heard it alleged—generally, it must be confessed, by parties

parties for whose judgment in regard to such matters we entertain small respect—that this dislike, to a military life takes its rise among the English commonalty from that love of personal freedom which they imbibe with their mother's milk, and which no amount of increase to their physical comforts or enjoyments can prevail with them to barter away. Now whatever might have been the case long ago, it is surely ridiculous to predicate this of persons who, to supply imperfectly the commonest wants of nature, subject their offspring, as yet barely passed beyond the stage of infancy, to the harsh bondage and ceaseless toil of the factory. Neither is it easy to imagine how the love of liberty can survive to any practical purpose, among an ill-paid, ill-fed peasantry, who, however willing to work, cannot always find masters, and have perpetually before their eyes the prospect of a Union workhouse. If indeed the humbler classes in England were the bold and happy race, of whom the poet speaks as flourishing at the period 'when every rood of land maintained its man'—then indeed we could listen to the argument. For there can be little doubt that the prospect of exchanging his father's whitewashed and honeysuckled cottage, with all the rural felicity that lingered beneath its sloping eaves, for the noisy barrack, the crowded transport, and the comfortless bivouack on a foreign shore, would be the reverse of inviting to young bumpkin, so long as he kept his sober senses about him. But where are we to find such whitewashed honeysuckled cottages? Not in Birmingham, nor in Manchester, nor in Leeds, nor in Bolton surely; no, nor in Cambridgeshire, or Dorsetshire, or Kent, or Sussex either. Besides, so far is the young peasant from being restrained by his love of personal liberty from listening to the blandishments of the recruiting-serjeant, that it is invariably the wildest and most reckless of the youth, both in our towns and villages, that take the bait. Scapegrace won't work and will play; he prefers the tap to the mill, and thinks toying with Sukey a more pleasant occupation than cleaning out a wet ditch. And so, observing that Corporal Trim is free to indulge at all hours in these intellectual amusements, he becomes inspired with the ambition of rendering himself equally independent, and with this view enlists. Moreover, it is not because their son has bartered personal freedom for a shilling, that the father and mother of the recruit refuse to be comforted. No, a sharper pang is theirs; a deeper seated and more praiseworthy apprehension; they look upon soldiers, of all ranks, as a godless and dissolute race; and therefore they weep that their Will should have cast in his lot among them. For changed as in many respects our national character may be, there is still a strong religious feeling among the agri-

cultural poor, which may not show itself either wisely or on common occasions, but which is invariably brought to light when some unlooked for calamity befalls them, and they feel or fancy that their children, even more than themselves, are rushing into situations of peril to their souls. This it is—this strong persuasion—which renders the military service, if not the army itself, unpopular in England; and though we readily believe that the notion is exaggerated, we are nevertheless constrained to acknowledge that there is too much ground for it.

As far as regards the absence of crimes of violence, such as murder, robbery, rape, and even riot, we believe that the British army may be compared not disadvantageously with any other in the world. Our military code is a very strict one; and the jealousy in the civil power of military outrage is so keen, that for soldiers to be guilty of violence to the persons or property of the inhabitants of the district in which they are quartered, is almost impossible. His very dress marks the soldier. He cannot hope to escape detection if he commit a crime; for there is not only no protection for him within the barrack-gates, but the authorities there would be the most eager to search for him, and the first to deliver him over to the constable and his peace-warrant. In like manner drunkenness, if it become habitual, is punishable by sentence of court-martial, and though flogging be happily abolished, at least virtually so, the new provost-prisons, and even the barrack cells, which have sprung up of late, and are still multiplying themselves in various quarters, hold out to the culprit soldier no prospect of a bed of roses. As far therefore as the absence of great crimes can be said to refute the charge which is brought against the moral state of the army, the refutation is complete. In a body of a hundred and thirty thousand men, all in the full flow of life, and taken for the most part from the lowest classes, it would be strange indeed if you could not find many scoundrels. But as far as concerns the observance of those broader laws of right which forbid us to kill, to steal, perhaps to bear false witness, we believe that our soldiers may be fairly placed on a footing of equality with civilians of their own age and belonging to their own station in society.

It is not, however, because he fears that his deluded boy, now gone to be a soldier, will be hurried into the commission of offences such as these, that the virtuous peasant mourns. He believes that his son has become a member of a society wherein, as far as it is possible to do so in this country, men live, or strive to live, without God in the world. The peasant is wrong again: our soldiers do not *strive* to live without God in the world. That many of them do thus live is, we are afraid, too true; but the circumstance

circumstance is attributable not to any positive effort or even wish on their parts to forget God, but in some degree to that tendency towards mutual corruption which is more or less discernible in all societies composed exclusively of young men; in some degree to the indifference which, if not felt, certainly appears to have prevailed, we had almost said from time immemorial, among the authorities—both regimental, and in higher places—in regard to the soldier's habits of thinking and of acting on all subjects not immediately connected with his professional duties.

First, let us look to the officers; not merely because they deserve our attention to the full as much as the men, but because the example which they set is far more operative either for good or for evil than most gentlemen of their class seem to imagine. What are they—as we find them—in any one of the very best of our corps, either of cavalry or infantry? ‘Fine, high-spirited young fellows,’ we shall be told, ‘men of the strictest honour, the most unimpeachable veracity.’ Granted—they are all this, and a great deal more—they are generous, open-hearted, liberal-minded, gallant, but their moral code, what is it? Do they never shock you in their talk? Are they patterns in their conduct? Have they right notions of the value of time, and of the heavy responsibility that attends the abuse of it? Is the desire general among them to cultivate those higher faculties which distinguish men from mere animals; to discipline the body and keep it under, in order that the intellect and a still loftier principle may be free to work within them? Here and there you meet with an individual who strives, and not unsuccessfully, to walk by the light of this principle; and wherever you find him, take him to your heart, for the world does not contain a nobler creature. But he is an exception, and a remarkable one, to the general rule—for a regard to truth compels us to acknowledge that in all those moral accomplishments which go to form the character of the Christian soldier, the officers of the best British regiments come infinitely short of the point to which, considering their station in life, we have a right to expect that they should attain; and to which we verily believe that they would attain, if not universally, at all events in the aggregate, were proper measures adopted to introduce among them correct views of their own position, and of the importance of the trust committed to them.

If the officers of our very best corps be thus far wanting, it will surprise nobody to be told that in regiments not remarkable one way or another, the average rate of moral feeling is miserably low. Let us not be misunderstood; the young men of whom we are speaking err rather from want of thought than through

through any corruption of principle; but why are steps not taken to call their powers of thought into operation? why are vice and folly not rendered as unfashionable in British regiments as they are sometimes held to be the reverse? Here then is a tolerably correct representation of the state of what is called a good regiment—of which a smart officer is at the head—and where every detail of military duty, every movement on parade and in the exercise-field, is executed with a degree of precision and celerity which cannot be too much commended.

The corps of officers usually present with our regiments of infantry, may consist of five and twenty or thirty gentlemen, whose ages range from forty-five or fifty down to seventeen. The majority are lads of nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, and so on up to thirty-five years of age. The field-officers may or may not be married. It is a great misfortune to a regiment if *all* the field-officers be married—because married men do not dine at the mess; and the presence of an officer of rank and influence there does infinite good. However, most of the captains are single, and it sometimes happens that the standing of one or two of these is such as to have obtained for them the rank of major by brevet.

In a society so constituted, the natural order of things seems to be, that while the commanding officer gives a tone to his majors, and the majors to the rank next to their own, the captains should endeavour, both by example and precept, to render the subalterns all that young gentlemen circumstanced as they are ought to be. For it is worthy of remark, that the subalterns are attached not so much to the battalion, as to the several companies of which it is composed. Is this done? Never;—unless there be some private ties between them, the captain takes no more charge of the general conduct of his subalterns than he does of the general conduct of his men, which he studiously avoids to notice, unless by the commission of offences, military or otherwise, it be forced upon him. In fact, no one officer in the generality of British regiments seems to think that he has any business to concern himself about the behaviour of the rest, except on points of duty—that is, of military duty—and the consequence is, that, from the oldest to the youngest, they do—every man what seemeth best in his own eyes.

Extravagance and luxury are vices not peculiar to the army; we find them everywhere, in our public schools, in our colleges, in our private houses, in our social institutions—in every place, in short—and among all classes of the community, except the humblest. Nobody in what is called the position of a gentleman, thinks, now-a-days, that he is properly furnished and equipped,
and

and fed, if his style of living be not equal to that which he witnesses in the houses of the nobility; and the obvious result is, that with immense profusion and show, there is more poverty, more trouble, more anxious consideration as to the ways and means in society at this day, than there ever was since England became a nation. But the extent to which all this is carried among the officers of the British army, is in too many instances appalling.

We defy either the Duke of Norfolk or the Baron de Rothschild to furnish forth his board with costlier plate and glass than are to be found in the mess-rooms of most of the regiments in the service. The dinner to which the officers sit down daily is *recherché* in the extreme, and the wines, always when guests are present, not unfrequently when they eat alone, of the richest flavour and the highest prices. Of course such a style of dining is inconsistent with self-denial on other occasions. The breakfast mess is equally sumptuous—so are the luncheons; and then in his private habits—each subaltern must live as the others do—that is, like gentlemen of large fortune. Horses, dogs, guns, quantities of apparel—not uniforms, be it observed, but coloured clothes, for no officer of spirit ever thinks of wearing his uniform except on duty or parade—these are accumulated to such an extent, that unless it be the young fop's practice to put on a different suit every day, it seems difficult to conjecture to what use he intends to turn his stock. Then there must be carriages bought or hired; cabs, phaetons, dog-carts, where-with our gallants may cut a dash; supper-parties at inns or hotels every night; private theatricals and balls; his subscription to one of which swallows up the whole of the lieutenant's pay for a month, and makes a tolerably deep hole into that of the captain. Moreover, habits of living so luxurious as these, lead to other, and, morally speaking, still graver offences. The regiment may become a slang regiment, in which case we have dog-fights got up, and heavy bets made to depend upon them; races patronised, and entered into eagerly; badgers kept for the purpose of being baited; and a constant talk of what has been or what is to be in these lines. As to adultery, fornication, and all uncleanness—these are trifles not worth considering; but there is a matter which cannot be overlooked. The officers' pay is quite inadequate to meet these demands upon it. His allowance from his father, however liberal, fails in like manner. Nevertheless the young gentleman must keep up the credit of his corps; and to owe money to tradesmen beyond a certain amount is neither creditable nor convenient. Having run up an account therefore with Mr. Buckmaster, the tailor, of some two or three hundred pounds,

pounds, and perhaps got his name into the books of jewellers, gun-makers, saddlers, boot-makers, and so forth; to an equal amount, the young man still finds that money is needed, and he raises it—sometimes from the Jews—but more frequently at country banks on accommodation bills. The process is this:—Lieutenant Black wants a hundred pounds—he gets Ensign White to put his name to a promissory note; and for a consideration the good-natured banker cashes it, and all is well. Three months however soon steal away—and now comes Ensign White's bill, to which Lieutenant Black puts his name, and the money being raised, which on the present occasion amounts however to two hundred pounds, instead of one, the first bill is redeemed, and the two subalterns divide the surplus between them. What can be said of such practices as these—to what results must they lead? Not merely to the ruin of individuals, for that is inevitable, but to the demoralization of the army, by the lowering of that tone of honourable and virtuous feeling, without which, looking at them merely in a professional point of view, officers become useless. For it is of the nature of such habits to render every occupation, except pleasure, irksome to such as fall into them; and the restraints and roughnesses of military duty particularly insupportable. And then, when we look above this—what is it that meets our view? Can gentlemen, who thus spend their time, ever have a thought to waste upon eternity?

It would be most unjust to pass a sentence of sweeping condemnation upon a whole profession in regard to this matter; we know well that in every grade you may find examples of a very different sort—but, speaking generally, of one thing we are certain, that wherever the officers of the British army retain any reverence for their Maker, any love of religion, any desire to become good men as well as good soldiers, they owe it to God's special mercy, or to the lingerings of early associations within them—certainly to nothing which they either hear or see in the general run of the society of which they are members.

If the preceding sketch come at all near to the truth, and we could name more than one crack regiment which might sit as the original of the portrait, the virtuous peasant seems to have too much ground for assuming that his son, when he enlists, has joined himself to a society of persons who live without God in the world. For the officers of the army deceive themselves quite, if they imagine that their proceedings, whether within the barrack-square or beyond it, pass unnoticed by the men, or that the latter are not acted upon, both for good and for evil, by the example which is set to them. No doubt there is strength enough in martial law to maintain the external appearance of discipline everywhere;—

everywhere;—indeed there are limits in folly beyond which a soldier, be his rank in the service what it may, cannot pass, yet escape punishment; but is this all that is needed? Surely not. Force and the dread of punishment may compel men to come both clean and sober to parade; they may be restrained by the same influence from the commission of outrages, and rendered meek and submissive, and respectful, when in the presence of their superiors; but if you desire to infuse the right spirit into them, you must teach them to respect *themselves*. How is this to be done?

We should do great injustice to the present authorities, both at the Horse-Guards and in the War-Office, were we to deny that there exists among them a laudable anxiety on this head. Many measures have been adopted within these last ten or twelve years with a view to the accomplishment of the end at which we are hinting, and, as far as they go, they are all unexceptionable. The barbarous punishments of former years have fallen into disuse; and the soldier, though sternly dealt with if he commit a fault, is treated, even when under sentence of a court-martial, like a man. Moreover, the erection of prisons purely military, wherein individuals convicted of purely military offences, shall undergo their punishments, is most judicious; for military offences, as we need hardly stop to explain, are much more frequently the results of imprudence, or want of temper, than of vice; and it was a cruel thing to see the youth who might have been hurried into one or other of these, placed side by side on the tread-mill with the pick-pocket and the petty-larceny burglar. Again, the encouragement of athletic and manly sports among the troops—the building of racket-courts and laying out of cricket-grounds for their use, is most judicious. So is another establishment, for which the army owes a debt of gratitude to Lord Howick (now Earl Grey), for he it was who, when secretary-at-war, laid the foundation of the garrison libraries, both at home and abroad, out of which, when they shall have had time to mature themselves, we anticipate that the happiest results will arise. Nor must we forget to give the praise that is due to the *theory* of regimental schools, as they exist in our service. It is true, that even in theory, these fall infinitely short of the school system that has been established in the French army; and we fear their practical working is less satisfactory than could be wished. They exist, however, and that is something; they are maintained ungrudgingly by grants from Parliament; and they are open to improvement. But there is a point, and in our opinion it far exceeds in importance all the rest, wherein the indifference of the government, if indeed we are justified in using so mild a term, has heretofore been such as to admit

admit of no excuse. The moral and religious education of the British soldier was too long neglected altogether, and is not even now, we are afraid, attended to as it ought to be. You take young men away from their village homes, where they were subjected to the wholesome restraints of domestic example, where the curate used to see and converse with them freely, not only during his pastoral visits at their fathers' cottages, but while taking his daily walk in the fields;—you entice them to quit the place where Sunday after Sunday they were accustomed to array themselves in their best attire, and to worship God in his house of prayer, and to hear his holy word read and preached;—you induce them to relinquish all these chances at least of attaining to a right frame of mind,—and you throw them into a state of society where there is no connexion that deserves the name between them and any minister of religion; where God's laws are habitually violated, however carefully the laws of men may be enforced; where dissolute talk, dissolute conduct—immorality, indecency, drunkenness, being considered as the mere outbreaks of youthful spirit, are—not applauded—no—we have ceased to run into such extravagance as this—but are certainly not discountenanced and condemned as they deserve;—and yet you lament that crime should be so common in the army, and wonder that the defaulters' list should be so extensive, and that the provost prisons should be so crowded, and barrack-cells never without their full complement of occupants. Moreover, you know that the root of most of the soldier's military offences is drunkenness, and yet if you do not entice him to spend his surplus pay on strong liquors, you furnish him with a very convenient opportunity of doing so.

Look at your canteen system; see how it operates even in London. Will the readers of this paper believe that a not inconsiderable portion of the new barracks in St. James's Park—a portion so considerable as to cramp the pay-serjeants of companies in their accommodation, and to thrust the regimental school into a low-roofed, ill-ventilated under-ground room—is let by Government as a canteen or drinking-house? And will it further be credited that the amount of rent which the landlord pays is calculated according to the average numbers of the corps by which the barracks are usually occupied—as if it were assumed that each soldier would, perhaps must, lay out so much of his pay in drink, and spend it in the canteen? Common prudence seems to suggest, that if you wish your soldiers to be sober, you shall not bring home temptation to their very doors; but common prudence—to say nothing of a better feeling—seems to be disregarded. Will this charge be rebutted by alleging that canteens being subject to the surveillance of the military authorities, must

must therefore be at all events well ordered places; and that if soldiers must drink (and the British soldier is a thirsty soul), it is better that they should indulge under the eye of their officers than in remote and discreditable public-houses? We know that this argument is used; but if British soldiers be universally addicted to strong liquors, why are attempts not made to wean them from the pernicious disposition; why sanction, by countenancing, in ever so remote a degree, a practice which you denounce? A canteen or sutlery may be necessary in a fortress, because a fortress, it is presumed, is liable to be invested; and it would be hard to cut off the garrison from the opportunity of holding convivial meetings occasionally—that is, supposing there is likely to be either time or inclination for rational symposia during the progress of a siege. But why should you build, at the public expense, a gin-palace or a beer-shop close to every open barrack in the United Kingdom, unless it be that you desire to win back part of the soldiers' pay into the Exchequer, in the shape of a more productive Excise,* or an increased malt-tax? And if it should further appear—we do not say that the case is so—but if it should further appear—that these canteens make their richest harvests on Sundays, at hours when other places of public entertainment are shut, then is our perplexity complicated.

But to proceed—the troops of France, of Prussia, or of Austria never go beyond the limits of their own country except to make war. Their wars, too, are all carried on against nations either Christian or Mahomedan, the whole of whom have attained to a certain degree of civilization, and with whose religious opinions there is neither desire nor opportunity to interfere. Our troops, on the contrary, go forth sometimes to fight, but much more frequently to protect and control millions of heathens whom they—or their fathers have brought under subjection to the British crown. If not a missionary, therefore, in his own person, there is not a man in our ranks who, if he felt aright, would fail to perceive that he should be a pioneer to the missionary. Why has the dominion of India been granted by the Governor of the Universe to England?—That a few individual Englishmen might acquire enormous fortunes, and a still greater number find employment, and earn a competency in that distant land? Certainly not; but that the victor should carry to the homes of the vanquished his juster laws, his purer morals, his true faith: thus compensating, by the benefits which he confers upon all generations, for the wrong which is done to one in depriving it of its natural right to self-government and a national existence. And how is this to be done

done if you employ, throughout your heathen settlements, a body of troops among whom there is no ostensible appearance of any religious belief whatever—who, by their daily lives, outrage all the precepts of morality? It is thrown in our teeth continually, and the argument is sometimes applied as conclusive against the utility of missionary exertion in the abstract, that we have been masters of India well nigh a century, and yet that our religion has made no converts, or next to none, from among the more respectable of the natives. This is not fair. We have made few converts to Christianity because the lives of our people have been generally such as to inspire the heathen with very little respect for a religion which seems to be despised by its professors; but had our soldiers gone forth from the first imbued with a just religious principle, and lived as Christians ought to live, and worshipped God and the Saviour openly as became them, we will venture to say that the great movement which is only now beginning at Tinivelly and elsewhere, would have begun long ago, and that British India, if not a Christian community by this time, would have shown many a community of native Christians scattered over its surface.

Again, the English army is essentially a Protestant one. Returns showing how the case stands have been repeatedly laid before both Houses of Parliament. Out of a total force of one hundred and thirty thousand men, about thirty thousand, or one-fourth, are Roman Catholics; and of the remaining three-fourths, only one-sixth part, if so many, belong to the Scotch Kirk and to all the sects of Protestant dissenters put together. We think therefore that we are justified in claiming for the English army the character which we have given it, of being essentially a Protestant army; and as the Church Protestants are to the other Protestants in its ranks as six to one, we may fairly assume further that it is a Church army. On the other hand, our European wars are almost always carried on in Roman Catholic countries. In our European dependencies, too, such as Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, the Greek Church or the Church of Rome is the religion of the inhabitants. What care is taken in these places both that our soldiers shall have the means of worshipping God according to the customs of their fathers, and that their worship shall be conducted in such a way as to impress the lookers-on with a conviction that we affix a just value to the proceeding?

In Gibraltar there is *one* church for the accommodation of the whole garrison—the strongest, in point of numbers, within our empire; *one* clergyman to officiate to the troops in public—to visit the sick—to baptize their children, and bury their dead—to watch

watch over their schools—to visit their families—to influence generally the moral tone of the establishment. Is this sufficient? Can one man accomplish a task so herculean? It is not only assumed that he may, but it seems to be taken for granted that he must have many spare hours upon his hands; for in addition to the garrison, we find that there has within these few years been imposed upon him the spiritual care of the prisoners in the hulks. Malta, thanks to the munificence of Queen Adelaide, has within these two years been enriched with a noble collegiate church, where a portion of the garrison attend public worship every Sunday, while for the remainder a somewhat straitened accommodation is found in the chapel of the palace. As far, therefore, as the material buildings go, the religious wants of this garrison may be said to be tolerably well attended to; and as the bishop is on the spot, and kindly and properly takes his share of the parochial labour, and as there are usually other clergy resident besides, we may fairly conclude that here at least the soldiers are not neglected. Their own chaplain, Archdeacon Le Mesurier, is possessed of unwearied zeal, and moreover they live in the very bosom of the Church, having access continually to Episcopal ministrations. At the same time let it not be forgotten that Government provides for the garrison of Malta only one chaplain; and that had not the Queen Dowager been moved to build a church at her own expense, the public performance of divine worship would have been still such in that place as we hope it will soon cease to be anywhere within the British dominions.

The Ionian islands make up the remainder of our Mediterranean possessions. They are separated one from another by many miles of sea, and to the whole group two officiating chaplains are granted; but there is no church or chapel anywhere. At Corfu the garrison chapel was, for reasons connected, we believe, with the enlargement or strengthening of the fortifications, pulled down a few years ago. Money was voted by Parliament to build another; but owing to some unaccountable differences of opinion somewhere, respecting the proper style of architecture or the convenience of the site, the new chapel has not yet been begun, and we do not hear that a beginning is at all likely to be made. The other station for a military chaplain is Cephalonia, where in like manner there is no church, nor any vote of money to build one even asked for. The consequence is that, amid the sneers and rebukes of a people whose ritual is gorgeous, and their care great to build temples not unworthy of the worship of the Supreme Being, the soldiers of England collect once on each Lord's-day in a barrack-room which is used throughout the week as a school-room, and of which a portion, cut off at one end by a green

green baize curtain, constitutes at once the chaplain's vestry and the sleeping apartment—indeed the home—of the schoolmaster-serjeant and his wife. Is this decent? Is it creditable to the Government of this great empire that there should be any foreign garrison destitute of its chapel dedicated exclusively to the purpose of Divine worship, and accessible at all times by the soldier? In that barrack-room one of the most painstaking clergymen of the English Church labours, not on the Lord's-day alone, but on other days of the week likewise, to make the poor neglected fellows, and their wives and little ones, who wait upon him, feel that they have souls to be saved. During the short time of his residence at Cephalonia, Mr. Hare has accomplished more to infuse a religious spirit into the garrison than almost any other man, under the circumstances, would have attempted; but the difficulties which he has to contend against are terrible.

It is not worth while to carry our inquiries further into the actual state of things among the rest of the dependencies. Here and there you meet with an exception—but the rule seems to be, that having provided a clergyman, the Government conceives that it has done enough, and that neither chapel's nor communion-plate, nor surplices, nor Bibles and Prayer-Books for the desk and altar, are at all necessary. Let us rather try to ascertain how these important matters are cared for at home. For the first service of every member of the profession, of the officer equally with the private soldier, being performed at home, we have a right to assume that according to the spirit in which he is taught to deal with God's worship at the outset of his career, will be his disposition to think of it ever afterwards.

There was a time when to every corps in the service a regimental chaplain was attached. The arrangement did not work well. Indeed it is hard to conceive how it could have worked otherwise than ill, because, independently of the one irremediable evil inherent in the system, of which we shall presently take notice, the abuses of detail to which it lay open were without end. Chaplaincies, like ensigncies, lieutenantancies, and companies, were disposed of without the smallest regard to the fitness of the parties applying for them. Being the special patronage of the colonels, they were not unfrequently put up to sale. As to the duties, they might be performed by deputy, or they might not be performed at all—or if the principal attached himself to the corps on the strength of which he was borne, the chances were that the arrangement proved to be the most mischievous of the whole. It was generally found that the charms of the mess-table, rather than any desire to exercise a moral influence over the conduct and opinions of the soldiers, kept his reverence at headquarters.

Moral Discipline of the Army.

quarters. And this brings us to the radical defect in the system, which defies all cure; namely, the entire incongruity between the habits of a right-thinking clergyman and those of a regimental officer, who, passing from barrack to barrack, lives loose upon the world, and finding no leisure for study or sober thought, soon ceases to experience the smallest desire after either. There was no getting over this. Regimental chaplains either absented themselves from their posts, or remaining at them, they, through the absence of a becoming decorum in their behaviour, wrought harm instead of good. They were accordingly reduced one by one as opportunities offered, and the system fell, as it deserved to do, into disuse.

Having thus got rid of regimental chaplains, the Government proceeded to call into existence a body of *chaplains to the forces*, who, being borne upon the general staff of the army, might be rendered available for service, as well in our fixed military stations at home and abroad as in the field. Each of these gentlemen received a commission from the Crown, which ensured to him the rank and privileges of major, with pay at the rate of sixteen shillings per diem, lodging, money-forage for a horse, and other allowances. He was entitled, also, after eight years' service, to a retirement of five shillings a day, which increased at the rate of sixpence daily for each additional year he might serve; but which could not, by any amount of service, be carried higher than ten shillings daily. The income of each chaplain while employed, though not too great, was sufficient, provided he were judicious and economical, to support him creditably—and he had the comfortable assurance that in the event of incapacity to serve longer, he should at least be kept above the workhouse. On the other hand, the outlay to the country was surely not greater than the importance of the interests at stake would appear to warrant. No doubt the device proved, when brought into operation, efficient or the reverse, according to the fitness of the individuals employed to work it out. This must be the case in all arrangements which depend for the effects that are produced by them upon moral and intellectual and not upon mere physical power. But the point is one with which we have no concern. If the greatest care were not taken to appoint to situations so important only clergymen every way calculated to be useful; if they in whom the right of nomination was vested bestowed neither time nor trouble nor caution in the exercise of it—then must the blame of the failure, if a failure occurred, rest with them. We are not asserting either that the device did fail, or that it did not; but this much every unprejudiced person must admit—that there was nothing either in the principle or details of the arrangement which rendered failure inevitable.

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In this state, and subject to the management of the chaplain-general, who again was responsible, in part to the commander-in-chief and in part to the secretary-at-war, the machine continued to work, for good or for evil, up to the year 1830. A new order of things was then devised, and arrangements made that the pay of chaplains to the forces, if *commissioned*, should be 16s. a-day; that after fifteen years' service, it should rise to 20s.; after twenty-two years' service, to 22s. 6d. The half-pay was, in like manner, fixed at 5s. under fifteen years' service; at 7s. 6d. between fifteen and twenty; at 10s. between twenty and thirty; and after thirty years' service, at 16s. a-day.

Had this regulation been carried into effect in regard to new appointments as well as to those actually existing in 1830, it would have conferred a substantial benefit upon the chaplains. They would all have had something to look forward to; an increase of pay while serving; a retirement, small indeed but sure, when worn out. Unfortunately, however, the regulation was not made to apply to new appointments. On the contrary, while the chaplains actually in commission acceded to the proposal, and received the full benefit of their past services, the gentlemen nominated from that time forth stood on an entirely novel footing. *No more commissions were issued*—no more assurance of half-pay or any retirement was given—but on fixed salaries, varying from 300*l.* a year to 150*l.*, they were sent forth to all parts of the world—to do their duty as long as their health and strength might continue—to resign and starve as soon as health and strength should fail them.

Now it appears to us that, be the system in other respects ever so judicious, there is a blunder here which throws a reproach over the whole. You are dealing in no spirit of liberality or even fairness with the clergy. The commissary who takes charge of the soldier's food, and the surgeon who attends to his bodily health, receive both an increase of pay for long service and a pension on retirement. The minister of religion is settled at once on a fixed salary, and may die at his post, but has no retirement provided for him. Moreover, both commissary and surgeon, though resident in an unhealthy climate for a while, are cheered and sustained by the certainty that by and bye, if they escape the contagion, they will be removed; whereas the chaplain becomes for life the inhabitant of one spot, whether his lot fall at Gibraltar, or Malta, or the Ionian Islands, or in the West Indies, or the Bahamas, or the Mauritius, or Hong Kong. For him there is no escape from exile, except to find absolute destitution at home. For ten or twelve years' service on a foreign station are not likely to fit him for a curacy in England; and if he abide twenty years
abroad

abroad or more, who, on his return to his native country, will find for him even a curacy?

There are but five military stations in all England, three in Scotland, and one in Ireland, having chaplains, or officiating chaplains, whose business lies exclusively among the troops. In London we have, besides the Principal-Chaplain, one commissioned chaplain to the forces, and one assistant chaplain who has no commission. The ordnance corps have their own chaplain and assistant-chaplain at Woolwich—independent, we cannot tell why, of all connexion with the chaplain-general's office. Chatham has its single chaplain, a commissioned officer;—Portsmouth one, and Plymouth one—both of them without commissions. All these gentlemen have their hands full, and all in some way or another stand in need of greater countenance and support. In London, no doubt, we have some gratifying appearances of improvement. At Portman Street the troops still attend on the Lord's-day a hurried and mutilated morning service in the men's mess-kitchen; but the Wellington Barracks are better provided—for here a large though singularly unadorned chapel has within these last few years been built, which affords accommodation to two battalions of foot-guards, a regiment of life-guards, and all the recruiting parties from different corps which may be stationed in the city of Westminster. The clergy, moreover, officiate here in their proper robes, and there is a handsome set of communion-plate. We are happy, too, in being able to add, that in this as in every other respect their present chaplain, the Rev. R. W. Browne, is working great things among the household troops. The spectacle that greeted us on the 25th of last May, when not fewer than one hundred and sixty of these magnificent guardsmen knelt before the altar to receive at the hands of the Bishop of London the solemn rite of confirmation, speaks sufficiently for what this zealous and discreet chaplain has already accomplished. But the difficulties against which Mr. Browne has to contend, though very great, are not to be compared with those which stand in the way of his brother-chaplains. The household troops have but a narrow tour of ordinary duty to accomplish, and come back to their own pastor so regularly, and after so brief an interval, that the tie between them, be it strong or weak, is never absolutely severed. Regiments of the Line, on the contrary, to whom the rest of our chaplains officiate, are the merest birds of passage; they scarcely begin to know their minister ere they go away from him, perhaps for ever. Now it would naturally occur to common men, that on the moral and religious training of soldiers of the

Line greater care would be bestowed than even on the Guards. It is manifest that *they* can be worked upon only through the operation of a well digested system, which shall still go on, let them pass into what hands they may, and still be found the same. And the nucleus of this system we should naturally look for in the recognised garrisons at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. Has everything been done for the troops in these places that might be done? Surely not. Each has its chapel, it is true; and the chapels at Chatham and Portsmouth at least—were they differently fitted up within—would be church-like edifices. They have, moreover, their sacramental plate—as has Plymouth in like manner—with the other appliances for the Sunday service complete. But what pastoral connexion is there between the troops and the chaplains? These neither christen the soldiers' children nor marry the soldiers themselves, nor bury the dead. Their chapels are not open for daily prayer, as they ought to be—for a soldier, inhabiting, as he does, an apartment where he is never for a moment alone, cannot pray at all unless a place of worship be provided for him. As to administrations of the Holy Communion, we believe that such things do occur, but that any of the non-commissioned officers or privates have been trained to attend them we very much question.

In Scotland things are a little better managed; the Act of Union having provided that Presbyterian chaplains should be for ever maintained in the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, the General Assembly has rightly taken care that this number should not be diminished; though it has consented to the removal of one of these functionaries to Fort George, where, as being a more important station, he resides. As each fortress likewise has its chapel, the Presbyterian service may be performed in each, as often as the presence of a Presbyterian regiment or dépôt shall require, with as much solemnity as in a parish church. And the Presbyterian regiments, of which there are thirteen recognised in the service, being as much as possible quartered and recruited in Scotland, it seldom happens that these gentlemen are not in full employment. The pay of the Scotch chaplains is to be sure very small—varying from 100*l.* to 75*l.* a-year; but they are commissioned officers, and have therefore a right to retired allowance when incapacitated.

In Dublin—but we really shrink from touching on the state of things there. Rumours have reached us of a design on the part of the Government to take the subject up, and deal with it in a liberal spirit; and we trust they are well founded. But to
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describe things as they were in Dublin, when we were last there (which is not very many years ago), is a task to which we cannot bring ourselves.

Look now to the other parts of the United Kingdom—to Canterbury, Dover, Ipswich, Hounslow, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle; to Cork, Kinsale, Limerick, Newport; to Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Piershill, or to any other of the innumerable stations throughout which our fifty thousand men are disseminated. How are the religious wants of battalions, and depôts, and detachments cared for in these places? Uniformly by the parochial clergy; as if the parochial clergy in each of these places had not as much to attend to among their own people as the strength of man, supposing him to do his duty faithfully, can possibly undertake. However, it must be confessed that the views of those in authority, as to the extent of the soldier's spiritual wants, have not, heretofore, been very extravagant. The regulations require that 'the troops, if not hindered by stress of weather or other good cause, shall attend the public worship of God somewhere on the Lord's day; and that when sick in Hospital they shall be visited—if Members of the Church of England by a Clergyman, if Roman Catholics by a Priest, if Presbyterians by the Minister of their own persuasion.' These are the only services exacted from the parochial clergy by regulation, or remunerated by pay. Let us see how the system works. Attendance at public worship is provided for in three different ways,

In the first place, it is ordered that if accommodation can be found for the troops in one or more of the parish churches, within a reasonable distance—say a mile and a half—of the barracks, they shall be marched thither every Sunday and attend Divine service at the same hour with the ordinary congregation. Now upon the face of it this would appear to be a very proper arrangement. It seems reasonable that while worshipping their common Maker, men should as much as possible lose sight of those differences of rank and occupation which amid the ordinary business of the world keep them more or less apart; and were troops and clergymen and parishioners all fairly dealt with, we do not see that any solid objection could be offered to it. But the practice of carrying whole regiments, or even strong detachments, to our churches during the hours set apart for the worship and instruction of the ordinary congregation, is not fair towards either troops, or people, or clergymen. As regards the troops, it is certain that the slightest shower of rain—indeed we may go further and say the slightest threatening of bad weather—operates, whether to their regret or otherwise, to keep them away from the public service of

God altogether. No commanding officer will march his men half a mile, or a quarter of a mile, or less, through the rain, in order that they may be present at Divine worship; and the men are sharp enough to notice that in nine instances out of ten there is a strong inclination on the part of their officers to vote that the weather is threatening, if it be not positively bad. In the next place, the troops being paraded, are marched through the streets to the sound of their own band, and amid the jeers and jokes of idle and dissolute people. Crowds of these follow them—and continue to loiter about the churchyard. Meanwhile the red coats come in, disturbing by the clatter which they make, the devout, and drawing off entirely the attention of the young and the thoughtless. They are then thrust into all manner of by-places, out of sight very often, and hearing too, of the clergyman; while beardless ensigns, and sometimes their elders, either steal away from the Church door or forget that they have passed beneath its portals for other purposes than to make merry. Not a soldier's wife, or child, except such as attend the regimental school, and not always these, accompany the battalion; there is no room for them, and nobody cares about it. We should like to know how far such a system is likely to create or nourish in the mind of the soldier a reverence for sacred things. He goes to Church at all only if the day be quite fine; he seldom carries his prayer-book with him, because it is contrary to military etiquette that he should march with a book in his hand; he is shoved into some corner where he can neither see nor hear, and is perhaps, as at Norwich, &c., edified by listening to the cathedral service. And finally, he never sees the face of the clergyman except on that occasion; for the clergyman is not paid one farthing for the accommodation which he furnishes to the troops, or the instruction which he gives them from the pulpit; and not being invited to extend his pastoral care to the garrison, he seldom thinks of pressing it upon them. As to the wives and little ones, no Minister takes heed of them; and we need not stop to remind our readers that when a man's wife and children are left destitute of all religious training, his own mechanical attendance at a place of public worship, once in the week, will go but a little way.

2^{do}.—But in many instances accommodation cannot be afforded to the troops at the usual hour of Divine worship; and arrangements are made for giving them what is called 'a separate service.' This may be done, and we rather think it is done wherever circumstances will permit, by obtaining the use of the church, either before the usual time of prayer in the morning or after the parishioners have retired. But in truth
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neither troops, nor people, nor clergyman gain much by this; for all the objections that have been stated above apply to this sort of separate service also; and others present themselves. The weather must still be fine, otherwise there is no church parade—there is the same stir and bustle occasioned by the march of the soldiers—the parishioners are not particularly pleased to get their pews and seats dirtied ere they themselves enter. Moreover, all the *prestige*, which is supposed to attend the laying aside of worldly distinctions in the house of God is destroyed. The soldiers are there alone, or if a few civilians come, they come to gratify their curiosity: and, above all, the full service of the Church is never performed. Indeed, it is a standing joke with our young officers that they must get the parson to cut his business short, and the parson humours them; our beautiful Liturgy is in consequence mutilated and defaced. However, if this special service be performed, the clergyman is allowed pay for it, and becomes in some degree connected with the troops; but both the pay and the connexion are held on rather a curious tenure. There used to be enacted in our boyish days a farce or comedy called ‘No Song, No Supper,’ which had a great run. It must, we suspect, have been in the minds of the authorities when they drew up the regulations that now bear upon the performance of separate services to the Queen’s troops. Whenever there happens to be a wet Sunday, or a threatening Sunday, or any other let or hinderance to the troops quitting the barracks, the poor parson may be at his post, if he will, but for him there is no guinea; in fact, so rigid are the regulations on this head, that a distinct declaration upon honour is required from every clergyman, not that he was ready to perform, but that he actually has performed, a certain number of services to a specified number of men, before any pay is allowed him; and such allowance is at the rate of one guinea per service actually performed:

3th.—However, it does not always happen that, even in this anomalous way, the red coats can be accommodated in parish churches; and then a separate service (we have a horror of the word) is performed in barracks. Where? Sometimes in the open air, sometimes in one of the men’s sleeping rooms, sometimes in the riding-school: the Guards alone have their church in a kitchen. Of course both the clergyman and his congregation stand all the while. If he officiates in the barrack square, the big drum constitutes both desk and pulpit; if in a barrack room, a deal table probably is substituted; if in the riding-school, a moveable box, not unlike an auctioneer’s desk, is occasionally rigged out. We need scarcely add that the service, which had been cut short at church, is still further mutilated in barracks. Half an hour, or forty minutes at
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the utmost, suffice to carry us through the whole—sermon and perhaps a Psalm being included; indeed, we have reason to believe that were the latter of these limits exceeded, the clergyman would expose himself to reproof—a good-natured reproof, of course, but still a reproof, from the head of his congregation. Let not our readers forget that in such situations it is absolutely impossible to administer the holiest rite of the Church, and that the soldiers never being invited to it, nor hearing a word about it, come, ere long, to forget that such a thing is. And when we further take into account the uncanonical dress of the clergyman, the absence of all external objects which bear upon Divine things, the associations of ideas that cannot fail all the while to be present to the soldiers' minds, and the bodily fatigue inseparable from standing, even half an hour, in one position—is it easy to conceive an arrangement better calculated to throw discredit upon public worship, and to confirm the soldier in indifference to religion?

We do not admire Divine service as it is performed in a barrack square. In the open air, among the white tents, or near the bivouack when the enemy is in front, the worship of Almighty God ascends to heaven on the wings of the wind with peculiar solemnity; but a barrack square is cheerless in itself, and seems to ring continually with the drill-serjeant's sharp command, and the awkward recruit's low murmur. A barrack room is, for obvious reasons, not much better; but a riding-school is a positive abomination. The place of exercise for beasts during six days in the week, and of corporal punishment for men, whenever such may be inflicted, is surely no fit temple for prayer and praise.

The separate service in barracks, as in a parish church, is paid for at the rate of one guinea per sermon. And here, as well as elsewhere, the sermon must be actually preached. It is 'no service no pay;' and 'no pay,' though it come not so frequently, is of too frequent recurrence even where there is a riding-school.

While the public worship of God is thus provided for, care is taken in the same spirit of hard bargaining that the sick in hospital shall not be neglected; that is to say, that they shall have the chance, at all events, of occasionally seeing a minister of religion, of hearing him read a few prayers, and possibly of conversing with him. The form of certificate which shows that all this has been done, we subjoin.

'I do hereby certify, that the Rev. ——— has from ——— to ——— visited the sick soldiers in hospital at ——— once a week, and more frequently when required, and has also read prayers once at least in each week to the convalescents.

'I further

'I further certify, that the hospital* is ——— distant from the residence of the clergyman.

(Signed)

' ———

Commanding Officer of the Troops.

*N.B. When separate service is allowed for a less number of men than one hundred, the remuneration of the service will be considered as including that for visiting the sick, and no additional allowance will be granted for the latter duty; but the clergyman must produce certificates of his attendance on the sick, when required, in order to entitle him to the allowance for separate service.'

* 'Here mention the exact distance, and the average No. of sick per week.'

The preceding paper demands small comment. It neither expresses, nor perhaps could anything of the kind express, the most remote hint that the sick and dying have been prepared for their great change; that the sacrament has been administered to any of them, or that aught except the routine of a weekly visit has been gone through. The clergyman receives payment for the weekly visits at a rate proportionate to his walk. If his residence be distant from the hospital less than one mile, he receives for his attendance there five shillings weekly; if it exceed one mile, but fall short of three, his pay is seven shillings and sixpence; if it exceed three, or he have more than one hospital to attend, we rather think that he is paid more. But we are not sure;—indeed the impression upon our mind is, that not in any instance is a clergyman, for attendance on ordinary regimental or garrison hospitals, paid more than at the rate of 18*l.* per annum.

There is something so revolting in the whole of these arrangements, they so completely lower the dignity of the ministerial office and the tone of feeling among all parties, that we cannot be surprised to find that the general effect is bad. Not that the clergy neglect the military hospitals—far from it. We verily believe that were all remuneration withdrawn, and the charge thrown upon them as an exercise of charity and Christian zeal, they would bear it, aye, and go through with it too in a spirit of higher and holier devotion than is now present with them. But see to what the system tends. In cases where no special Sunday service is performed, the clergyman who visits the hospital is without the smallest ground to believe that more than this routine of weekly inspection is either looked for or desired at his hands. He is therefore shy of undertaking the general pastoral care of the troops, not only because his time is probably occupied in another direction, but because he does not know how his voluntary attentions may be met. Meanwhile, the Sunday clergyman justly conceives that he has done his part by receiving the

troops into his church; and so the men and their families, the officers and theirs, the regimental school, and all that appertains to the moral and religious training of the corps, are left to shift for themselves. To be sure there is a clause in the Queen's regulations, which enacts that the regimental schools shall be visited by the clergy; and we have read a circular addressed by the present principal chaplain to all the clergy who may in any way be connected with the troops, urging them to attend to this matter. And, doubtless, where there are resident chaplains or officiating chaplains present, the Queen's regulation may be enforced; but in all other cases the clergy are manifestly free to exercise their own discretion;—the two points to which they are pledged, and for which alone they receive pay, being these—that when a separate service on Sunday is required, they shall perform it; and that in all cases they shall 'visit the hospitals and read prayers to the sick once a week; and oftener if sent for.'

In short, the clergyman has no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the troops—or of reaching their hearts through the care which he may take in the moral and religious training of their children. The men have no adviser to whom they can go in case their minds be troubled, or their consciences check them. There is no kind friend at hand who, being without professional authority over them, would perhaps, on that account, be the better qualified to be the depository of their fears and hopes; there is a flock nominally Christian, but there is no shepherd.

But what, it will be asked, would we have? The Government, when it enlists young men to serve under the Queen's standard, takes no pledge to make them perfect members of society. The end sought is, that they shall become good troops, and nothing more—brave, orderly, obedient, pliable; and nobody, it is presumed, will deny that of all these qualities the British army is eminently possessed. And for the rest, surely an English regiment, looking even to its moral and religious condition, is at least upon a par with an equal number of persons, belonging to the same station in life, whom you shall take at random from among the thousands of Manchester and Glasgow, or possibly from the average of our agricultural districts.

We shall not stop to consider this latter point—to concede which would no more weaken our argument than to demonstrate its entire incorrectness would strengthen our hands; for we hold that the position of a young man is entirely changed, even in a moral point of view, the moment he puts on the Queen's uniform. So long as he retained the power of disposing of himself after his own pleasure, the blame of his irreligion, if he chose to be irreligious,

irreligious, rested with himself; or if it be urged in extenuation of his vices, that the means of learning better were not within his reach, still even in this case it would be unjust to blame the government. Government (under our present state of things) cannot be expected to build churches or plant ministers in the manufacturing districts, proportionate in number to the growth of the population. They who by collecting their fellow men into masses, accumulate large fortunes, or strive to do so, would take care, if they were alive to the responsibility of their position, that neither churches nor ministers of religion were wanting. But the moment the Government withdraws a man from the sphere in which he was born, and makes him its own servant in a sense more absolute by far than can be applied to the connexion between any private gentleman and his domestics, it becomes responsible for the moral and religious, not less than for the physical, treatment of such servant.

Two changes, and only two, appear to us to be necessary, if you hope to place the important matter now under discussion on a right footing. The first of these implies that to every military station within the United Kingdom, as well as in the Colonies, where a permanent garrison of a fixed numerical strength is maintained, a neat, plain chapel shall be attached; the second, that at each of these places a clergyman shall be taken into the public pay, to whom the troops shall be accustomed to look as to their own pastor, and who shall be taught to regard the troops, their wives and families, as his especial charge. We venture to recommend that military chapels be attached only to such barracks as may accommodate the head-quarters of a regiment or a dépôt, or be capable of containing not fewer than two hundred men at the least. Were we free to choose, we should indeed greatly prefer that for every detachment, particularly in the manufacturing districts, be it but a single company, a place of worship should be provided;—and that the Government should build on such a scale as that the people might participate in the boon thus conferred upon the troops. But there are obstacles in the way which we cannot hope to see surmounted; and therefore we must be content to leave our smaller detachments to their fate, while we take care of those larger bodies, among which it is worthy of remark that recruits, whether commissioned or otherwise, are invariably to be found. No doubt the measure would be attended with some expense. We do not, however, believe that the expense would be very great; for there is scarcely an old barrack in the kingdom, of which some portion is not at this moment unoccupied, and a little skill in engineering, with an outlay comparatively trifling in money,

money, would easily convert it into the sort of chapel that we want. An empty gun-shed, a deserted store-room, a main-guard raised a little on its walls, or a story added to the piazza beneath which in bad weather guards parade and recruits are drilled, could, with a very little exercise of taste and right feeling, be rendered every way appropriate to the purposes of Divine worship. And with regard to new barracks—as Government has adopted, we believe, the prudent plan of building them on contract, the addition of a chapel will add very little to the cost.

Having thus provided for your troops at each of their principal stations an appropriate place of worship, and fitted it with all the appliances necessary for the celebration of Divine service according to the rites and usages of the Church, your next measure will be to find a clergyman who shall officiate therein on Sundays and other holidays, and read a short service *to such as choose to attend* every morning in the week. Now let it be observed that we have no desire to see the order of regimental chaplains revived, neither could we expect that, in all the places to which the new arrangements might extend, chaplains should be appointed on the same footing with those of London and Chatham, or even of Portsmouth and Plymouth. The utmost that we contemplate is, that, instead of hiring parsons by the job, or doling out to them so many shillings a week in compensation for the shoe-leather which they expend in walking to and from the regimental hospitals, an arrangement be entered into with the incumbent of each parish within the limits of which a barrack may stand, so that either he or the War-Office shall provide an additional curate—and that not to the parochial clergy *en masse*, but to this particular curate, and to none other, the pastoral care of the troops in garrison shall be committed. If the Government pay this gentleman a ~~fixed~~ annual stipend—it need not be very great; perhaps not much more than is now paid as the price of a ‘separate service’ and attendance on one or two hospitals. But the curate will feel that the troops constitute his cure, and unless he be unworthy of his office, he will pay to them the same unremitting attention that he would bestow upon a district of civilians. If this arrangement were adopted, no stress of weather could be permitted to stand between the troops and their attendance at Divine worship. Their little ones also, and the children of the officers, would come to be catechised and instructed side by side at proper seasons, in the chapel; and a bond of union between them, ay; and between their mothers also, would be formed, eminently beneficial to all concerned. There would be no more flirting and levity during public prayer; no more excuse for mutilation of the service; no further difficulty
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in requiring the men to carry their prayer-books with them, to kneel when the church requires them to kneel, and to take their own part in all her services. The curate would know his people, and the people would know their curate; for though the persons of both might be continually changed, as one regiment arrived and another went away, the system would everywhere be the same; and both curate and people acting steadily upon it, would become alike familiar with the order of their duty, and alive each to what the other had a right to expect.

We venture to say that, were all this done, and canteens abolished, and athletic sports encouraged, and garrison libraries fostered in the liberal spirit which originated them, the unfavourable impression that prevails throughout the country as to the moral dangers attendant on the soldier's career would be got rid of, and a very superior class of young men would come forward to fill the ranks. • •

In recommending, not that a commissioned chaplain, but merely that an additional curate should be appointed, at the expense of Government, to every parish within the limits of which a barrack capable of containing two hundred men and upwards may be situated, we have kept in view more than the necessity under which the country is laid, of acting in a spirit of just but not of extravagant liberality, while it provides for the religious wants of the Queen's troops. For their own sakes, and for the sake of the parishes, we do not wish to see these barrack curates placed, in regard to pay and emoluments, on the same footing with chaplains or officiating chaplains to the forces. On foreign stations the Government may be bound to provide clergymen to officiate to the troops, sometimes where less than a battalion composes the garrison, and for this reason, that unless the Government acted thus, the troops would live and die destitute of the Church's ministrations; but at home no such necessity exists. All that the Government can possibly desire here is the first growth, so to speak, of a clergyman's zeal. For neither a dépôt nor an entire battalion could make such demands upon a chaplain's time as to engross it; and we do not think that the Government ought to pay for more of his time than is ordinarily expended on the service for the troops. The salary, therefore, may be very moderate, so long as it is fixed: while the curate is left free to dedicate the reversion of his time and his labour to the spiritual improvement of the district. Now we need not point out that to many an overworked incumbent the relief occasioned by some such arrangement would be as great as to his flock. And though on the first blush our curate might appear to be the loser, a little closer examination into the subject will show that

that it is not to his wrong. He is not separated by this sort of connexion with the army from the regular line of his profession. He abides still as one of a particular bishop's clergy, and coming under the notice of his diocesan, will have the same claim with other curates upon his lordship's patronage. Whereas, were he paid at the rate of 200*l.* a-year, or even less, and classed among army chaplains, whether commissioned or otherwise, his worldly hopes must be limited to the point at which he has already attained; for no bishop seems to regard the pastoral care of troops, however tenderly and anxiously bestowed, as creating any claim upon his notice or his preferment. And we are not blaming their lordships for this. Military chaplains are the servants of the Crown, and if rewarded at all for length or excellency of service, ought to receive their rewards from the Crown. But, in point of fact, we do not find that, since the days of Mariborough, the Crown has much regarded them: and so it comes to pass that if the soldier's clergyman be not sustained by a spirit of a hearty devotion towards his people, he is entirely without a motive to exertion; for no eye, save that of God alone, appears to notice it. It leads neither to preferment nor to distinctions among men.

Having thus provided a machinery, neither costly nor gorgeous, but complete within itself, and constructed upon intelligible principles, it remains that we apply to it the sort of controlling and regulating influence, without the presence of which no machine, whether moral or physical, ever continues long to work well. And here again we have all the necessary materials at hand. A principal chaplain—or, as he used to be called, a chaplain-general—presides over the clerical department of the army, and conducts such correspondence as the present imperfect arrangements may render necessary. He might do more; and as soon as we shall have begun to re-arrange the department, he ought to be required to do much more. It would then become his duty not only to direct and advise from his apartment in the War-Office, but to visit, from time to time, every military station within the limits of the United Kingdom to which a chaplain or a bar-rack curate might be attached. Indeed, we do not see upon what principle visitations of this sort come even under existing circumstances to be omitted. Far be from us to insinuate that, to the extent to which the regulations may be their guide, chaplains and officiating clergymen in general do not adhere to the letter of their engagements: but that their spirits should go with the work seems to be impossible, for there is no one to advise when difficulties occur, or to restrain or animate their zeal effectually; yet, the principal chaplain is the ordinary over all those clergymen
who

who do duty to the Queen's troops in all parts of the world; and most surely his responsibility is a serious one.

There are other points into which, if we had room, we would willingly enter. We allude, first, to the moral—or rather immoral—effects of the existing arrangements that are made in regard to the women admitted into barracks; and next to the state of education in the army, especially in the schools which are maintained in regiments at the public expense for the instruction of the soldiers' children, and, if they desire it, of the soldiers themselves. On the former of these points we must be content to observe, that the more you guard female delicacy and feeling in a barrack the better; and that this cannot be said to be even attempted where married pairs sleep in the same chamber with a dozen of unmarried men at least, without having so much as a curtain wherewith to screen or fence off their couches. With respect to the latter, the value of the system now in force may be judged of when we state that it is, or rather professes to be, that of Dr. Bell; that no provisions are made either for training regimental schoolmasters to their office, or subjecting them, after they enter upon it, to an efficient and regular course of inspection; and that the results, though upon the whole unsatisfactory, are perhaps less so than the defective nature of the plan would lead us to expect. Here and there, indeed, you meet with a regimental school which commands your unqualified approval; for not only are some soldiers, as well as other men, gifted by nature with a rare talent for teaching—but commanding officers, if they take an interest in the moral improvement of their corps, send at their own expense promising young men to training institutions, and appoint them after their return to take charge of the school, and encourage and strengthen their hands by frequent visits. But the latter is a burthen which ought not to be imposed upon individuals; while the former is a contingency on which it is at all times unsafe to calculate—for in truth it is of the rarest occurrence. In France they manage these things better. Yet the annual grant made by Parliament seems to be abundantly sufficient to place our schools at least on a footing of equality with those of our neighbours; and whenever the Government shall think fit to turn a share of its attention to the subject, this truth will probably appear.

To conclude—a fanatical or sectarian spirit in the ranks we do not wish to encourage, and would therefore set our faces against a system of proselytising, whether a clergyman of the Church of England, or a minister of any other class, connected with the army, seemed to adopt it. But we do desire that our soldiers, of whatever church they are members, may become good members

members of the same, and therefore good members of society. Let them see that such is our only design; and though some may sneer at first, all will in the end be grateful, as soon as they have felt, and learned to appreciate, the extent of the benefit that has been conferred upon their order.

While this paper is passing through the press, it gives us unspeakable satisfaction to hear that the beginnings of an improved system are made. The order, if we be rightly informed, has gone forth that no new barrack shall be erected without having both a chapel and a school-house attached. The wants of Corfu and Cephalonia are both under consideration: and at home the principal chaplain has entered upon a course of visitations, from which he will never, it is to be hoped, be required to withdraw. Here and there—at Weedon, at Chatham, at Portsmouth, for example—increased spiritual aid is afforded, and a new zeal awakened. May the righteous work proceed; and may honour be to those at the War-Office, at the Board of Ordnance, and not least at the Treasury, who have thus bent themselves to the performance of it. We must not look to reap the benefit of their exertions in a day: such undertakings as these are slow to mature themselves. But if the seed be sown, and carefully nurtured, it *must* bring forth fruit.

ART. IV.—*Leaves from a Journal, and other Fragments in Verse.*
By Lord Robertson. 8vo. London, 1845.

THIS is a very pleasing as well as a beautiful little volume; pleasing because it is a proof that the successful pursuit of a profession little akin to such relaxations has not hardened the heart or perverted, and, as it were, dried up the taste of the learned author; and beautiful because it really abounds in excellent poetry—more than many of the volumes put forth by professed bards. We must add that there is no small novelty in the event of song being heard from the bench; for we have no recollection of this in any former case, unless it be some happy translations and smaller pieces of Sir William Jones, and some celebrated, and justly celebrated, verses of Mr. Justice Blackstone.

Lord Robertson gives in his preface a very simple and modest explanation of the occasion to which we owe the public appearance of these *Leaves and Fragments*. He had, on his elevation from the Bar, now first an opportunity of gratifying his wish to visit Italy, and he showed some friends the pages of his *Journal* when he returned. Their commendations rather unexpectedly rewarded

rewarded his labours and his confidence ; and this led naturally enough to his extending the circle of his readers. We may truly say that having very often heard the subject mentioned, and mentioned with some surprise, both among those who only had known the professional and the social qualities of the excellent author, and among those who only knew of his judicial rank, we have never heard but one opinion expressed, and that all allowed this *ci-devant* brilliant advocate and humourist to have been successful in his courtship of the Muses.

When we proceed to our critical task, let it not betoken any faultfinding spirit, but rather, perhaps, a peculiarity of our own nature, which we share, however, with great critics, our predecessors, that we begin by confessing our dislike of blank verse, and our regret that his Lordship should so cautiously have avoided the charms of rhyme. The very great rarity of success in this rugged line seems to sanction our opinion. Milton, of course, at once presents himself to the mind when the question is raised. But then so is there present the multitude of passages which in even Milton are hardly readable ; and so, too, is there present the inimitable beauty of his diction, its wondrous picturesque effect, its mingled learning and sweetness, its music and its force, above all, on grand occasions, its unapproachable sublimity. Assuredly Milton's success is rather fitted to create despair than to induce attempts at imitation. Thomson comes next, and much that has been said of Milton may be repeated here ; yet as a landscape painter only, a painter of still life, is Thomson known in blank verse, and beyond all comparison his finest poem is that in which he shows himself a master of rhyme. Of Cowper it is difficult to speak too highly ; and after Milton he is the only exception to our rule. Akenside alone remains of all our sons of song, excepting the poets of our own day ; and of him it may truly be said that, though successful, he is far behind his predecessor, while of them we may surely be allowed to say that time has not yet been given for ascertaining how the decrees of the great judge—the public—will ultimately and permanently be pronounced. That Mr. Wordsworth himself has shown great powers of versification in rhyme, as did Milton in his sonnets, is a circumstance to be flung into our scale—admitting, as we at once do, that many high authorities are against us, and citing, as we are ready to do, in Lord Robertson's behalf the dictum of his celebrated 'yoke-fellow of the bench,' so long a brother magistrate in our own literary commonwealth, that 'he could read any number of lines in blank verse, how easily soever he might be tired with middling rhymes.' However, we have said thus much in fairness towards the subject, and also towards the author ;
for

for if we have found ourselves pleased and never wearied with his blank verse, it has been because of various merits therein displayed, and in spite of the natural inclination of our taste.

We cannot say as much of his rhythm. Here Lord Robertson is really often deficient, and it should seem not always from carelessness, but rather from want of ear. Our first extract, 'The Simplon,' presents an example of this in the second line, though for this there may be some defence made—a worse one in the eighth—and the first would have been better had he transposed Milan, beginning with it, in compliance with the invariable pronunciation which makes it a *trochee*. We give the fragment, however, as a very beautiful one—nay, perhaps the finest in the volume:—

'Basilicas of Florence, Rome, Milan!
With all your architectural tracery
And pomp, what are ye, to this scene compar'd?
'These are the temples of the living Gbd,
Rear'd by a mightier hand than that of man,
Their deep foundations to the centre piercing,
Their summits soaring upward to the sky;
Their hoary antiquity creation's dawn!
What are your gleaming marbles, gems, and gold,
To snow-flake festing softly on those peaks;
Or glacier glistening, as the golden sun
This sanctuary vast lights with his rays,
For morning or for ev'ning prayer? Nor lack
They other ornament:—these countless rocks,
With herbage interlaced, and here and there
With mountain rills besprinkled;—in the clefts,
The trees in bright October's livery-clad;—
Such the mosaic wrought by Nature's hand,
The dazzling garniture of Nature's shrine!
Or with your organ deep, and choral song,
Echoed responsive through your vaulted aisles,
Compare the voice of roaring cataract—
The crash of avalanche: or, 'midst the pines,
The piping wind,—the river's psalmody.
Then say if piety want priest or dome
To point the way unto that God who rides
Amidst the storm—nor slumbers in the calm.'—pp. 56-7.

There are not many descriptions to our mind more pleasing than those of Pompeii and Pozzuoli. The former has been more cited and commended, but the latter abounds in merit. The opening description is full of spirit, and some of the lines are admirably picturesque, as those that paint

'The lonely pillars of Serapian Jove,
Glassed in the wave which laves their oozy feet.'—p. 30.

Then

Then follow those beautiful verses, in which we have no objection to urge against what has been a matter of exception, the comparison of Vesuvius to jealousy; for the idea is quite correct and natural, though not obvious, the lava being the very cause of the vegetation which it is afterwards to destroy by new eruptions:—

‘ What scenes, O Nature, hast thou spread around !
 Isles of surpassing loveliness—that seem
 The very gems of Neptune’s diadem—
 Mountains which from the dark blue waters spring,
 And to the sea give back an equal beauty—
 Sulphureous spots, whose ever-smouldering flames,
 Sullenly oozing thorough the burnt marle,
 Whisper of fires primeval—while over all,
 That mighty monarch, bright Vesuvius,
 Making, like jealousy, “ the food he feeds on,”
 Burns with a splendour inextinguishable ;
 Scattering his flame and smoke on high to heav’n,
 His scorching embers to the tranquil sea.
 Lo ! at his feet—the clustering vine, the fig,
 The cactus, and the olive, and the palm—
 The rarer orange with her golden glare,
 Glistening amidst the fruits of common growth,
 And countless wild flowers, every spot bedecking.
 But who the tenants of the land, whose breeze
 Breathes living loveliness—and glory gone ?
 Alas ! oppression—crime, her eldest born—
 Disease and poverty, falsehood and fraud,
 With folly in their train—permeate through all ;
 Trade seeking truth in vain, to other shores
 Unfurls her trusty sails—while learning grave,
 The best beloved of freedom—shuns the realm,
 And finds in western climes a fitter home.’—pp. 30-2.

Rome is, of course, the great object in all descriptions of Italy ; and Lord Robertson has done well here, though we much prefer his lesser pieces. The following passage is excellent—he follows Byron and yet maintains his dignity well : the closing picture being both true and touching—and his own—

‘ Nor suits the scene the pensive heart alone.
 Each character of mind finds refuge here.
 Bid him who peers with antiquarian eye
 Go trace on Trajan’s column bas-reliefs,
 Or story writ on arch of Constantine,
 Of Titus, or Severus ; or pore o’er
 The faded fretwork of Rienzi’s halls.
 Or if he pant to realize the past,
 Let him contemplate that majestic mould
 Within whose halls—amidst their savage games,

And drunk with blood, sat consuls, emperors, kings;—
 While overhead, tier upon tier up-piled,
 The countless rabble shout the victor's name;
 And Roman maidens, tired in festive garb,
 Dropt not a tear, as Nubian captive's blood
 Welled forth, and set the struggling prisoner free.
*All silent now that scene of strife and gore,
 Save for the lowly voice of wandering priest,
 Muttering his evening prayers before the cross,
 Seem dim amidst the stern arena's waste.*—pp. 40–1.

One other quotation we give, because its truth is correct and the numbers are pleasing, and the idea is ingenious. It is in 'France':—

' He who loves
 Thy rule, O Nature! knows, where'er Thou art,
 There beauty dwells to consecrate the scene.
 Even so, fair France, with thee:—Plenteous the vine,
 Though lowly; rich the pasture of thy fields;
 While cottage sweet, village and pleasant town,
 Besprinkle thee;—and cheerful peasants smile,
 Through all the plains of hounteous Burgundy.
 Go tell the man who sees no beauty beam
 In sunflower's bloom, or in the trelliss'd vine
 Climbing the wall, or autumn's orchard leaf,
 Shading the ripened fruit ready to drop,—
 Feels not the bounty of the God of all
 In garner'd grain, or in the gathered grape,
 Or golden maize, new stored beneath the eaves,
 For varied want of man ample supply:
 Sees not the prospect of the coming year
 In the green promise of the springing wheat:
 Who hears no music in the living brook?
 Or hum of bee, struggling on languid wing
 To catch the latest sweets the fading year
 Among the blossom'd clover hails betimes:—
 Bid him but commune with his heart, and say,
 Where is the stony place—if not *within*?'—pp. 58–9.

When we stated our preference of the smaller fragments on Italy to the larger description of Rome, we might have extended our remarks to the largest and the most ambitious piece of the whole—'Milton and Galileo'—which is very far from being the most successful of our author's efforts, and is also remarkable for containing more sins against the rules of correct versification than all the rest of the book besides. Not that the lesser pieces are free from such lines, neither to be scanned nor forgiven, as

'Inwrought mosaic—from walls and ceilings.'—*Pompeii*, p. 35.

'Emperor, or king, or pontiff proud.'—*Rome*, p. 44.

But

But the longer piece abounds with such blemishes, and would seem to show that the famous 'Capital of False Quantities,' as Sydney Smith once termed the northern city, extends her influence to English as well as to Greek and Latin. We have such lines as these in defiance not merely of all accent—for that may yield to poetic licence, though 'over,' an iambus, is strange, and 'presence' stranger still, but of number—we mean not poetical, but arithmetical number, which never has yet owned any English poet's sway, except only the magical one of Milton.

'Speak, quick as the thought which guides its magic sway.'—p. 76.

'With wild thyme mingle, or the thorn.'—*ib.*

'Of triple brass, corslet, and spear.'—p. 72.

'Nor think that even philosophy and truth divine.'—p. 74.

(As if the poet could balance his account by giving one line two syllables too many after giving another two syllables too few.)

'Belied, by strong conviction not to be o'ercome.'—p. 80.

'Keenly detract, and mingle pain from day to day.'—*ib.*

'The labouring mind, and lift the soul.'—p. 81.

We have deemed it our duty to give these samples, which we could extend in number were it needful. But we do so, partly because the Judicial Bard will value our commendations all the more when he perceives that they are not indiscriminately bestowed, and partly because they who versify without the restraints of rhyme ought to be the more scrupulous as to their metre, and are the less excusable for its defects. Possibly our own distaste for blank verse may be thought to have some share in our criticism; and we will not deny that we do rather feel a malicious pleasure in seeing those who use an implement which we had rather not see employed at all, fall into slips in their handling of it.

We should ill discharge even our critical duty if we omitted the praise so justly due to the amiable tone which in the little volume before us constantly is perceived. The sound good sense and pure moral feeling of the learned and ingenious author is not more remarkable than the tenderness of heart which everywhere shines through his verse.

ART V.—*Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by Herself in Conversations with her Physician; comprising her Opinions and Anecdotes of some of the most remarkable Persons of her time.* 3 vols. 8vo., pp. 1150. London, 1845.

THE publication of private correspondence, and of other matters of a private nature touching individuals deceased, has more than once drawn from us remarks which we deemed it the bounden duty of those who exercise the functions of Literary Police to make.* The evil then complained of is clearly on the increase. The avidity of the public for memoirs and letters and anecdotes is stimulated, not satiated, by the gratification which the producers of such enjoyment furnish. The appetite, indeed, is not of a very nice or discriminating kind; any disclosure being thankfully received, and the want of intrinsic value being compensated by the pleasure that 'stolen sweets' ever give to unscrupulous palates. Scarce a death happens among the ranks of well known persons that the announcement is not quickly followed by an advertisement. The thirst of the public for news is met by the thirst of the relatives for distinction; sometimes their misplaced wish of fame to the departed—oftener their desire of gain to the survivors. With the office of ransacking the repositories and printing their contents, is joined, in many instances, the pleasing duty of calumniating the living under the cover of performing a duty to the dead, and with the security derived from making the voice of detraction issue from the tomb. No diminution is thereby given to the zest which such disclosure is of itself calculated to possess; but on the contrary, a prurient curiosity as to the most delicate secrets of those who are gone easily allies itself with a malignant enjoyment of slanders on those whose turn is not yet come; and thus, while the King of Terrors may well be said to have acquired one subject more, a new pinion is added to the wings that bear immortal slander through the air, and a new tongue given to the defamatory voice of fame. We are once more brought to dwell on this subject by the appearance of a new feature which it presents in the disclosure, for the first time, by a *medical gentleman*, of the matters communicated to him during his professional attendance—his attendance, too, upon a *lady*—a lady of high rank, and with many high qualities—but unhappy, solitary, ill at ease in body and in mind, an exile among the wilds of Lebanon—having no one near her to whom she could speak of bygone days and buried friends or foes—nobody but this Physician.

* See particularly Q. R. vol. liv. p. 250, vol. lxii. p. 215, vol. lxx. p. 565.

The duty, to the discharge of which we proceed, is painful while it is important; because, among the motives of various kinds in which such publications have their origin, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that there exists one to be tenderly treated, even while we blame its mistaken course and lament its evil consequences—a pious regard to the memory of the deceased. That this, however, is much more frequently mingled with more unworthy motives than may be always supposed, we have no manner of doubt; and we do not now for the first time make the remark.*

The right of a family, or of executors, to make public whatever they find in the repositories of a deceased person is, first of all, to be considered. Here two classes of papers present themselves to our view as raising this question. The deceased may have said nothing, either in his latter will or in the papers themselves, to indicate his wishes and intentions; or he may have expressed those wishes and intentions in some way. If he has desired the publication, no choice is left, so there be nothing illegal in the act of publishing. If he has left a permission merely, the discretion must be exercised, while the right is clear; if he is silent, then no duty can be more plain than the considering whether from facts and circumstances his wishes can be collected; and if they can, then those become exactly equivalent to an express injunction or permission, as the case may be. Thus, if a Treatise ready for the press had been found in Mr. Southey's repositories, his leave to publish is plainly to be presumed, as much as if he had, expressly given it by his will, or by a note appended to the manuscript. If, on the other hand, there were internal evidence of his own unwillingness to publish, from a long delay of the act and a publication in the meantime of other works—especially of some work expressing different views of the same subject—or from any other circumstances, a prohibition is to be inferred. Where nothing appears, either directly or indirectly, the friends are to exercise their own judgment, and to do what they think he would probably have done himself; or if no such opinion can be formed, they are to do what appears best for his reputation.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that wherever the publication is forbidden, or wherever it appears from facts and circumstances that if leave had been asked it would have been refused; or if it appears, probable that, had the deceased been alive and could be consulted, he would have been averse to the act—then most clearly the friends or executors have no choice. They are bound to refrain; and have not only no duty to publish, but no excuse for publishing. Equally clear is it that no apology can be derived for such an act from the benefits which may be obtained, either

* Q. R. vol. lxii. p. 215.

for themselves, or for the estate of the deceased, or for the public, by the act of publishing. No liquidation of debts is any excuse; for were the creditors to demand the publication from a court of equity in these circumstances it would be refused, inasmuch as they could never compel personal representatives to publish what the deceased himself had not wished to publish. No gratification of public curiosity, even the most harmless, can excuse it; because that curiosity is only to be gratified by lawful means, and among these is not the publishing what the author meant to be kept secret. It is in vain to say that the truth of history may be promoted by such disclosures. The cause of Historical truth, like that of all other truth, is to be furthered only by just and lawful means; and the same argument might be used, if not to justify torture, certainly to defend the corruption of servants and secretaries, the employment of domestic spies, and the stealing of papers; indeed it would be equally applicable to the use of torture, if we were always sure that the rack obtained only a confession of the truth.

That the presumed or expressed will of the deceased, therefore, is in all cases to be conclusive as to the duty of withholding his papers from the world, we deem to be quite clear; yet not more clear than that his permission, or even his command, may, in many instances, be insufficient to justify the publication. There are certain things which, being confidentially entrusted to a person, and which he could only himself divulge by a breach of duty, no leave, no direction that he can give, will authorise his representatives to make public after his death. In like manner, any slanderous attacks upon individuals found among his writings cannot be published, however plainly he may have desired such publication to be made. We shall be told that by our law, all men's wills being public and accessible to the world in the consistorial registry, any one who pleases may slander his neighbour by inserting his libels in his will. But there is this material difference between a will recorded in Doctors' Commons and a book—that very few read the one, and many peruse the other: beside another important circumstance—that whoever would blacken his neighbour's character in his will, pays the penalty of at the same time blackening his own; whereas if he only leaves a slander in his repositories, without expressly ordering its publication, he attains his object through the instrumentality of another—who also escapes from the blame he deserves, as long as the diseased appetite for such publications continues to make the public easily overlook the fault.

It cannot, then, be too deeply impressed upon all who succeed to the custody of original papers, that they have an important discretion

discretion vested in them, both when no intention has been testified by the deceased, and when leave is given them to conceal or disclose at their option; nay, even when directions to publish are left. Their discretion refers always to both the reputation of the deceased himself and the feelings of living persons affected by the disclosures in question; and to both of these matters must every honest and conscientious person so entrusted address his best and most anxious consideration.

Let us only for a moment reflect on the inevitable tendency of such publications to injure the living. Can anything be more clear than that slander, proceeding, as it were, from the dead, has a more fatal influence than the same slander would have if promulgated by its author while alive? There is something of solemnity belonging to the voice which comes from the recesses of the tomb. We confound all that reaches us from thence with death-bed declarations, if not with awards by the inhabitants of another world. The defence of a party assailed in this manner is more difficult: he is not allowed to express himself with any vehemence, hardly with the necessary freedom, towards an answer removed beyond the reach of mortal weapons. He must use no recrimination, he must impute no motives; he must remind his assailant of no former relations between them rendering the attack unfair and unbecoming. The dead man will, moreover, ever have malignant natures so far on his side as to suspect that were the author of the charge living, he might have proofs to offer in support of it. Then the party aggrieved can take no other vengeance, nor resort to any means of redress, how false soever may be the slander. It is in very deed the *Ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*. He can hardly even remind his assailant that he might have said all this face to face when living, and when he spoke at his peril. This it is that makes such publications in an especial manner reprehensible. No man has a right to postpone his attack upon his neighbour until the grave has closed over himself, and enabled him to level his shafts with perfect impunity. No man can answer the question—Why did you hold your peace when living? or at least this other—Why, if so long silent, did you not keep silence to the end? All these considerations are decisive to load the publisher of posthumous slander with the whole responsibility, and to place him in the very shoes of the deceased author.

As for the folly of those who carelessly treat all that a personal representative may chance to find in the repositories of any one deceased as his own absolute property, to do exactly what he list with it, there can be no language too strong to express our reprobation of it. That the mere accident of any writing being left undestroyed

undestroyed by its author should alone be a sufficient indication of his intention to preserve it, and to authorise its being made public after his death, is really too absurd a position to require a moment's reflection in order to its refutation. A thousand circumstances may conduce to prevent him from destroying a paper which he yet may have written only to beguile a tedious evening, or to record matters for his own reconsideration, or to preserve them for the amusement of his family. How apt are men to forget the duty of making a will? Having made one, how often do they omit to alter it when circumstances have occurred requiring a change in the disposition of their property? How often has a legatee, intended to be struck out on a quarrel supervening, or an executor meant to be changed for incapacity, been retained from forgetfulness; indeed, from the reluctance most men feel to touch such instruments? The burning of papers is reasonably postponed, because they may be one day of use. It is naturally postponed, because the operation is of a sad kind, surrounded with mournful associations; nay, much more than making a will, connected with taking leave of this world. Most men, therefore, very reasonably and very naturally leave this operation unperformed, and devolve it upon those who come after them. But all honest men entrust it to those hands, in the sure and certain hope that it will be performed honestly and discreetly; and we will venture to say that no man would have been more astonished at reading the works which are now sold daily in all the shops, than some of the eminent and worthy individuals who have written those very works.

Yes! and they would have been to the full as much mortified as astonished, we will venture to say without any fear of contradiction. We will say it, upon the ordinary rules of probability, having regard to the principles which guide human conduct and regulate men's feelings. We will say it, without any reference to the knowledge we may possess of the parties, but simply and solely upon examining the things which have been given to the careless, the unfeeling world—upon the certainty that these disclosures have been made without the least regard to what would have been the wishes of the persons most immediately concerned in them.

Let us only, by way of illustrating this subject, reflect on the nature of a confidential communication, whether in a letter sent to a friend, or in a conversation held with him, or in a secret diary kept for the writer's own convenience—it may be a journal of his thoughts on moral and religious subjects for his own improvement—or even in a record kept of his opinions respecting men and things, opinions often lightly taken up and as easily laid down, but always noted down unavoidably on the sudden, and as
unavoidably

unavoidably seldom if ever corrected after the lapse of time and greater experience has afforded the ground and proved the fitness of a change of sentiment. All such communications to an intimate friend are *confidential* in the strictest sense of a word that seems to have dropped from the English and the French vocabularies. All such communings of men with their own heart are more sacred still. Yet of such are composed the greater number of the 'Memoirs, with Original Correspondence and other Unpublished papers,' which are daily printed. Can anything be more certain than that the bitter remarks, for example, which the kindest of men will in a moment of irritation make on a friend, still more on a stranger, import really anything rather than an opinion deliberately formed? A journalist (we mean an individual who keeps a diary) goes into company; he hears a person run down by one of some authority; he goes home; he enters it in the page of the day; he never happens again to see the spokesman, which is very possible; or, seeing him, the subject is not revived, and no retractation takes place—which is almost certain to happen, even though the assailant had altered his opinion the day after the conversation was held. Then the journal-maker dies a few years after; his name (or indeed any name) will sell a work of this kind; the publisher is found; the price is paid; the conversation is printed and is read; and the party attacked finds himself traduced by one whom he had believed his friend, and from whom he possesses respectful and even affectionate letters the week before and the month after the day in question. Two persons suffer by this publication; the man assailed suffers somewhat; his assailant suffers a great deal more, because he passes for a false as well as a spiteful man; and, what is equally manifest, instead of the truth or anything like the truth coming out by means of the publication, both parties are falsely attacked; for the charges were rashly and inaccurately made, and they were made in the firm belief that they would go no further, and he who made them was quite as sincere in all his professions of esteem when he wrote the letters, as in his momentary displeasure or momentary mirth when he spoke the words. The case which we have put may be one of frequent occurrence, and therefore have we put it; but it happens to be within our own knowledge—a case which actually occurred, and the party aspersed only abstained from showing the letters because he well knew that a groundless imputation on his friend's memory would have arisen from their perusal. Had he died, and had his correspondence been also published, the injury to both the other parties would have been remediless.

It is further to be noted that in exact proportion to the importance

portance of concealment and the danger of publication is the risk of great error being committed and so great injustice done. For the subjects on which men's feelings are most easily excited and their words least likely to be measured are those on which a promulgation of their confidential communications is the most mischievous to themselves—the most unfair, the most cruel, to those they attack. It is in the violence of party hostility, in the zeal of religious controversy, in the heats of domestic strife when the 'love to hatred turned' for the moment pours out the whole soul in its bitterness into a confiding ear—it is in these paroxysms of the feelings that men are most likely to employ the strongest language; and this language on subjects like these is sure to inflict the deepest wounds. The most consistent and honest and self-denying of partisans has disappointed the unreasonable desires of some over-zealous political ally; he is talked of and written of as an apostate—a renegade. The most sincerely pious of men differs from one whose zeal exceeds his knowledge, and whose charity is less than either, yet one entirely well meaning and conscientious; he is classed among the infidels and the reprobates; or because his faith was built on another foundation or measured by a different standard from that of his friend 'righteous over much,' he lived, peradventure he died, without religion. The best of sons displeases the kindest of parents in some match; or the tenderest of wives is, because of her tenderness, for the moment jealous of some attention shown to another by the most faithful of husbands; or the cherished member of some family, a member possibly standing high in public estimation and a candidate for exalted office, may be seized with a temporary alienation of mind—and into the ear of confidants are poured the grievances of the child, the displeasure of the parent, the agonies of the wife, the indignant defence of the husband, and the sorrows of the statesman's alarmed kindred. How would any of these parties receive a proposal to detail his griefs or his complaints in a public company? How, to make his wrongs or his sorrows known among the people at large? How would he look, how scream, were he told that the confidant he had chosen was about to make his secret communication public? How, were he informed that his most private letter was on its way to the press? Yet of such matters are the publications composed of which we are now treating; nay, again, some of the cases put are not imaginary. All these confidences are made in the certain assurance that the utmost secrecy will be preserved. Upon most of them such secrecy is unlimited in point of time; and the death of the parties works no release from the strict obligation of concealment. How then has the person into whose possession the communications accidentally come, the least
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right to call in the multitude and make public the private and confidential statements of those no longer able to give a release?

If it be said that the representatives of deceased persons are thrown into a difficult and embarrassing position by not knowing what to publish and what to suppress, when no wish has been signified by the author or owner of the papers—we make answer that nothing can be more plain than the great rule of fair conduct, and nothing more easy than to follow it. They have one test at hand readily applied to every case alike. Would the party, were he alive, have allowed the publication considering all circumstances? If it is most likely that he would not, there is an end of the case—there can be no publication. If, again, it is sufficiently probable that he would, then the next question arises—is the publication certain to reflect no discredit on him? If this question is also answered favourably, it only remains to ask whether any other party would have just cause to complain of the publication? Now there can be no objection to publish mere reflections upon a man's conduct, so as no matters are handled but those of public notoriety, and only virulence or scurrility is to be suppressed. That suppression is a plain duty, because the deceased having withheld such violent invective and vituperation himself while living, no one is justified in printing it after he is freed by death from all responsibility; much less justifiable is it to publish any secret history which destroys the reputation or injures the feelings of survivors; nay, their death will not make such a slander of their memories justifiable under the cover of a person's statement who is himself no longer alive to vouch his narrative.

We have adverted to the confidence of private society; and assuredly it is worth considering whether any one is justified in noting down of an evening all that he heard men say while speaking with the freedom which that confidence inspires; at least, whoever so writes down his '*visa et audita*,' seems under a manifest obligation to provide that his journal shall not be published till a long while after the parties are gone whose sayings he has recorded. For, observe, men go into society and express themselves frankly and unguardedly from being wholly ignorant that their words are to be taken down, and the journalist has himself led them into this error by concealing the fact of his historical habits. Suppose the question to be asked by the journalist, like those we have already framed for his executor, 'Would such a one have spoken as he did of the Sovereign or of the Church; or such another, would he have spoken of religion and sacred things, had they been aware that all they said in the unguarded hours of social intercourse would, before they slept, be reduced to writing?' The answer to this question would in every such instance

instance dictate the absolute duty of taking care that no publication of their words should take place till long after their decease.

It has sometimes been said that the publicity which is in these times given to most of the transactions of society would seem to be paving the way for a still bolder and more universal intrusion of the public upon all the intercourse of private life, at least of the private lives of those who fill eminent stations in the world. The press has already, but with the entire consent of the parties, made good its footing in all entertainments not only of a public nature but of a general description. Some persons connected with the *fourth estate* (as Mr. Windham, half in jest but half in alarm too, termed it) are admitted to most of the great evening and morning entertainments given by our nobility. They have not as yet claimed this as their right, nor have they complained that, though admitted to the balls and concerts of the sovereign and her nobles, and admitted for the purpose of reporting all that passes, they have not as yet been called in to assist at court dinners, or cabinet dinners, or even at large dinners given by persons in or out of office to their private friends. But at least this must be said, that if ever the day shall come when this addition is made to our social intercourse, no one will be deceived; all who speak round a table, or in the drawing-room, will have themselves to blame if what they say should see the light. It is not so with the concealed reporter; his function is unknown to all; and all discuss, and jest, and sneer, and prose in the belief that it goes no further; yet all the while there are reporters, as it were, behind a screen: nay, the press has occasionally interfered on the decease of 'some one known to have left papers of 'an interesting description' or of 'an important kind;' and the surviving family are charged with breaches of duty to the 'country' if they shall presume to withhold documents of such value or such curiosity that they are not to be treated as private but as public property. It is only necessary to mention such pretensions in order to expose their extravagant absurdity; but, ridiculous as they are, they rest on the same foundation with the greater part of the arguments urged to vindicate the posthumous publications of which we have been treating and complaining.

Before quitting the more general view of the subject, we may refer to one form of the offence under consideration, and which is of a somewhat peculiar nature, for it embraces the publication of matters which for the most part are not of so private a nature that they should never at any time see the light. We allude to State secrets, to cabinet or to party consultations, to secret dispatches, which for the most part may be safely made public, and thus aid history by throwing a light upon the secret springs of
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political conduct, and the proximate or remote causes of public events. We say for the most part—and no more; because there are obviously some things of this description which, for the sake of great national interests, never ought to be made public at any time. Of late we have witnessed some flagrant breaches of all propriety in this respect, some gross infractions of the obvious rule that all the official communications of official persons are to be deemed public property and wholly withdrawn from individual control; nay, that no official person can have a right to make and to keep copies of such documents, any more than he has a right to appropriate any other portion of the public archives. We have heard of what would be deemed a still greater outrage upon all official decorum, and indeed a violation of all good faith among colleagues in the same government—of men keeping a journal of all their cabinet consultations, and leaving it behind them at their decease. The combined honour and discretion of their surviving relatives has hitherto prevented this bad practice from bearing its evil fruits—but the seed is sown—the thing has been done.

Having now expounded the principles which ought to guide men in the circumstances under review—as no rules can be of any value without instances to exemplify their application, we proceed to select a few of the cases in which there has been a manifest violation of the considerations that ought to govern the conduct of all who happen to find themselves possessed of a deceased person's papers, whether they regard their duty towards those now no more or towards the survivors. We make the selection with no prejudice or partiality of any kind, guided only by general and by public views of clear duty, and indeed pursuing the same line of observation which we took when these works were more particularly the subject of our criticisms. Their continued circulation, however, with all their original sins retained in spite of remonstrance, is a fact on which due weight will be laid.

We begin with the sons of 'Sir Samuel Romilly,' who in the year 1840 gave to the world the whole of their father's manuscripts, which were of a private and personal nature, but none of his writings upon subjects of jurisprudence, the only ones which it was quite clear that they were fully entitled to make public. We do not hazard this assertion rashly; for their volumes contain the most irrefragable proofs of its truth. It there appears that Sir S. Romilly had occupied much of his leisure, at almost every period of his life, with composing dissertations upon the most important questions of our civil and criminal law, with a view to its improvement, and that the several bills which he brought into Parliament with the most praiseworthy perseverance, never abandoning his object how often soever defeated in its pursuit, con-
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tained only a small portion of the amendments of which he deemed our legal system capable, and capable with great safety to its general structure. These papers were left in a state quite fit for publication, although, with his accustomed modesty, he says in his will that they are not so. They related to almost all the subjects of importance which had ever occupied his thoughts in retirement or attracted his public exertions: so far from having the least disinclination to their being published, he expressly desires it 'in case his friends should think that it might be of any service,' and desires that no regard should be paid to their 'injuring his reputation as an author or a lawyer,' about which he is quite indifferent, 'if they can be any way useful' (vol. i., p. 10). There were, besides, some very interesting letters of his on the early events of the French Revolution, and on the state of England, contributed by him to a work called *Groenvelt's Letters*, published in 1790: these are now quite unknown, and the book has long since been out of print. The editors of the 'Memoirs' might have rendered an acceptable service, and complied with their father's wishes, by republishing these with the papers on jurisprudence. But then such a work would have only had an interest with the learned and reflecting few. 'Memoirs! Memoirs! and Correspondence!' is the cry of the multitude; and therefore only the letters, and the autobiography, and the diary, are given to the world. Were these ever intended by the author to see the light, by being sold in the shops in three editions after the MS. had been sold by the editors to the publisher? We take leave very confidently to answer this question in the negative—and here are our proofs.

The most interesting portion of the papers is the 'Narrative of his Early Life;' and it opens with a distinct statement that he writes it for 'himself and himself alone,' for his own instruction and amusement, 'and that in his old age, should he live to be old, he may have the means of retracing his early years, when his memory should be decayed' (vol. i., p. 1). The Narrative from 1757 to 1778 thus opens—it was written in the latter year. In 1813 he continued it; and being then the father of a family, he says 'that his only object in resuming the work is to leave an account of himself to his widow and children' (ib., p. 41). In 1806 he begins his Diary, which he continued to within a few days of his last illness, and he writes it, as he expressly says, for his own individual use, that he may 'be compelled to reflect on the acts of his life, and the motives by which he has been actuated, and, as it were, to pass a judgment on his conduct before it is too late for any self-confession to be of use' (ii., 127).

Now, although we plainly see that the publication of this
Narrative,

Narrative, and this Diary, never entered into the writer's contemplation, while he freely permitted, and even desired, that of his papers on jurisprudence, yet we are not about to reprove very severely the act, however unauthorised, of making them public. But then it was absolutely essential to performing this act blamelessly that nothing should have been inserted in the printed book which the amiable author would himself have clearly forbidden to see the light had his assent been asked, and nothing of which others would have had a right to complain, whether he had himself assented or no. But infractions of both these virtual prohibitions abound in the volumes. It is certain that the picture of a mind morbid from its earliest years, which the Narrative contains, never could have been drawn for the vulgar gaze, by the delicate, sensitive person who was at once the subject and the artist.—It is equally clear that the mystery which hangs round the mention of his mother's name never could have been intended by him to attract the speculations of public curiosity; for only one explanation has ever occurred to any reader, and it is that the son's morbid state of mind must have been hereditary.—Again, the broad and strong disapproval of measures and wide differences with men, when acting with those men, the authors of those measures, should have been suppressed, because the writer never intended to accuse himself of blameworthy conduct before the world.—Furthermore, we greatly question his desiring that all his share in the secret, illegal, unconstitutional inquiry concerning the Princess of Wales, in 1806, should be made universally known. Nor is it the least vindication of that bad measure to urge, as he does, that it was only an *ex-parte* investigation with a view to either instituting or preventing further and public proceedings: for though it led to preventing any trial, or any Parliamentary measure, it ended in a report to the King condemnatory of his daughter-in-law's conduct, and a recommendation that he should pronounce upon her a censure—without ever having allowed her to know the inquiry which had been carried on behind her back, much less suffering her to defend or explain her conduct. That the chief civil and chief criminal judges of the land were members of this secret tribunal only made the matter a great deal worse in the eyes of all honest men.

• Last of all, the Prayer, eloquent though it be, to which we formerly alluded, ought never to have seen the light, unless under a positive injunction of the author to publish it; for he assuredly never could have deemed it right, either on his own account or that of his family, or on account of the public at large, to avow himself, as this document most unquestionably does, a person who belonged not to the ordinary Christian community, and who,
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if not an unbeliever, was yet of no known Christian Church or sect. No man's want of belief on revealed religion, as it is commonly received, ever can be held less blameworthy than Sir S. Romilly's, because he must have reached that unfortunate state of scepticism after full consideration, and with a very reluctant step. Yet no one can read the Prayer and suppose that he was a believer in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Nor can any one doubt that this Prayer was the communing only with his own heart, and was of all the things he ever wrote the one he must the last and the least have desired to see published.

But the Diary abounds in statements, and in remarks on others, which the benevolent author was the last man to intend ever laying before the world. The editors tell us (i. 6) that these animadversions are 'such as the terms, in which they were expressed, and the object for which they were written, would not have justified them in suppressing.' The author has himself declared his *object*: he only intended the diary as furnishing himself with the means of self-examination. Mr. Dumont, in a letter on the subject of publishing the papers—(a letter never sent, he it remarked, and which, being only found among his papers, we have a right to presume does not contain his final judgment)—while he admits in terms 'that Sir S. R. never had thought of publishing them,' only says that the leave to publish would have been given by him in case his friends should think the publicity 'could injure no one.' Then let us just see how far the editors could think so, and how far, to use their own words, 'the terms in which the animadversions are expressed did not justify their suppression;' for on this high ground do they most foolishly and thoughtlessly put the issue. They are, forsooth, not merely allowed, but compelled to print, and compelled by the tenour of the statements. Take then a few examples.

The attacks on Lord Erskine, Chancellor of the Government to which Sir S. Romilly belonged as Solicitor-General, are unsparing. He is not merely held up to ridicule by details of what passed in a private company at dinner around his own table—he is not only distinctly charged with utter incapacity for his high office—an incapacity avowed by himself to Sir S. in a confidential interview fully described—but he is plainly charged with partiality in an important case before him, and partiality arising from his having in early life been on a friendly footing with one of the parties. Further reflection would probably have altered this opinion of Sir Samuel Romilly on all points, as it certainly did on one; for the Chancellor's refusal to commit the party charged by Sir Samuel with constructive contempt, which called forth no little animadversion at the time the Journal was made, appears
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after some years to have been in accordance with Sir S. Romilly's own more mature opinion, when he had become, in 1810, an adversary of the House of Commons' doctrine upon that important subject.

• Again, 'the terms in which the animadversions are expressed,' and which 'left no power of suppressing,' may be illustrated in what the Diary represents Lord Ellenborough, then Chief Justice of England, to have said at the Lord Chancellor's, but said privately to Sir S. Romilly. Of Lord Redesdale's Insolvent Act, his Lordship was pleased to say that it 'was nonsense and unintelligible'—of Lord Redesdale himself, 'that he ought to be put in a straight waistcoat' (iii. 20)—of some one else who had charge of the Bill in the Commons that his Lordship 'knew him, and he was a great fool;'—and although the book here gives the name only by way of asterisks, in another page of the Diary we have it at full length (conf. ii. 109—120).

Of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning the Diary records that they spoke for the Catholic Question like men not in earnest, and who were not concerned at being defeated. Yet this was five years after Mr. Canning had made the most strenuous and even successful exertions on behalf of the emancipation—exertions wholly out of Sir S. Romilly's recollection when he penned this uncharitable passage—but which, had he ever dreamt of its being published, he would as a just and honest man have remembered and acknowledged. So when, with great eulogy, he also condemns Mr. Brougham for want of temper and judgment—in a hasty memorandum written in a moment of party disappointment, 1816—he never would have suffered this to stand unqualified, probably never to stand at all, since we find him in a more deliberate act, his last will, two years after, leaving to the same individual's discretion the question of selecting his papers for publication. The mention of this recalls to our recollection that the selection now made, and which leaves out the papers on jurisprudence, can scarcely be supposed to have had Lord Brougham's concurrence, because he has in his own biographical sketch of Romilly expressed his regret at the omission. Why the executor and editors consulted others and themselves rather than him whom the testator expressly desired to be consulted, it would be for them to explain.

• In what we have said, nothing we trust will have appeared to detract from the great and unfeigned respect with which we have ever regarded the eminent and truly amiable individual whose family we have felt it our painful duty to condemn for their use of his papers. These papers convey a most pleasing idea of his domestic character, and although it is plain that their publication was without any the least authority from the author, we may say

from the subject of them, we still are disposed to think, that had certain portions been suppressed, more good than harm might have resulted from the course pursued.

The parties whose conduct we feel it necessary next to bring forward in illustration of our general remarks, are the sons of another distinguished individual, the late Mr. Wilberforce. We have already (vol. liv. p. 50) had occasion to show how far from raising their father's memory in the eyes of mankind their indiscriminate printing of his most imperfect, most inconsiderate, and most rambling Diaries and Correspondence has been. We now must add, that nothing can be conceived more apparent on the face of every page both of the Letters and of the Journals and Minutes of Conversations, than that they were all of a purely private description. The Journal of Religious impressions is plainly a writing only intended for the unburthening of the good man's own mind, and for aiding him in the pious task of self-examination. All his doubts and his fears, his qualms and his scruples, his alarms lest he should have had short-comings in his aspirations after sanctification and humility and spiritual abstraction, are registered for his own use and his own edification. The dialogue or the monologue of the Confessional might as well be made public; but though nothing could more astonish or more shock the humble-minded and pious author than to find his soul thus, as it were, tabled for dissection, yet the operation is comparatively harmless, and may be considered as a risk he knowingly exposed himself to when he wrote and left his Diary. No such excuse can be offered for giving the secret and confidential letters of others, and those portions of the Conversation Minutes which reflect on persons alive, or on the memory of persons deceased—nor can any one affect to doubt, that applying the tests formerly given to such publication, they would at once have given a negative result.

Thus, who can doubt that if Dean Milner's letters upon the state of his mind touching spiritual matters had been shown him or recalled to his memory, he would at once, and sternly too, have told the sons of Mr. Wilberforce to print them at their peril? So in Dec. 1799, he writes, 'that all his bodily complaints are nothing to the great darkness and temptation of his mind:'—'You would not believe my narrative of what passes, day and night, and even in dreams.' He then speaks of occasional flashes of hope in his despair, but compares them to the lightning in a tempest, and says that he all but despairs. In Sept. 1804, when in the very vigour of his faculties, he writes, 'In one word, I have no confidence towards God, and of late have been very much beset with lamentable temptations.' After much more to the same effect, he adds, '*Say nothing of this—I could not help pouring out*
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my spirit a little to you—you know not what I suffer (Corr. i. 320). The Dean of Carlisle little foresaw that his injunction of secrecy was to be observed by causing it to be printed! So much for what concerns the Dean himself; but he is just as uncharitable to his neighbours, and would have liked just as little to have his privately vented vituperations thus published to the world. In one letter he says as plainly as possible, 'that Dundas (Lord Melville) is a man whom nobody thinks well of, as duplicity and artifice are his character, and that he is always acting with design in the worst sense' (Letter, 1792, Life, i. 347)—a character as much the reverse of Lord Melville's as it was possible to describe; the passage as false as slanderous.

In the same niche with the publication of this letter we place the printing that entry of Mr. Wilberforce's own Diary, in which he says that for some time before the famous Tenth Report against Lord Melville appeared, and wholly independent of it, Mr. Pitt and he were hardly on speaking terms. Some one must have deceived Mr. Wilberforce as to this; the thing is both untrue and impossible.

Again, Lord Loughborough had for more than half his life filled the highest legal offices—solicitor general, chief justice, lord chancellor. As lord chancellor he had been assumed to hold the religious opinions of the Church, while he was patron of between nine hundred and a thousand of her livings, was keeper of the sovereign's conscience, and visitor of many colleges in the universities. Indeed a letter of his is given in the Life of Mr. Wilberforce, expressing his lordship's 'sincere hope that the work on Vital Christianity will be read by many with that just and proper temper which the awful circumstances in which we stand ought to produce' (Life, vol. ii. 102). This was written in 1797. But behold, it now appears that the lord high chancellor was all this time neither more nor less than an infidel—for in vol. i. of the Correspondence, p. 29, the sons of Mr. Wilberforce are pleased to print a letter from Mr. Gisborn to their father in April, 1805, soon after Lord Loughborough's decease, in which it is related that he came to Bath a year or two before he died, and after a long and acute argument with Dr. Randolph against the truth of Christianity, was converted by reading 'Burgh on the Divinity of Christ,' his lordship avowing that he 'had come to Bath an infidel' (p. 31).

The publication of such things is bad, but worse remains behind. What shall be said of the reckless haste of these gentlemen when we find them printing a letter of their father to Mr. Banks on Bishop Prettyman's death, complaining that till six hours before Mr. Pitt's death the Bishop had never spoken to him

on religion, and yet left the dying man under the impression, a false one according to his bosom friend, Mr. Wilberforce, that he was in a satisfactory state as to religion? (Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 508.) But still more, what shall be said of those editors, who print another letter written by their father to Mr. Gisborn a few days after Mr. Pitt's death, and communicating to his friend, he expressly says, 'in the strictest confidence what he is bound by promise not to mention generally' (vol. ii. p. 71), that he' (Mr. Pitt) apparently for the first time prayed, but with a great impression of 'not being worthy to offer up prayer in his present state.' He adds that this appeared to be all that passed on so important a subject at the minister's death.*

Unwilling to mingle water with our wine, we say nothing of the various other persons who are either when living or after their decease assailed by the disclosures of confidential letters or conversations contained in these seven volumes of *Life and Letters*. Many things are also to be found in them which cannot be called attacks upon men's reputation, but which nevertheless hold them up to contempt, or pity akin to it, or to ridicule—things which the amiable and kind-hearted writer would sooner have put his hand in the fire than have written down had he ever foreseen that they were to be published to all the world. We cannot doubt that the Messrs. Wilberforce now, after the lapse of some years, severely reproach themselves for all this indiscretion—but the thing is done!

But no offender has been greater than the present Lord Malmesbury, and no other's offence is graver than his. We have already made reference to his most unjustifiable publication of papers which contain matters of State, and which past all dispute belong to the public. What possible right had he to use them for his own private advantage, and to print them without obtaining leave from the Government, whose servant his father was, to whom he was amenable, for whom every one of his official papers, whether marked private or not, was exclusively written? That by applying to the Court of Chancery an injunction to stop the publication would at once have been obtained, we upon the most unquestionable authority affirm; and we are extremely sorry that this course was not pursued. Justice towards Sir Robert Adair requires us to note the great difference of his proceedings from Lord Malmesbury's: he carefully abstained from publishing one line of his own dispatches until he had obtained the express per-

* The omission of all blame on this publication of such a letter, so described as strictly confidential by its writer, is very remarkable in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1840, which, to give it the more publicity, extracts the whole letter, and makes no comment whatever; indeed rather seems thankful for the publication.

mission of all the secretaries of state who were in office both when he was preparing his valuable, because instructive and interesting, work, when he had it ready for the press, and when it was actually given to the public.

• We now come to the book itself, which has given occasion to the preceding dissertation. It is a new offence, aggravated no doubt by the peculiar position of the party, but not by any increase of the evil arising from the nature and tendency of his disclosures. The author is the physician who had attended Lady Hester Stanhope for many years, at several different periods, beginning in 1810, when he accompanied her on her travels in the East. From that time he remained with her till 1817. He again joined her in 1829, after apparently attempting repeatedly to do so during about three years, being always prevented by what he considers as cross-accidents, but which really resolve themselves into his want of resolution. He now had married and took his wife with him, whose society seems little to have suited the humour and tastes of his patient; so, after about a year and a half, he returned to Europe. Towards the end of 1836 Lady Hester was seized with a desire again to have this doctor about her person; with his usual undetermined mind or procrastinating habits, he takes seven or eight months to resolve—arrives in Syria late in the summer of 1837—and after another residence of twelve months makes his formal exit at her own express desire, conveyed in her usual unceremonious words, ‘The sooner you take yourself off the better’ (vol. iii. p. 255). This, however, arose from no quarrel, but was chiefly owing to her embarrassed circumstances. She died about two years after, June, 1840.

The volumes before us consist of anecdotes related by her, opinions expressed by her, letters written by her, during those several residences of this physician under her roof, and to him, in that confidential capacity, all communicated by her, of course without the least expectation of their being sold and published; though we are bound to add, from the knowledge we have of her nature, and indeed from the internal evidence of the book itself, all or almost all such as the doctor might have made public without the least chance of her disapproving of the proceeding, could her assent have been asked.

• During the earliest and the longest residence the doctor does not appear to have kept a journal, which however he did during the two last periods of his intercourse with her. It is one of the many reasons against publishing such journals that great errors can hardly be avoided, even by all the care which may be used to attain correctness. The person who keeps such a diary

diary is not, peradventure, of the same class with those to whom the 'Anecdotes and Opinions' relate. He, therefore, is sure to misapprehend much that he hears, from ignorance of the persons described, or from unacquaintance with the usages and habits of the society in which they moved. But a more fruitful source of error is the carelessness with which familiar and easy conversation is unavoidably carried on. Most persons, we might say almost all, are accustomed to talk for relaxation, and without curiously choosing or accurately weighing their words. Many epithets are applied, now of praise, now of blame, which the same individuals never would employ on the same subjects even in writing a familiar letter to a private friend. Much error, in the way of exaggeration, creeps in from the love of amusing one's self and others at the moment. Much inaccuracy in detailing facts occurs from mistake, through want of recollection, through indulging in the whim of the hour, through the impossibility of stopping at every sentence to reflect, to inquire, to compare, to weigh. The whole structure of conversation is alien to the nature of an exact historical record. Down it all goes, and is preserved and made public as if it were a spoken history. Yet tell any of the prolocutors whose words, unknown to him, are thus taken down, that what he says will be entered in the journal immediately—he will pause and reduce his talk within a narrow compass. Tell him that all will be printed after his death—the volume of his conversation will shrink, and its texture will become even more sober, less brilliant, than before. Tell him that all will be published before his decease—and he will be reduced, if not to silence, at least to the most concise, the most matter of fact, the most uninteresting of discourses. When Mr. Boswell's first work in this kind appeared, possibly the earliest sample of it in existence, his *Journey with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides*, all society was in an uproar, and the privacy of social life was supposed to be at an end; if, indeed, an end was not put to all such intercourse. Repeated and daily increasing instances of the same kind have accustomed us to this outrage without reconciling us to it. But we are at present only noting the causes which unavoidably operate to destroy all confidence in the correctness of either the 'Opinions' or the 'Anecdotes' which such publications contain. The Opinions are rarely quite real; the Anecdotes never quite accurate. A single but a sufficiently striking instance of this may be given in connexion with the work before us. Scarce had it appeared when Lady Hester Stanhope's brother, who had been severely censured by her in one of the conversations recorded, for having dined with Mr. Fox while Mr. Pitt lay on his deathbed, published a flat

flat contradiction of the whole story.* No one who knew anything of Lord Stanhope could have for a moment swallowed such a story of him; and as the conversation of Lady Hester must have plainly shown to her physician that there existed family quarrels—the fruit of which was this ‘Anecdote’—he is exceedingly to be blamed for having given it publicity without further inquiry. But indeed the flighty and fanciful character of Lady Hester’s mind; and the extreme violence of her temper, should have warned him against publishing any of her harsh judgments—if it did not operate to forbid the whole publication. He represents her repeatedly as of a frame of mind hardly other than diseased. Surely such a person, however endowed with genius, if sitting in judgment upon the conduct of individuals, ought not easily to find one who will both record her decisions and promulgate them to the world.

These remarks seem quite necessary in treating of a work like the present, in addition to the more general observations above delivered, within the scope of which, too, its contents frequently fall. The warning thence arising to the reader, that he should be on his guard, is the more necessary for the sake of common charity, and indeed common justice, because the nature of such a book unavoidably is such as to give it extraordinary attractions. These volumes are such as no one who takes them up can easily lay down. The character of the principal personage is one of no ordinary interest. The granddaughter of Lord Chatham, she had all his spirit and his fire, much of his penetrating quickness, some of his fancy, not a few of his eccentricities. She was not well-informed; for though she had read a good deal, her reading had been very desultory; and though she had lived with some of the ablest men of her day, she had mingled in their conversation with an overweening confidence in her own powers, little likely to make her a docile auditor or a careful storer up of what she might hear. For many of the latter years of her singular life she neither read, nor con-

* *To the Editor of the Times.*—Sir,—I regret that it should be necessary for me, in justification of my own character, to notice an assertion made in “*The Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope*, as related by herself in conversations with her Physician” (vol. ii., p. 296), that I went to dine in company with Mr. Fox when Mr. Pitt was on his deathbed. This is utterly unfounded, for I never dined in company with Mr. Fox, and never had any personal acquaintance with him—and at the period referred to I dined at Mr. Pitt’s house in Downing Street, with a large party, assembled as usual before the meeting of Parliament. There are in those Memoirs several other misrepresentations and mis-statements concerning myself, which I forbear to mention, as they relate to private and family affairs.—I may also express my concern that any physician should have considered it as consistent with his sense of propriety to publish the report of conversations between himself and one of his patients.—I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant, STANHOPE.

‘London, July 9.’

versed with those who had ; her intercourse being only with her servants, a few of the natives, some occasional visitors, for a few excited moments each,—and this journalizing doctor, whose share in the performance indicates very scanty literature or information of any kind. But in the great faculty of seeing clearly into character she excelled to the last, and was seldom mistaken, unless when her temper or her prejudice dug pitfalls for her judgment. Her courage was undaunted at all times ; her patience and fortitude far greater than such a temperament could have easily made credible ; her pride towering, like that of all her house ; her honour, like theirs, pure from every stain ; her generosity so boundless as to spurn all the limits which he means prescribed. In her ideas, and so in her projects, there was ever somewhat of the romantic—much of fancy—little of reason or reflection ; yet with all this, which points to the ideal and impracticable, she acquired an influence, an ascendant, over those with whom she came in contact, whether public or private parties ; which seems all but fabulous ; and she was truly, for some years, regarded as a kind of power in the Levant, though living with a small retinue, in a lone house, on a moderate income. This she owed to her firm and commanding will. Difficulties she contemned, and impossibility was not a word of her vocabulary, any more than of her grandfather's. That her illustrious uncle derived his cool and practical judgment from the cross of the Grenville blood, can well be conceived ; but then we must, in contemplating the niece, have recourse to the supposition either that Chatham's fervent heat had, with his gout, passed over one generation, or that the Stanhope admixture had neutralized the Grenville influence ; for, assuredly, no two characters ever resembled each other less, in all but generous neglect of self and high principles of honour, than did those of Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester. Nor was there less of likeness in the outward form than in the interior of these remarkable relatives. Lady Hester was, though tall, of a fine and feminine form ; and as her figure was graceful, her features were both beautiful and expressive. She might well, in her early day, fix the deepest affections of as noble-hearted a soldier as ever died on the bed of honour. She might well, ere that cruel termination of her hopes gave the ultimate dark shade to her temperament, have been the chosen solace of the private hours of Mr. Pitt.

She was the daughter of his favourite sister, and lived with him for the last years of his eventful life. With her great talents, her lively and various conversation, her admirable manners, her frankness—so likely to relieve one whose shyness was habitual and painful—she became the favourite associate of his leisure, and was quite necessary to his existence. Before her he freely unbent

bent himself; and as she remembered much that had passed in his society, and was naturally fond of dwelling upon the subject, the principal charm of these volumes is derived from their constant reference to the habits of that great man. Nor can anything be well conceived more attractive than his simple, amiable character as it appears in their pages. He is hardly ever mentioned that he does not rise in our esteem. We give a few passages almost at random, selecting such as there seems no reason whatever to question the correctness of:—

“It is wonderful,” said she, “what a man Mr. Pitt was. Nobody would have suspected how much feeling he had for people’s comforts who came to see him. Sometimes he would say to me, “Hester, you know we have got such a one coming down. I believe his wound is hardly well yet, and I heard him say that he felt much relieved by fomentations of such a herb: perhaps you will see that he finds in his chamber all that he wants.” Of another he would say, “I think he drinks ass’s milk; I should like him to have his morning’s draught.” And I, who was born with such sensibility that I must forget myself about everybody, no matter whom, was always sure to exceed his wishes.

“Would you believe, doctor, that in the last weeks of his last illness he found time to think about his groom in a way that nobody would have suspected in him? He had four grooms who died of consumption, from being obliged to ride so hard after him; for they drank and caught cold, and so ruined their constitutions. This one I am speaking of, when first attacked in the lungs, was placed at Knightsbridge, and then sent to the seaside. One day, Mr. Pitt, speaking of him, said to me, “This poor fellow, I am afraid, is very bad: I have been thinking of a way to give him a little consolation. I suspect he is in love with Mary, the housemaid; for one morning early I found them talking closely together, and she was covered with blushes. Couldn’t you contrive, without hurting his feelings, to get her to attend on him in his illness?”

“Accordingly, soon after, when he was about to set off for Hastings, I went to see him. “Have you nobody,” I asked him, “whom you would like to go to the seaside with you?—your sister or your mother?” “No, thank you, my lady.” “There’s the still-room maid, would you like her?” “Ah, my lady, she has a great deal to do, and is always wanted.” From one to another I at last mentioned Mary, and I saw I had hit on the right person; but, however, he only observed, he should like to see her before he went. Mary was, therefore, sent to him; and the result of their conversation was, that he told her he would marry her if he recovered, or leave her all he had if he died—which he did.”—vol. i. pp. 187—189.

When Mr. Pitt retired from office, and sold Hollwood, his favourite child, he laid down his carriages and horses, diminished his equipage, and paid off as many debts as he could. Yet, notwithstanding this complete revolution, his noble manners, his agreeable condescending air, never forsook him for a moment. To see him at table with vulgar sea captains,

captains, and ignorant militia colonels, with two or three servants in attendance—he, who had been accustomed to a servant behind each chair, to all that was great and distinguished in Europe—one might have supposed disgust would have worked some change in him. But in either case it was the same—always the admiration of all around him. He was ever careful to cheer the modest and diffident; but if some forward young fellow exhibited any pertness, by a short speech, or by asking some puzzling question, he would give him such a set down that he could not get over it all the evening.’—vol. ii. pp. 67, 68.

‘Mr. Pitt’s consideration for age was very marked. He had, exclusive of Walmer, a house in the village, for the reception of those whom the castle could not hold. If a respectable commoner, advanced in years, and a young duke arrived at the same time, and there happened to be but one room vacant in the castle, he would be sure to assign it to the senior; for it is better (he would say) that these young lords should walk home on a rainy night than old men: they can bear it more easily.

‘Mr. Pitt was accustomed to say that he always conceived more favourably of that man’s understanding who talked agreeable nonsense, than of his who talked sensibly only; for the latter might come from books and study, while the former could only be the natural fruit of imagination.

‘Mr. Pitt was never inattentive to what was passing around him, though he often thought proper to appear so. On one occasion Sir Edward Knatchbull took him to the Ashford ball to show him off to the yeomen and their wives. Though sitting in the room in all his senatorial seriousness, he contrived to observe everything; and nobody’ (Lady Hester said) ‘could give a more lively account of a ball than he. He told who was rather fond of a certain captain; how Mrs. K. was dressed; how Miss Jones, Miss Johnson, or Miss Anybody, danced; and had all the minutiae of the night as if he had been no more than an idle looker-on.’—*Ib.*, pp. 72, 73.

‘Lady Hester said, that those who asserted that Mr. Pitt wanted to put the Bourbons on the throne, and that they followed his principles, lied; and if she had been in parliament she would have told them so. “I once heard a great person,” added she, “in conversation with him on the subject, and Mr. Pitt’s reply was, “Whenever I can make peace, whether with a consul, or with whosoever is at the head of the French government, provided I can have any dependence on him, I will do it.” Mr. Pitt had a sovereign contempt for the Bourbons; and the only merit that he allowed to any one of them was to him who was afterwards Charles X., whose gentlemanly manners and mild demeanour he could not be otherwise than pleased with. Mr. Pitt never would consent to their going to court, because it would have been a recognition of Louis XVIII.’—*Ib.*, pp. 73, 74.

‘After Mr. Pitt’s death, I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear, until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned grey, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over.’—*Ib.*, p. 79.

‘When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath, in his last illness, he told me he had

had just seen Arthur Wellesley. He spoke of him with the greatest commendation; and said, the more he saw of him the more he admired him. "Yes," he added, "the more I hear of his exploits in India, the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits from them. He is the only man I ever saw that was not vain of what he had done, and had so much reason to be so." This eulogium, Lady Hester said, "Mr. Pitt pronounced in his fine mellow tone of voice, and this was the last speech I heard him make in that voice; for, on his return from Bath, it was cracked for ever."—*Id.*, pp. 81, 82.

'I recollect one day Mr. Pitt came into the drawing-room to me—"Oh!" said he, "how I have been bored by Sir Sydney coming with his box full of papers, and keeping me for a couple of hours, when I had so much to do!" I observed to him that heroes were generally vain: "Lord Nelson is so." "So he is," replied Mr. Pitt; "but not like Sir Sydney: and how different is Arthur Wellesley, who has just quitted me! He has given me details so clear upon affairs in India! and he talked of them, too, as if he had been a surgeon of a regiment, and had nothing to do with them; so that I know not which to admire most, his modesty or his talents: and yet the fate of India depends upon them."—*Id.*, p. 292, 293.

The following is not an exaggerated account of Mr. Pitt's simple tastes, and of his hard work:—

'When Mr. Pitt was at Walmer, he recovered his health prodigiously. He used to go to a farm near Walmer, where hay and corn were kept for the horses. He had a room fitted up there with a table and two or three chairs, where he used to write sometimes, and a tidy woman to dress him something to eat. Oh! what slices of bread and butter I have seen him eat there, and hunches of bread and cheese big enough for a ploughman. He used to say that, whenever he could retire from public life, he would have a good English woman cook. Sometimes, after a grand dinner, he would say, "I want something—I am hungry." And when I remarked, "Well, but you are just got up from dinner," he would add, "Yes; but I looked round the table, and there was nothing I could eat—all the dishes were so made up, and so unnatural." Ah, doctor! in town, during the sitting of parliament, what a life was his! Roused from his sleep (for he was a good sleeper) with a despatch from Lord Melville;—then down to Windsor; then, if he had half an hour to spare, trying to swallow something:—Mr. Adams with a paper, Mr. Long with another; then Mr. Rose; then, with a little bottle of cordial confection in his pocket, off to the House until three or four in the morning; then home to a hot supper for two or three hours more, to talk over what was to be done next day:—and wine, and wine!—Scarcely up next morning, when tat-tat-tat—twenty or thirty people one after another, and the horses walking before the door from two till sunset, waiting for him. It was enough to kill a man—it was murder!"—*Id.*, pp. 64—66.

The following passage shows how easily and how well he could enter into the most ordinary matters, and with an interest in

in them which showed the singular frankness of a mind from its earliest years occupied with the greatest affairs, and worn by the heaviest cares :—

‘People thought Mr. Pitt did not care about women, and knew nothing about them; but they were very much mistaken. Mrs. B——s, of Devonshire, when she was Miss W——, was so pretty, that Mr. Pitt drank out of her shoe. Nobody understood shape, and beauty, and dress, better than he did; with a glance of his eye he saw it all at once. But the world was ignorant of much respecting him. Who ever thought that there was not a better judge of women in London than he? and not only of women as they present themselves to the eye, but that his knowledge was so critical that he could analyse their features and persons in a most masterly way. No defect, not a blemish, escaped him: he would detect a shoulder too high, a limp in the gait, where nobody else would have seen it; and his beauties were real, natural beauties. In dress, too, his taste was equally refined. I never shall forget, when I had arranged the folds and drapery of a beautiful dress which I wore one evening, how “he said to me, “Really, Hester, you are bent on conquest to-night: but would it be too bold in me, if I were to suggest that that particular fold—and he pointed to a triangular fall which I had given to one part—were looped up so?” and, would you believe it?—it was exactly what was wanting to complete the classical form of my dress. He was so in everything.

‘Mr. Pitt used to say, when I went out in my habit and a sort of furred jacket, that women, when they rode out, generally looked such figures; but that I contrived to make a very handsome costume of it.

‘He had so much urbanity, too! I recollect returning late from a ball, when he was gone to bed fatigued: there were others besides myself, and we made a good deal of noise. I said to him next morning, “I am afraid we disturbed you last night.” “Not at all,” he replied; “I was dreaming of the Mask of Comus, Hester, and, when I heard you all so gay, it seemed a pleasant reality.”’—vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We have no doubt of the general accuracy of all these passages. Often in other places we detect plain carelessness—as at vol. i., p. 175, where she makes Mr. Pitt remark the resemblance of her voice to his father’s, and also of an observation she had been making,—‘Good God! if I were to shut my eyes I should think it was my father! And how odd! I heard him say almost the very words forty years ago!’ Now, as he was only forty-six when he died, he could not have any recollection of his father’s opinions, delivered when he was six years old. So, though it may be quite true that he had a great dread of the intriguing nature of Lord A., and the chattering of his wife, it cannot be true that he ever gave as his reason for not marrying the eldest daughter that ‘for his king and country’s sake he must remain a single man’ (vol. i. p. 179). Again, he never could have ‘always thought well of Sheridan’ (vol. ii. p. 58). Indeed we set this down to the doctor’s

doctor's inaccuracy rather than hers. The exaggerated account of Mr. Canning's defects we can only ascribe to Lady Hester's own hatred of him, which, notwithstanding his sedulous attentions to her, appears to have been intense; and it would have been better had she confined her abuse of that gentleman to her own language, and not invoked her illustrious relative's aid, whom she would represent as having a very low opinion of his young friend, nay as even disliking him and quarrelling with him. It is quite possible Mr. Pitt may have censured his intriguing disposition, and possible even that, as she represents (vol. ii. p. 316), he had resolved never to give him a Cabinet place—though without any gift of prophecy we may discover that to this resolution he never could have long adhered. But that he was fond of Mr. Canning's society, and had so much kindness for him as to overlook his faults, no one can doubt. Other inaccuracies we are at a loss how to apportion, whether setting them down to the account of the doctor's lack of memory or the patient's abundance of imagination; as when at vol. ii., p. 61, she describes a deputation from the city coming to offer Mr. Pitt an annuity. Though the fact be true, and that he refused it, the sum was assuredly not 10,000*l.* a year; nor did any one come with a gold box containing 100,000*l.* to offer it as a bribe or a gratuity. Such blunders as the making Mr. Pitt sit in the company of Horne Tooke (vol. ii. p. 31) must of course be placed to the doctor's own account alone.

The following is a portion of the various passages which give a lively picture enough of Lady Hester Stanhope herself, and her mode of life. After describing her as retiring very late to bed, and then keeping her whole household on the alert half the night with orders and counter-orders, at length towards sun-rise she would be still for a season:—

‘Worn out with the fatigue of ringing, talking, and scolding, at length Lady Hester Stanhope would fall asleep; all would be hushed, and so the silence would continue for three, four, or five hours. But soon after sunrise the bell would ring violently again, and the business of the morning would commence. This was a counterpart of the night, only that the few hours' sleep gave her a fresh supply of vigour and activity. As she seldom rose until four or five in the afternoon, the intervening hours were occupied in writing, talking, and receiving people; for, as she then sat up in her bed, her appearance was pretty much the same as if she had been on a sofa, to which her bed bore some resemblance. She would see, one after the other, her steward, her secretary, the cook, the groom, the doctor, the gardener, and, upon some occasions, the whole household. Few escaped without a reproof and a scolding; her impatience, and the exactitude she required in the execution of her commands, left no one a chance of escape. Quiet was an element in which a spirit

a spirit so restless and elastic could not exist. Secret plans, expresses with letters, messengers on distant journeys, orders for goods, succour and relief afforded to the poor and oppressed—these were the aliments of her active and benevolent mind. No one was secure of eating his meals uninterruptedly; her bell was constantly ringing, and the most trifling order would keep a servant on his legs, sometimes a whole hour, before her, undergoing every now and then a cross-examination worse than that of a Garrow.—vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

The doctor's estimate both of her faculties and of the importance of her occupations, is perhaps excessive; but he thus paints her:—

'In the same day I have frequently known her to dictate, with the most enlarged political views, papers that concerned the welfare of a pashalik, and the next moment she would descend, with wondrous facility, to some trivial details about the composition of a house-paint, the making of butter, the drenching of a sick horse, the choosing lambs, or the cutting-out of a maid's apron. She had her finger in everything, and in everything was an adept. Her intelligence really seemed to have no limits; the recesses of the universe, if one might venture to say so, absolutely seemed thrown open to her gaze. In the same manner that she frustrated the intrigues and braved the menaces of hostile emirs and pashas, did she penetrate and expose the tricks and cunning of servants and peasants, who were ever plotting to pilfer her. It was curious to see what pains she would take in developing and bringing to light a conspiracy of the vile wretches, who, from time to time, laid their deep schemes of plunder—schemes of which European establishments have no parallel, and machinations which Satan himself could hardly have counteracted. She used to say, "there are half a dozen of them whom I could hang if I chose;" but she was forbearing towards culprits when she once had them in her power, although unwearied and unflinching in her pursuit of them.'—vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

Her tyrannical spirit is seen both in such passages as the following, and in various traits and anecdotes throughout the whole work:—

'No soul in her household was suffered to utter a suggestion on the most trivial matter—even on the driving-in of a nail in a bit of wood: none were permitted to exercise any discretion of their own, but strictly and solely to fulfil their orders. Nothing was allowed to be given out by any servant without her express directions. Her dragoman or secretary was enjoined to place on her table each day an account of every person's employment during the preceding twenty-four hours, and the names and business of all goers and comers. Her despotic humour would vent itself in such phrases as these. The maid one day entered with a message—"The gardener, my lady, is come to say that the piece of ground in the bottom is weeded and dug, and he says that it is only fit for lettuce, beans, or *selk* [a kind of lettuce], and such vegetables." "Tell the gardener," she answered vehemently, "that, when I order him to dig, he is to dig, and not to give his opinion what the ground is fit

fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, it may be for mine. He must know nothing until I send my orders, and so bid him go about his business.”—vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

Her conversation, however rich, eloquent and various, must have been from its excess a sore infliction. We question if ‘*Sicilian tyrants*’ ever invented a more severe suffering than the following passages describe:—

‘In the latter years of her life social and unrestrained conversation was out of the question—it was difficult to unbend before her—to spend a couple of hours with her was to go to school. She was unceasingly employed in laying bare the weaknesses of our common nature. Mercy, in the sense of tenderness for people’s *foibles*, she had none; but, to her honour be it said, although she was constantly drawing a line between the high and low born, good qualities in the most menial person bore as high an estimation in her mind, as if she had discovered them in princes.

‘It was wonderful how long she would hold a person in conversation, listening to her anecdotes and remarks on human life; she seemed entirely to forget that the listener could possibly require a respite, or even a temporary relief. It may be alleged that nothing was more easy than to find excuses for breaking up a conversation; but it was not so—for her words ran on in such an uninterrupted stream that one never could seize a moment to make a pause. I have sat more than eight, ten—nay, twelve and thirteen hours, at a time! Lady Hester Stanhope told me herself that Mr. Way remained one day from three in the afternoon until break of day next morning, *tête-à-tête* with her; and Miss Williams once assured me that Lady Hester kept Mr. N. (an English gentleman, who was her doctor some time) so long in discourse that he fainted away. Her ladyship’s readiness in exigencies may be exemplified by what occurred on that occasion. When she had rung the bell, and servants had come to her assistance, she said very quietly to them that in listening to the state of disgrace to which England was reduced by the conduct of the ministers (this was in 1818-19), his feelings of shame and grief had so overpowered him that he had fainted. Mr. N., however, declared to Miss W. that it was no such thing, but that he absolutely swooned away from fatigue and constraint.

‘Her conversation was generally familiar and colloquial, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes rising to eloquence, so noble and dignified, that, like an overflowing river, it bore down everything before it. Her illustrations were drawn from every sensible or abstract thing, and were always most felicitous. Her reasoning was so plain as to be comprehended and followed by the most illiterate person, at the same time that it was strictly logical, and always full of strength and energy. She had read all subjects without books, and was learned without *long*; and, to sum up all, if she was mad, as many people believed, she was, like the cracked Portland vase, more valuable, though damaged, than most perfect vessels.’—vol. i. pp. 136-138.

Her opinions were of the most extraordinary cast; she was religious,

ligious, constantly meditating on the Deity, and endeavouring to walk purely before Him both as to her conduct and as to her boundless charities. She believed in the Scriptures, and read scarce anything but the Bible; but she firmly expected the second coming of the Messiah as close at hand, kept two horses always ready, one for his use, the other for her own to attend him, and never suffered any one to ride either of them. Then in the influence of stars and of the evil eye, she as firmly believed as any of the most unenlightened Orientals; and in dæmonology she placed such implicit faith that she conceived the air to be at all times peopled by pure and invisible spirits, with whom she not only held an imaginary converse, acknowledging their influence, but such was the mixture of the natural with the spiritual in her notions of their nature, that she considered a person ought to move carefully, to shut the doors or windows with caution, and to handle the furniture with circumspection, lest he might chance to injure their delicate frames.

Her imagination so mastered her reason that, notwithstanding her knowledge of mankind, her eminently suspicious nature, and her boasted power of seeing through characters, she was the easy dupe of impostors. Thus projectors were ever obtaining money from her; some man, designated as X. in these volumes, but whose real name should be made known, pretended to bear a message from the Dukes of Sussex and Bedford to her with offers of pecuniary assistance to liquidate her debts, and obtained entire possession of her confidence, which of course he must have turned to his own profit and to her loss. The rumour of a Colonel Needham having left his property in Ireland to Mr. Pitt, who predeceased him by a few days, made her never doubt that his heir-at-law, Lord Kilmorey, must make over the estates to her, at least after his own decease; and she is for years in expectation of a favourable answer on this head from Sir Francis Burdett, to whom she had written as her negotiator, but who no doubt considered the whole affair as some Irish joke or Syrian dream.

After all, however, her embarrassments appear clearly to have resulted from her boundless charities and her noble munificence to those she protected. Her country and her countrymen reaped largely the benefits of all her expenditure, into which nothing mean, or paltry, or selfish, or calculating, entered; and we must say that we feel truly disgusted at the return she received from the British ministry for all her generosity—a return which appears, if not illegal, yet to approach the very limits of the law. Some money-lender complained that she was in debt to him, whereupon Lord Palmerston thought proper to issue his orders to the consuls in the Levant that they should refuse to sign any certificate

certificate of her being alive, which ceremony was necessary in order to give her the right to draw her pension quarterly! The consequence was that, on a mere statement by one party, she was deprived for the last two years of a pension as much her right as his lordship's rent, perhaps as well earned as his lordship's salary. We verily believe this instance of official oppression is without an example, and we are curious to hear by what law it was justified, and what use Lord Palmerston or his colleagues could by law make of the Parliamentary pension which they thus stopped. The statement is plainly made; it is placed before the public in the most distinct terms. There can be no denial of the fact, because the letters of the consuls are given in the book: there must, therefore, be some explanation given—why the signature was refused to Lady Hester, which operated as a stoppage of the pension, merely because some one claimed a debt from her, of which the noble ex-secretary had no official knowledge; and there must be some account rendered of the arrears which thus accrued, not one penny of which the government had any right to apply in payment of Lady Hester's debts, be they ever so clearly due, any more than in payment of Lord Palmerston's own. This explanation and this account we shall hope to see.

ART. VI.—*The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon, in 4 vols., 8vo. London. 1845.*

TWO scions of the old knightly house of Stanhope were raised to the peerage by James I. The elder (and only surviving) branch was advanced to the earldom of Chesterfield by Charles I., in whose cause its zeal and sufferings were conspicuous. Two of its cadets earned early in the next century by great public services the separate earldoms of Stanhope and Harrington; and in the former of these junior lines the succession of remarkable abilities has ever since been uninterrupted—a circumstance perhaps unique. We believe, taking the blood all together, not one race in Great Britain has produced within the last two hundred and fifty years so many persons of real and deserved eminence; but still for the brilliant variety of his talents and attainments, the general splendour of his career, influence, and fame, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield remains the *facile princeps* of his house and name. Either as statesman, or diplomatist, or orator, he stood

below no contemporary who never held the prime management of a great party, and below but two of those who ruled the Empire. As the ornament and oracle of the world of fashion, the model of taste and wit, and all personal graces and accomplishments, his supremacy was undisputed; but it is to his connexion with the literature and literary men of his age that he owes mainly the permanence as well as the prominence of his celebrity. He survives among us, and will survive, by reason of his connexion with Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Swift, Voltaire, Johnson; and (though we are far-from undervaluing others of his writings) because his Letters on the Education of his son are in point of style a finished and classical work, contain instructions for the conduct of life that will never be obsolete, and constitute some of our most curious materials for estimating the moral tone of aristocratic society during a long and important period of English history.

These famous Letters were published the year after his death, and have since gone through many editions; but it cannot be said that until now they had received even a decent measure of editorial care. Lord Mahon has (with a few trivial and proper omissions in the earlier part of the series) reproduced them entire, and for the first time filled up names left in blank, and explained hints and allusions which the lapse of another generation would have condemned to hopeless obscurity. As the original editrix was actuated solely by motives of pecuniary interest, no addition to the text could be expected—she, we may be sure, printed every scrap that had been preserved. They are now, however, incorporated with a more general correspondence which had been originally dealt with in a widely different manner. Bishop Chenevix and Mr. Dayrolles were friends of Chesterfield, and men of character and honour. In whatever they communicated to the public they had a just regard for the claims both of the dead and the living: if they erred at all, it was on the side of over-delicacy: accordingly, the mutilations were severe; and as respects this, the larger share of his materials, when we compare Lord Mahon's copy with what we had had before, it is hardly too much to say that he has given us a new work. Whatever could wound anybody's feelings had been omitted; in other words, a very large proportion of whatever could throw light on the secret history of parties and public men in Lord Chesterfield's time—very many letters entirely—the most striking paragraphs of half the rest. The *lacunæ* are now filled up as far as was possible—and the whole illustrated by notes, which we recommend to the study of all who may be tempted to undertake tasks of this description; for

for they are brief and clear—and wherever a judgment was called for, convey that of a sagacious mind in language as terse as the great kinsman himself could have employed. Lord Mahon has also collected and arranged the various Letters that had more recently emerged in the Suffolk Correspondence, the Marchmont Papers, Coxe's ponderous compilations, and elsewhere. We are, however, we must confess, somewhat surprised that his diligence has not brought out more of absolute novelty in this way. Mr. George Berkeley, we know, had kept carefully some specimens of Chesterfield's epistolary vein, even of the boyish Cambridge time. The writer attained extraordinary repute in his earliest manhood, and he lived to the edge of eighty in the enjoyment of all but unrivalled admiration. With such social connexions and predilections, such literary habits and facility, his correspondence must have been vast—and even now we can have seen but a very insignificant fragment of it. Where is it? Even in those comparatively careless days, who could have burnt a letter of Lord Chesterfield's? We have no doubt that in the repositories of those who represent his various political and fashionable associates, innumerable relics must still be lying disinterred. Lord Mahon tells us that he inquired in vain at Bretby; but it was not there that we should have expected to find much—Lord Chesterfield was the last man to keep copies of his own letters—we should greatly doubt whether he ever wrote anything twice over in his life. But we are not told of any researches in places which we should have conjectured to be among the likeliest for discovery—at Castle Ashby, for instance, at Stanmer, at Clumber, or Longleat, or Hagley. Among his closest connexions was that with Mr. Waller, the last male representative of the poet, himself a man of extensive acquirements, an elegant scholar, through life a student. Where are the Waller MSS.? Has Mr. Upcott no information of their fate? Then, is there not reason to suppose that a very considerable body of Chesterfield papers exist in the Castle of Dublin? The Earl's brief vice-royalty is on the whole the most honourable feature in his history. Some inedited letters or despatches of that date were quoted with effect a few years ago in the House of Lords by the Marquess of Normanby; but though the noble Editor's attention was thus directed to the point, the result is *nil*. He states that his applications were received with the anticipated courtesy both by Lord Normanby and by the present Lord-Lieutenant; but that in neither case were the desired documents placed at his disposal. *Cosas de España*:—we think it highly improbable that a trip to Dublin (within the last twelve months at all events) could have failed of its reward. But as no man ever devoted himself to the ladies

with more zeal, or carried to the grave with him the reputation of more triumphant success in the quest of their favour, nothing certainly strikes us as stranger in this case than that so few specimens should have yet come out of the Earl's correspondence with the fair sex. That he hardly spent a morning between his 20th and his 50th year without penning some effusion of gallantry—*nulla dies sine lineâ*—we may assume as not less certain than his regular observance of the toilette. That letters of this class should not have been forthcoming at an earlier period, no one can be surprised;—but we can scarcely think the heirs, or even the heirs-esses of the beauties concerned, would feel any hesitation in now producing the evidence of their appreciation by that peerless Knight of the Garter. Did the adorable Lady Fanny Shirley, for example—of his devotion to whom,

‘ In that eternal whisper which begun
Ten years ago, and never will be done,’

we have hardly any record but in this couplet of Hanbury Williams, and one or two not always decent songs by Chesterfield himself—did she preserve none of her worshipper's epistles? Did Madame de Monconseil destroy all but the evidently interrupted as well as mutilated series with which it was left for Lord Mahon to connect her name?

* ‘ When Fanny, blooming fair,’ &c. &c. It is probable that the Verses on a Lady's drinking the Bath Waters were also inspired by Lady Fanny. We quote the opening—the close would not do:—

‘ The gushing streams impetuous flow
In haste to Delia's lips to go:
With equal haste and equal heat
Who would not rush those lips to meet?—
Blest envied streams, still greater bliss
Attends your warm and liquid kiss;
For from her lips your welcome tide
Shall down her heaving bosom glide;
There fill each swelling globe of love,
And touch that heart I ne'er could move.’

We have heard that it was the same lady who found these lines written in her copy of *Sherlock upon Death*:—

‘ Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.
To die 's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.
But if thus blest I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give—
‘Tis I must learn to die.’

We

We have no doubt the reception of these volumes will be such as to encourage further investigation not only in England and Ireland, but also in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. No Englishman of the time had more intimate connexions with foreign courts or with foreign literati. He was as much at home in France as Bolingbroke or Horace Walpole—as familiar with Germany as Sir C. H. Williams; he knew Italy well; and had a more thorough acquaintance with Holland than any other first-rate Englishman subsequent to Sir William Temple. Equally admired by Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia (who used to call him *L'homme d'Angleterre*), he contrived to keep quite clear of their feuds, and was cultivated and confided in by both to the last. But indeed if no man was more feared and dreaded for satiric wit than Chesterfield, and if, as we believe, no man ever paid dearer for the indulgence of that faculty in its results to his political ambition, it must be allowed that no great wit ever passed through the world with so few social quarrels. We may be sure he practised diligently the precept so often inculcated on his son—‘Be always ready to embrace any man whom you don't feel entitled or disposed to knock down.’

We may also, we think, consider ourselves as having a claim on Lord Mahon for a fuller collection than has as yet appeared of his celebrated relation's miscellaneous works, both in prose and in verse. We know that some ‘Dialogues of the Dead’ remain in manuscript, and have heard them highly commended by a most excellent judge. They were, we suppose, inspired by his propensity for quizzing his solemn friend Lyttleton, and withheld from the press in tenderness to the respectable victim. Several light pieces of verse, commonly ascribed to his pen, are only to be found in magazines of his day, or in books of elegant extracts. Others inserted as his by Maty, or Maty's successor in the confidence of Lady Chesterfield, are now known not to be his; though we can see not the least reason for supposing with Sir Egerton Brydges (Collins's *Peerage*, vol. iii.) that the Earl himself ever claimed in any sort the parentage of a stanza that did not belong to him. Sir Egerton, no doubt, disliked Lord Chesterfield for his sneers at the bibliomania, to say nothing of worse heresies; but we believe he in this matter allowed himself to be mystified by the eternal malice of Horace Walpole, who hated Chesterfield with a perfect hatred, as son, as partisan, as rival wit—hated him as a substantive magnate, as far above the gossip of coats and crests as above accumulating teapots and smelling-bottles—hated him even in his vices, not because they were vices, but because they were manlier vices than his own. We infer from
 Lord

Lord Mahon's preface that Mr. Evelyn Shirley is in possession of various things hitherto inedited; and if among these be any more *characters* equal to those of Pope, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Chatham, Newcastle and Bute—or to that now for the first time printed of Arbuthnot—the public would be very grateful for them. But at any rate Chesterfield's miscellaneous works have long been out of print; and his speeches, his political tracts, his essays on the follies and affectations of his day, his songs and metrical *jeux d'esprit*, all need and are well entitled to revision and illustration of the same kind that Lord Mahon has now bestowed on the gathered specimens of his Correspondence.*

Prefixed to this collection is a sketch of the life and character of Chesterfield, extracted nearly *verbatim* from the third volume of Lord Mahon's History of England, with some additional matter explanatory of his immediate task and objects. The sketch is a very excellent one—concise yet comprehensive, and in style highly graceful. As a chapter in a History, a preface to a series of letters, or, we may venture to say, as an article in a Review, nothing could be better. But if Lord Mahon should, as we hope he will, undertake a general edition of Chesterfield's works, we trust he will accompany it with a complete biography. Dr. Maty's is a wretched performance: it is true he did not live to correct it finally for the press; but at any rate he wrote so close on the time, and so entirely under the directions of the

* Of Chesterfield's lighter Essays, one of the best is that on the dress of women. Two classes are thus neatly disposed of. Of the *plain* we read—'Their dress must not rise above plain humble prose; any attempts beyond it amount at best to the mock-heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her which she will entertain so ill. But if she endeavours, by dint of dress, to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented; and when a Gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women, who may more properly be called a third sex than a part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavour to be honest good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field sports, and a cheerful glass; and, if they could get into Parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked how a woman shall know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly, I answer that, in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and, if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity, and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them.'

'There is another sort who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are exceedingly numerous: witness all the public places. I have often observed septuagenary great-grandmothers adorned, as they thought, with all the colours of the rainbow, while in reality they looked more like the decayed worms in the midst of their own silks. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage settlements, and which no hand but the cold hand of time had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the elegy and the *tristibus*.'—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Earl's widow, that it was impossible for him, even had his abilities been much greater than they were, to produce a satisfactory Life of Lord Chesterfield. He is evidently in leading-strings where his pace is best, and then it is stiff and pompous to a most doctorial degree of absurdity. Wherever there was a point of real delicacy or difficulty, he either flounders through a splash of unintelligible verbosity, or skips the whole matter with the lugubrious smirk of a German dancing-master. Not one of the questions that have in the sequel given rise to serious debate is clearly propounded—far less have we an opinion on it, expressed with manly directness one way or another. This is the led-chaplain style of memoir—less detestable only than that (now more in vogue) of the valet de chambre. Unfortunately it so happens that Lord Mahon's sketch, having been originally drawn up for the purposes of a general history, omits entirely what are now for the majority of readers the most interesting of the vexed topics alluded to. We will instance the theory, gravely transmuted into solemn fact by Archdeacon Coxe, that Chesterfield missed the favour of George II. because he sought it by courting Lady Suffolk instead of the Queen; and the whole story of his connexion with Dr. Johnson, the Boswellian impression as to which is still so prevalent as to have inspired perhaps the most popular picture in the Royal Academy's exhibition of May, 1845. Lord Mahon is by talents and opportunities better qualified than any other man in England to write a worthy Life of Lord Chesterfield. It is wanted: and we shall be extremely sorry for his sake and our own if he does not supply this blank. We hear with pleasure that his lordship is again in office: for our experience is all in favour of Chesterfield's dictum—'the men who go through most business have most leisure.'

Meanwhile, with his present Preface before us, there would be considerable imprudence in attempting another sketch of the Earl's life on the scale suitable for this journal. We shall, therefore, venture merely on a few sentences with reference to one or two of the circumstances that seem to be, even now, most commonly misapprehended or misrepresented. And first, let us take Walpole's story about Lady Suffolk, and its adoption by worthy Mr. Coxe. The Archdeacon, in his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, says,—

'Lord Chesterfield had requested the Queen to speak to the King for some small favour; the Queen promised, but forgot it: a few days afterwards, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added, that she would certainly mention it that day. Chesterfield replied, that her Majesty need not give herself that trouble, for Lady Suffolk had spoken to the King. The Queen made no reply; but

on seeing the King, told him that she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his Majesty, but it was needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The King, who always preserved great decorum with the Queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased with both Lord Chesterfield and his mistress; the consequence was, that in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, to return no more to court: Chesterfield was dismissed from his office—and never heard the reason till two years before his death; when he was informed by the late Earl of Orford (Hor. Walpole) that his disgrace was owing to his having offended the Queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk.—vol. ii. p. 283. (Edif. 1816.)

This story (embalmed of course in Walpole's own Memoires of George II., which Coxe had not then seen) has since been repeated in we know not how many books and essays; and yet we must say that we think the editor of the 'Suffolk Letters' disproved it in the most conclusive manner more than twenty years ago. But so difficult it is to dislodge a fiction, however flagrant, which flatters the ordinary mediocrity of our race, by representing the acknowledged master in any department of life to have been foiled in his own craft, when practising it, as he supposed, with the utmost refinement of adroitness. That Chesterfield should not have understood the interior of the Court of George II.—that it should have been his fate to be dismissed from that Court in 1732, and to have remained in ignorance of the cause of his dismissal, till forty years afterwards Horace Walpole cleared up the mystery by recalling and explaining a *gaucherie* and a *bêtise* of Chesterfield's own—committed when the Earl was in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and in the meridian of his courtly skill and diplomatic celebrity—the heaviest of Archdeacons never chuckled over a more palpable mare's nest; but how he came to imbed it in the stiff clay of his own historic text without having taken the slightest trouble to compare the charmingly precise and particular *anecdote* of a Horace Walpole with the dates of about the most prominent events in Lord Chesterfield's public career, is a specimen of incompetency for the study of affairs such as Clarendon himself could hardly have prognosticated for a Cathedral Close. Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. Howard were intimately acquainted long before the lady attracted the notice of Queen Caroline or of George II. Their friendship continued all through the time when the lady's favour was at its height; and it was during that very time that Chesterfield occupied in succession all the distinguished offices in the family of George II. as Prince of Wales. On the opening of his reign Chesterfield—*anno ætat. 32!*—had the Garter, and became at once Lord Steward of the Household and Ambassador to the Hague. Chesterfield

terfield remained at the Hague four years, till 1732, by which time it was well known to him, and to all Mrs. Howard's friends, that her influence had waned to a shadow. Immediately on his return to England he joined the parties who had coalesced for the overthrow of Sir R. Walpole. He engaged forthwith in the literary warfare against the Minister, in which his wit and sarcasm rendered him most formidably efficient; and he was dismissed from his place in the household the instant that he threw off the mask, and took part in the parliamentary opposition to Walpole's great Excise Bill. He was dismissed on the *second* day after that bill was withdrawn; and on the same grounds as were dismissed at the same time from their places in the household, the Duke of Montrose, Lords Stair, Marchmont, and Burlington: nay, so unbridled was Sir R. Walpole's resentment of that opposition, that he at the same moment deprived Lord Clinton not only of his place in the household, but of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Devonshire; and both the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham of their regiments in the army. This was the mysterious dismissal of April, 1732, which Horace Walpole expounded to Lord Chesterfield in 1771! As to Mrs. Howard, she became Countess of Suffolk in 1731—from the hour when that event had set her at ease in money matters, we see by her letters that she was well disposed to retire from Court—but she did not leave it till 1735—three years after that dismissal of Chesterfield, to which Archdeacon Coxe represents her ladyship's retirement as the ominous preliminary!

To conclude—Chesterfield's letters to the lady herself contain the clearest evidence that he all along completely understood the predominant influence of Queen Caroline.* And Lord Mahon has now, for the first time, printed a very curious fragment on the character of Lady Suffolk by Chesterfield (vol. ii. p. 440), which, if more proof were wanted, distinctly proves the same thing.

We have been much obliged to the notes of the Editor of the 'Suffolk Papers.' He is, however, mistaken in saying (vol. ii. p. 85) that Chesterfield never appeared at the Court of George II. after the dismissal of April 13, 1732. Fourteen years, indeed, passed before he repeated the visit which immediately followed the withdrawal of his white wand; nor is it difficult to account for this, without any sort of reference to the supposed hostility of Queen Caroline—who died in 1737. For some years previous to the death of George I.; Chesterfield had been the favourite among many suitors for the hand of his Majesty's daughter by

* See e. g. 'Suffolk Letters,' vol. ii. p. 84.

the Duchess of Kendal—Melosina de Schullenburg, created in her own right Countess of Walsingham, and considered, as long as her father lived, as likely to turn out one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom. George I. opposed himself to the young lady's inclinations in consequence of Chesterfield's notorious addiction to gambling. She took her own way, as ladies usually do, so soon as circumstances permitted. Chesterfield's dismissal from Court had followed, as we have seen, almost immediately on his return from a four years' residence in Holland—and within a few months more Lady Walsingham became Lady Chesterfield. Chesterfield's house in Grosvenor Square was next door to the Duchess of Kendal's, and from this time he was domesticated with the mother as well as the daughter. The ancient mistress suggested and stimulated legal measures respecting a will of George I., which George II. was said to have suppressed and destroyed, and by which, as the Duchess alleged, the late King had made a splendid provision for Lady Walsingham;—and at last, rather than submit to a judicial examination of the affair, George II. compromised the suit by a payment of 20,000*l.* to the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield. These things were not likely to smooth the way for the ex-Lord Steward back to St. James's—they would be of themselves sufficient to account for his continued exclusion. But this was not all: for during both the later years of Walpole, and under Walpole's immediate successors too, Chesterfield's wit was turned to no point more assiduously than that of ridiculing and disparaging the precious Electorate and all its concerns. German connexions and subsidies—German powers and principalities—were his perpetual butt; nay, the military, and martinet, and army-tailor propensities of George II. were exposed by this 'wit among lords' and 'lord among wits,' as mercilessly as the innocent farming of George III. ever was by Peter Pindar. As his miscellaneous pieces, especially political, are now in few hands, we are not unwilling to give a specimen of his vein in this way, in the heyday of his vigour, and we submit part of one paper in *Fog's Journal* (the *Continuation of Mist's*) January 17, 1736:—

'My friend ****, having resided some time at a very considerable court in Germany, had there contracted an intimacy with a German prince, whose dominions and revenues were as small as his birth was great and illustrious; there are some few such in the august Germanic body. This prince made him promise, that whenever he should return to England, he would make him a visit in his principality. Accordingly, about two years ago, he waited upon his serene highness; who, being apprised a little beforehand of his arrival, resolved to receive him with
all

all possible marks of honour and distinction. My friend was not a little surprised to find himself conducted to the palace through a lane of soldiers resting their firelocks, and the drums beating a march. His highness, who observed his surprise, after the first compliments, spoke very gravely to him thus:—

“I do not wonder that you, who are well informed of the narrowness both of my territories and my fortune, should be astonished at the number of my standing forces; but I must acquaint you, that the present critical situation of my affairs would not allow me to remain defenceless, while all my neighbours were arming around me. There is not a prince near me that has not made an augmentation in his forces, some of four, some of eight, and some even of twelve men; so that you must be sensible that it would have been consistent neither with my honour nor safety, not to have increased mine. I have therefore augmented my army up to forty effective men, from but eight-and-twenty that they were before; but, in order not to overburden my subjects with taxes, nor oppress them by the quartering and insubordination of my troops, as well as to remove the least suspicion of my designing anything against their liberties, to tell you the plain truth, my men are of wax, and exercise by clock-work. You easily perceive,” added he, “that, if I were in any real danger, my forty men of wax are just as good a security to me as if they were of the best flesh and blood in Christendom: as for dignity and show, they answer those purposes full as well; and in the mean time they cost me so little, that our dinner will be much the better for it.”

My friend respectfully signified to him his sincere approbation of his wise and prudent measures, and assures me that he had never in his life seen finer bodies of men, better-sized, nor more warlike countenances.

The ingenious contrivance of this wise and warlike potentate struck me immediately, as a hint that might be greatly improved to the public advantage. I have turned it every way in my thoughts with the utmost care, and shall now present it to my readers, willing however to receive any further lights and assistance from those who are more skilled in military matters than I am.

I therefore humbly propose, that, from and after the 25th day of March next, 1736, the present numerous and expensive army be totally disbanded, the commission officers excepted; and that proper persons be authorised to contract with Mrs. Salmon, for raising the same number of men in the best of wax. That the said persons be likewise authorised to treat with that ingenious mechanic, Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, for the clock-work necessary for the said number of land forces.

Infinite pains have been taken of late, but alas in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one: it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and, above all, with a certain military fierceness that is not natural to British countenances: even some very considerable officers have been cashiered for wanting SOME OF THE PROPERTIES OF WAX.

By my scheme all these inconveniences will be entirely removed;
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the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion: the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them by the proper application of whiskers, scars, and such like indications of courage, according to the taste of their respective officers; and their exercise will, by the skill and care of Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, be in the highest German taste, and may possibly arrive at the *one motion*, that great *desideratum* in our discipline. The whole, thus ordered, must certainly furnish a more delightful spectacle than any hitherto exhibited, to such as are curious of reviews and military exertions. But give me leave to say too, that an army thus constituted will be very far from being without its terror, and will doubtless strike all the fear that is consistent with the liberties of a free people.

'Our British monarchs in the Tower are never beheld but with the profoundest respect and reverence; and that bold and manly representation of Henry VIII. never fails to raise the strongest images of one kind or another in its beholders.

'My readers will observe, that I only propose a reduction of the private men, for, upon many accounts, I would by no means touch the commissions of the officers. As they are all in parliament, I might be suspected of political views, which I protest I have not. I would therefore desire that the present set of officers may keep the keys, to wind up their several regiments, troops, or companies; and that a master-key to the whole army be lodged in the hands of the general-in-chief for the time being, or, in default of such, in the hands of the prime minister. I would further provide, that, in the disbanding the present army, an exact account should be taken of every soldier's right of voting in elections; and that the like number of votes, and for the same places, shall be reserved to every regiment, troop, or company, of this new army; these votes to be given collectively by the officers of the said regiment, troop, or company, in as free and uninfluenced a manner as hath at any time been practised within these last twenty years.

'Moreover, I would provide, that *Mann and Day** shall, as at present, have the entire clothing of this new army; so scrupulous am I of distressing the administration.'

Even the turning lathe at Kensington does not escape. This is from No. 32 of a paper called 'Common Sense,' in 1737:—

'The players, who get their parts by heart, and are to simulate but for three hours, have a regard, in choosing those parts, to the natural bent of their genius. Penkethman never acted Cato; nor Booth, Scrub; and I would much rather be an excellent shoemaker than a ridiculous and inept minister of state. I greatly admire our industrious neighbours, the Germans, for many things; but for nothing more than their steady adherence to the voice of Nature: they indefatigably pursue the way she has chalked out to them, and never deviate into any irregularities of character. Thus many of the first rank, if happily turned to mechanics,

* A firm of woollen-drapers in the Strand; the first of them was grandfather to Sir Horace Mann, the correspondent of Horace Walpole—who, by the way, in the 'Memoirs of George III.' just published (vol. iv. p. 19), expressly calls Mann his *cousin*.

have employed their whole lives in the incatenation of fleas, or the curious sculpture of cherry-stones; but none, that I have heard of, ever deviated into an attempt at wit. Nay, due care is taken even in the education of their princes, that they may be fit for something, for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that, if their genius does not lead them to be able princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners.'

In a graver sheet of the same paper (January, 1739), after much laudation of Hanover, we are told—

'There cannot be a stronger instance of the advantages arising to a country from a wise and a frugal administration, than the great improvements of that electorate, under the successive governments of his late and his present majesty. The whole revenues of the electorate, at the time of his late majesty's accession to the throne of these realms, did not amount to more than 300,000*l.* a-year; and yet soon afterwards the considerable purchases of Bremen and Verden were made for above 500,000*l.* sterling. Not long after this, the number of troops in the electorate was raised much above what it was before thought able to maintain, and has continued ever since upon that high establishment. Since his present majesty's accession to the electorate, notwithstanding that the expenses for the current service of the year equal, at least, the revenue of Hanover, yet, by a prudent and frugal management, a million sterling at least has been laid out, over and above, in new acquisitions.'

Small wonder that Chesterfield gained nothing by the downfall of Walpole, though no one had laboured for that downfall with more persevering energy both of voice and pen. Small wonder that even in the second of the succeeding cabinets he found no place; it was more than sufficient that his friends should be able to nominate him for another mission to the Hague, and for the Lieutenancy of Ireland, which he was allowed to hold with his embassy. He performed his Dutch business (as on the former occasion), with admirable skill—and repaired to the seat of his viceroyalty on the rumour of invasion in the autumn of 1745—but still without ever being admitted to the presence of his sovereign. It was the consummate prudence, firmness, and even now astonishing success of his brief Irish administration—his success in keeping Ireland perfectly tranquil all through the Jacobite insurrection—nay, in producing and maintaining, at such a juncture, a more general appearance of good will towards the English Government than has ever since, we believe, been exhibited there during even so short a space as eight months together—it was this great service—especially as contrasted with the offence of his anti-Carteret friends in threatening a *strike* at the very crisis of the Rebellion—it was this that finally subdued

subdued the very excusable antipathy and jealousy of George II.* The Earl's gracious reception on his return to London, and the familiarity of the subsequent intercourse between him and the king, being narrated fully by Dr. Maty, besides being embellished with some lively caricatures by Horace Walpole, we are somewhat surprised that the truth of the case should have escaped the sharp-sighted editor of the Suffolk Correspondence.

Chesterfield now exchanged his Lord Lieutenancy for the office of Secretary of State in England—a change alike unfortunate for himself, for his sovereign, and, we are most seriously persuaded, for the permanent interests of the empire. He came to take part in an administration with the heads of which he never cordially agreed on the main question of their foreign policy; and a variety of collisions, the details of which are no longer of general interest, produced his resignation of the seals in 1748—which proved to be his final retirement from official life—he being at that time only in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the full possession of talents and experience such as no contemporary surpassed. Had he continued in Ireland for but a few years more—heartily animated as he was with an interest in the country, a warm love of the people, a thorough conviction that a course of steady impartial government, a fixed discountenancing of jobs of every sort and kind, and the cordial promotion of national industry in all departments—the whole administration conducted on the principle of fostering whatever was at once Irish and good, and of discouraging whatever needlessly irritated the prejudices of a naturally generous and affectionate race of men—had Lord Chesterfield been allowed to remain in Dublin for ten years in place of eight months, we think it almost impossible that he should not have accomplished more for the civilization of the people, the improvement of the country's resources, and the obliteration of its long-descended feuds and bitternesses, than could have been looked for from twenty years of any Lord Lieutenant since the Revolution. It was a grievous blunder that removed from Ireland, which needed a first-rate man, a first-rate man for whom the first place was not open in England, and who could nowhere be satisfied long to fill any place but the first.

We cannot refuse ourselves a quotation from Lord Mahon:—

'Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland, in 1745, confirmed and

* It would seem that the '*Memoires of George II.*' had opened the eyes of Mr. Coxe; for in his later publication on the Pelham ministry (vol. i. p. 346), when he narrates these transactions, he does not recur to Horace Walpole's story about Lady Suffolk, but justly describes George II. as having, until 1746, 'fostered a strong resentment against Chesterfield for his former virulent invectives against Hanoverian predilections.'

renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the House of Commons reversed in his favour Clarendon's character of Hampden, saying that "Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any worthy action." At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming acts and abolition acts—we find that Chesterfield "was for schools and villages to civilise the Highlands." But undoubtedly the most brilliant and useful part of his career was his Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It was he who first, since the Revolution, made that office a post of active exertion. Only a few years before, the Duke of Shrewsbury had given as a reason for accepting it, that it was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake! Chesterfield, on the contrary, left nothing undone, nor for others to do. Being once asked how he was able to go through so many affairs, he answered, "Because I never put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day." Chesterfield was also the first to introduce at Dublin—long as it had reigned in London—the principle of impartial justice. It is no doubt much easier to rule in Ireland on one exclusive principle or on another. It is very easy, as was formerly the case, to choose the great Protestant families for "Managers," to see only through their eyes, and to hear only through their ears: it is very easy, according to the modern fashion, to become the tool and champion of Roman Catholic agitators; but to hold the balance even between both; to protect the Establishment, yet never wound religious liberty; to repress the lawlessness, yet not chill the affections, of that turbulent but warm-hearted people; to be the arbiter, not the slave, of parties: this is the true object worthy that a statesman should strive for, and fit only for the ablest to attain! "I came determined," writes Chesterfield many years afterwards, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever, and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty towards them." Yet Chesterfield did not harshly censure, even where he strongly disapproved; but often conveyed a keen reproof beneath a good-humoured jest. Thus, being informed by some exasperated zealots that his coachman was a Roman Catholic, and went every Sunday to mass—"Does he, indeed?" replied the Lord Lieutenant, "I will take good care that he shall never drive me there!" When he first arrived at Dublin, a dangerous rebellion was bursting forth in the sister kingdom, and threatened to extend itself to a country where so many held the faith of the young Pretender. With a weak and wavering, or a fierce and headlong Lord Lieutenant—with a Grafton or a Strafford—there might soon have been another Papist army at the
• Boyne.

Boyne. But so able were the measures of Chesterfield; so clearly did he impress upon the public mind that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice; but that, to quote his own expression, "his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it;"—so well did he know how to scare the timid, while conciliating the generous, that this alarming period passed over with a degree of tranquillity such as Ireland has not often displayed even in orderly and settled times. This just and wise—wise because just—administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame; his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps, next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long viceroyal line.'—vol. i. pp. ix.—xi.

This eloquent passage is now reproduced exactly as it first appeared in 1839. We cannot read it over without again expressing our hope that Lord Mahon may yet expand and illustrate its statements. There are some apparent inconsistencies in Chesterfield's language, and conduct too, as to the Irish Romanists, on which Burke has left us a fierce commentary in the letter to Sir H. Langrishe, but as to which we think it probable the archives of Dublin Castle might yet furnish a vindication. To these points Lord Mahon makes no allusion; and, as matters stand, they are sufficiently puzzling. We think even here he might have said more on the good effects in Ireland of what was precisely the source of his chief difficulties and disasters in his political career at home. The wit of the Viceroy had a thousand charms for the Irish, and no terrors. He was not afraid of joking with anybody: he could give and take with equal readiness; and even what to us now-a-days seem very indecorous jokes, to have come from a man of his years, to say nothing of his station, were enjoyed and reciprocated at Dublin with most uncereceremonious glee. Lord Mahon does not forget the remarkable fact that during the whole of his Lieutenantcy, as also while Secretary of State afterwards, the Earl had resolution to abstain wholly from the gaming-table, though it is well known that he reappeared at White's the very evening he resigned the seals. It is proper to add that he exerted himself in every way, by precept and by example, and with considerable success, to put down the habits of deep drinking in Irish society; and no Lieutenant could have had a chance of success in that direction unless one disposed and qualified to enter freely into all the unbrutal parts of convivial enjoyment—one capable of reconciling even George Faulkener by copiousness of merriment to scant of claret. We fear he set a bad enough example as to some other matters, but even this promoted his popularity with high and low. We fear also that

Lord

Lord Chesterfield's patronage of the Roman Catholics (such as that was—a much nearer approach to patronage, at all events, than they had experienced since 1688) had its root, partly at least, in his general indifference to religion; but on that subject we shall say something by-and-bye. Meantime he condensed much wisdom into his parting sentence to the Bishop of Waterford—'*Be more afraid of Poverty than of the Pope.*'

Chesterfield resigned the seals in 1748—and whoever was the penman of the once celebrated tract entitled 'An Apology for a late Resignation,' we have no doubt that it states truly the grounds of his retirement—namely, his aversion to the war and his resentment of his cousin Newcastle's interference with the proper patronage of his office. That he at the time meant his retirement to be final, Lord Mahon seems to believe fully—but here we cannot agree with the editor. We consider it much more probable that he would have been very willing to take office again—upon the great changes produced by the death of Pelham especially—but for the sad, to him of all men the most grievous, infirmity of deafness, which—within but a few years after 1748—though it might not materially interfere with his efficiency as a parliamentary orator,* must have unfitted him for watching and participating in the tide of debate, as would have been expected from an official leader in the House of Lords. As to the authorship of the 'Apology,' Coxe, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, ascribes it to Mallet (Life of Lord Walpole, vol. ii. p. 206). Lord Mahon (vol. iii. p. 254) does not allude to this claim, but seems to attach more weight to a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann (December, 1748), where the pamphlet is given to Lord Marchmont, who, Horace adds, had nearly lost his own place in consequence. To this piece of evidence we can oppose the opinion of Horace Walpole himself at a later date; for in his 'Memoires of George II.' he expressly calls it 'Chesterfield's book'—and, moreover, we have now before us the copy of the 'Apology' sold at the Strawberry Hill auction, and on its title-page in Horace's autograph are these words—'Lord Chesterfield's.' It is possible, however, that Lord Mahon placed more reliance on Chesterfield's own disclaimer at the time to Mr. Dayrolles, viz., 'Upon my word and honour, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out' (April 8, 1748). But, in the first place, the very formality and solemnity of this disclaimer, addressed to his

* Even Horace Walpole admits to Mann, in December, 1748, that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Chesterfield's. Horace had heard, when he wrote this, his own father, and Pulteney, and Carteret, and Wyndham, and Mansfield, and Chatham.

intimate friend *the Resident at the Hague*, would to us have seemed very suspicious: for it is clear, from not a few passages (*now first published*) in his correspondence with this very gentleman, that Chesterfield had no faith in the Post-office. He says to Dayrolles shortly before his resignation (January, 1748), 'Write to me from time to time as usual—but remember I shall be no longer master of the post—therefore let no letter that comes by it contain anything but what will bear an opening previous to mine' (vol. iii. p. 238): and in April, after he had resigned, he says, 'Don't send me the name in a letter by the post, for I know that most letters to and from me are opened' (*ibid.*, p. 257). We put Chesterfield's denial to Dayrolles, in reward, on the same foot with Swift's denial of his concern in *Gulliver* to Pope and Arbuthnot, and account for it in the same way. Secondly, it is impossible to read the pamphlet and believe that Lord Chesterfield read it without a suspicion who wrote it. It could have come from no man but one intimately conversant with the interior state of the cabinet, and with the secret occurrences of Chesterfield's own vexed career as Secretary. We have no doubt the pamphlet was dictated by Chesterfield, and think it most likely that Mallet, not Marchmont, held the pen. Some few inelegancies in the language are probably marks of Mallet's hand—but these, and even certain inflated compliments to Lord Chesterfield's wit, may have been studiously introduced by the master himself—parts of his *blind*.

On his resignation George II. offered him a Dukedom; but Chesterfield, whom so many think of, as a perfect peacock of vanity, declined that distinction. He did not approve of Lord Johns and Lord Charleses.

During his brief tenure of the seals as Secretary occurred that address and dedication to him of the plan or prospectus of the English Dictionary with which Boswell's narrative still connects in the popular mind impressions bitterly adverse and (we think) quite unjust to Lord Chesterfield. We fancy few take the trouble to reflect on the actual positions of the Earl and Johnson in November, 1747. Samuel Johnson was *anno atat.* 38, not our and Boswell's Dr. Johnson. Boswell himself never saw him till sixteen years later. Visiting London in 1760 he had a glimpse of a chance through—Derrick *the Poet*, but that failed. In 1761 he had another glimpse through—Sheridan the elocutionist, but that failed. In May, 1763, his hopes were crowned—by an introduction in the back shop of Tom Davies! But what had excited even Boswell's nervous curiosity even in 1760?—Between 1747 and then Johnson had shot up to a giant. In 1747 he had published nothing that we now value him for
except

except his 'London' and his *Life of Savage*. By 1760 he was the Doctor, the author of the *Rambler* and the *Adventurer*, of *Rasselas*, and of the *Dictionary*, &c. &c.; and even then we see what were the sort of channels through which a gentleman of birth, fortune, and talents, an enthusiastic admirer of his works, twice failed, and ultimately succeeded, in getting access to his society. In 1747 Chesterfield was fifty-three, and Secretary of State. Johnson's good friend Dodsley, the bookseller, suggested that it would be well to address the plan to the brilliant and literary minister—but Dodsley had no acquaintance with my lord, and Johnson waited on him in person with his prospectus, whereupon he had patched sundry elaborate eulogies of the patron *in fore*—phrases most magniloquent, which he must have concocted with some twinges of conscience, as Chesterfield, though a scholar and a wit, was at least as well known as a gambler, a voluptuary, an infidel—and a whig. 'We need not repeat the immortalized grievances of his alleged reception—he had the Secretary's approval of the plan, but what his friend Tyers calls the 'substantial proofs of approbation,' were limited to one donation of ten guineas—and Samuel Johnson, beside being actually kept waiting one day for some time in the Secretary's antechamber, had the mortification to see Colley Cibber come out as he was invited to walk in. Kept waiting!—Samuel Johnson had not had much experience of Whitehall. Only ten guineas!—He had received no more for his 'London'—he got but fifteen in 1748 for his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' 'Sir,' said he to Boswell in reference to another yet later payment—'Ten pounds were to me at that time a great sum.'

Boswell could not deny that when, after an interval of eight years, Johnson's *Dictionary* was at last published, Chesterfield recommended it promptly and efficaciously by two papers in 'The World'—but he calls this 'a courtly device' to cover the 'neglect' of the intervening years, and ascribes Johnson's famous letter to indignation mainly at this 'courtly device.' *Imprimis*, the plan or prospectus was admirably written, but still it was only a plan. Its writer was known to Chesterfield merely as a clever *Grub-street* author—the companion of the Savages—the hack of Cave and Dodsley. How could he be sure that the plan would ever be executed? Are either Earls as Earls, or Earls as Secretaries of State, expected now—were they really expected then—to provide 'substantially' for the support of any stranger who announces a great literary work while he shall be composing the work—a work which possibly he may have no serious intention to compose—a work which very possibly he may never be able to complete (for the cleverest do not always calculate exactly the

quid valeant humeri)—a work, finally, which if composed and completed well, is sure to turn out highly profitable to somebody—but not assuredly to the Earl or the Secretary? *Secundo*, notwithstanding Johnson's sonorous puffs of the Earl's taste and genius, his plan was without question addressed to the Earl because he was the Secretary. Now he ceased to be the Secretary very soon after the plan was submitted to him—in about four months after that awful waiting in the *salle des pas perdus*; and might he not be excused if he put the same construction on the puffs that we do, and considered that if the announced lexicon was really entitled to 'substantial' encouragement throughout the various stages of its embryo progress, the author (or rather the publishing undertakers) ought to look not to Philip Earl of Chesterfield, but to whoever succeeded him as His Majesty's Secretary of State? But *tertio*—Chesterfield retired from office in April, 1748—probably before Johnson had penned *de facto* one page of the Dictionary first announced in November, 1747—and during the years that passed between the presentation of the plan and the publication of the book, was the Earl—as a private nobleman—so situated as to have made it likely that he would seek after the private acquaintance of a literary man fifteen years his junior, and known to none of his friends—or, if Boswell falls back on the mere furthering of the approved Prospectus, were Johnson's own *public* proceedings during the interval such as would naturally inspire confidence in his industrious prosecution of the gigantic labour of the programmed Dictionary? As to Johnson, we have already mentioned that during those eight years he was before the world as author of an uninterrupted series of important writings, none of them in any way connected with the Dictionary; some of them ('Rasselas' and the 'Imitation of Juvenal' especially) such as a man like Chesterfield might naturally enough think little likely to proceed from a diligent lexicographer's desk; each of them and all in their sequence and patent results such as must be supposed to operate largely for the pecuniary benefit of the author, and the encouragement of his booksellers as to whatever else he might have in hand. But what was the bodily condition of Lord Chesterfield during these eight years when Johnson was keeping himself before the world as novelist, biographer, essayist, and poet, though all the while, guiding, directing, and animating the corps of humble scribes associated with him in the unseen toils of the Dictionary? One would have thought that everybody must have read at least Voltaire's tale, 'Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield.' Mr. Croker says:—

'Why was it to be expected that Lord Chesterfield should cultivate Johnson's private acquaintance?—That he did not do so was a loss to his

his lordship; and the *amour propre* of Johnson might be (as, indeed, it probably was) offended at that neglect, but surely it was no ground for the kind of charge which is made against his lordship.

'The neglect lasted, it is charged, from 1748 to 1755: the following extracts of his private letters to his most intimate friends will prove that during that period Lord Chesterfield may be excused for not cultivating Johnson's society:—

'20th January, 1749.—"My old disorder in my head hindered me from acknowledging your former letters."

'30th June, 1752.—"I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently *alone*; but I am *less dejected than most people in my situation would be*."

'11th Nov. 1752.—"The waters have done my head some good, but not enough to *refit me for social life*."

'16th Feb. 1753.—"I grow *deaf*, and consequently more '*isolé*' from society every day."

'10th Oct. 1753.—"I belong *no more to social life*, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining age."

'16th Nov. 1753.—"I give up all hopes of cure. I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for *I strike society out of it*."

'7th Feb. 1754.—"At my age, and with my *shattered constitution*, freedom from pain is the best I can expect."

'1st March, 1754.—"I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded either from the busy or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either."

'25th Sept. 1754.—"In truth, all the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd upon me. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no pleasant hours."

'10th July, 1755.—"My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing, and cuts me wholly off from the society of others, and my other complaints deny me the society of myself."

'Johnson, perhaps, knew nothing of all this, and imagined that Lord Chesterfield declined his acquaintance on some opinion derogatory to his personal pretensions.'—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 245.

Boswell's editor has been equally successful in clearing up the history of the famous *Letter* itself. Chesterfield showed it at the time to some of his friends—nay, kept it openly on his table, and took a pleasure, as it seemed to them (though Boswell considers this another '*courtly device*'), in pointing out the skillfulness of some of its vituperative turns and phrases. Johnson, on the other hand, to his credit be it said, seems to have repented of his violence very soon after it was committed. He never made a show of the letter. Importunate curiosity and adulation, and the Doctor's own authorly vanity, induced him near twenty years afterwards to give Bozzy a copy—but he gave it under the strictest injunctions of secrecy, and when subsequently

quently urged by the rhinoceros-skinned recipient to withhold no longer such a masterpiece from the gaze of the world, he sternly refused, saying 'I have done the dog too much mischief already.'

Nothing but the inveterate mania of toadyism and lionizing could have made a gentleman born like Boswell adopt the notion that men of literary or scientific eminence have a right, merely as such, to be cultivated as private acquaintance by either Secretaries of State or Earls of Chesterfield;—that they or their friends for them should ever condescend to complain of what Boswell in this story over and over calls 'neglect,' is to our view most melancholy and most degrading. We must add, whatever were Chesterfield's faults, he had none of those which Boswell on this occasion ascribes to him—and which Boswell would have been the last to say a word about, had there still been any chance of an invitation to Chesterfield House or Blackheath—the faults which do often keep men of high rank aloof from the society of persons inferior to them only in worldly station, and consequently in the *minora moralia* of manner and address. We need not repeat what has been said a thousand times, that his dwelling so pertinaciously on external trifles in the letters to his son was the consequence merely of the son's peculiar position and defects. In his own person the Earl was a most polished, but yet by no means a fastidious man. He could keep company with a set of Irish squireens just as pleasantly as with the *élite* of St. James's or Versailles. For he was a student of man—human manners were his special life-long study—and no man ever did study manners with true delight and diligence who had the misfortune to be emasculated by over-nicety. Johnson's mere manners were certainly in general bad enough: but still Johnson, a lover of wit, had no objection to a lord. Boswell *once* dined with him at a duke's table, and candidly allows that he never saw him so courteous or more brilliant. On the whole, therefore, we think it probable that if any such common friend as Topham Beauclerk, or Wyndham, had brought them together in after days, we should have had the record of another scene as edifying as the one when John Wilkes squeezed the lemon on the Doctor's roast veal, and gave him a bit more of the kidney. In that case even Chesterfield's infirmity could hardly have been an obstacle—for surely, if ever voice was deafness-proof, it was Samuel Johnson's.

We have already alluded to Walpole's 'Memoires of the Last Years of George II.' as decisive of his ultimate opinion as to the substantial authorship of the 'Apology' of 1748. As the passage had escaped Lord Mahon's recollection, and as it is perhaps

haps the very *chef-d'œuvre* of Horace Walpole's cold deliberate malice, we may as well pause to extract it from the huge quarto in which it as yet lies entombed. It is Horace's *résumé*, on having to state that the alteration of the *style* in 1752 was adopted on the motion of Lord Chesterfield—the Government shrinking from such a proposal as likely to disturb the prejudices of the old women.

• 'February, 1751.—Lord Chesterfield brought a bill into the House of Lords for reforming our style according to the Gregorian account, which had not yet been admitted in England, as if it were matter of heresy to receive a calendar amended by a pope. He had made no noise since he gave up the seals in 1748, when he published his Apology for that resignation. It was supposed to be drawn up by Lord Marchmont, under his direction, and was very well written; but to my Lord Chesterfield's great surprise, neither his book nor his retirement produced the least consequence. From that time he had lived at White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality. He had early in his life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, with as slender pretensions; yet the women believed in that too—one should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular! It was not his fault if he had not wit; nothing exceeded his efforts in that point; and though they were far from producing the wit, they at least amply yielded the applause he aimed at. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said, that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say. His speeches were fine, but as much laboured as his extempore sayings. His writings were—everybody's: that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. . . . In short, my Lord Chesterfield's being the instrument to introduce this new era into our computation of time will probably preserve his name in almanacs and chronologies, when the wit that he had but laboured too much, and the gallantry that he could scarce ever execute, will be no more remembered.'—*Memoires*, vol. i. pp. 44–46.

To balance this Strawberry-hill view of Chesterfield we consider it as only fair to subjoin the same 'noble author's' character of Dr. Johnson, from the newly published and closing volumes of his 'Memoirs of the First Ten Years of George III.':—

'With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character—by principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overhearing by nature, ungrateful through pride, and of *feminine bigotry*. His manners were sordid, supercilious, and brutal, his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and in one word, with all the pedantry he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster.'—vol. iv. p. 297.

When

When Chesterfield was dead, and the letters to his son published, Johnson, as everybody knows, said they taught the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master—but he subsequently admitted that ‘a very pretty book’ might be picked out of them. In our younger days we remember a little book compiled in consequence probably of the Doctor’s hint—and if, as we believe, it has fallen out of print, it is a pity that this should be so. The remarks on punctuality, order, despatch, the proper use of time—on the cheapness and vast value of civility to servants and other inferiors—and so forth—all these are instinct with most consummate good sense and knowledge of life and business, and certainly nothing can be more attractive than the style in which they are set before young readers. Lord Mahon says :—

‘It is by these letters that Chesterfield’s character as an author must stand or fall. Viewed as compositions, they appear almost unrivalled as models for a serious epistolary style ; clear, elegant, and terse, never straining at effect, and yet never hurried into carelessness. While constantly urging the same topics, so great is their variety of argument and illustration, that, in one sense, they appear always different, in another sense, always the same. They have, however, incurred strong reprehension on two separate grounds : first, because some of their maxims are repugnant to good morals ; and, secondly, as insisting too much on manners and graces, instead of more solid acquirements. On the first charge I have no defence to offer ; but the second is certainly erroneous, and arises only from the idea and expectation of finding a general system of education in letters that were intended solely for the improvement of one man. Young Stanhope was sufficiently inclined to study, and imbued with knowledge ; the difficulty lay in his awkward address and indifference to pleasing. It is against these faults, therefore, and these faults only, that Chesterfield points his battery of eloquence. Had he found his son, on the contrary, a graceful but superficial trifler, his letters would no doubt have urged with equal zeal how vain are all accomplishments when not supported by sterling information. In one word, he intended to write for Mr. Philip Stanhope, and not for any other person. And yet, even after this great deduction from general utility, it was still the opinion of a most eminent man, no friend of Chesterfield, and no proficient in the graces—the opinion of Dr. Johnson, “Take out the immorality, and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman.”—*Preface*, pp. xviii.-xix.

These letters were addressed to a natural son—and that circumstance should be constantly kept in mind ; it is needful to explain many things that are said, and the only apology for many omissions ; but at the same time we must say that if any circumstance could aggravate the culpability of a father’s calmly and strenuously inculcating on his son the duties of seduction and intrigue, it is the fact of that son’s unfortunate position in the world

world being the result of that father's own transgression. And when one reflects on the mature age and latterly enfeebled health of the careful unwearied preacher of such a code, the effect is truly most disgusting; which feeling is not diminished by our reading, in the original preface of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, that Lord Chesterfield was 'ever anxious to fix in his son a scrupulous adherence to the strictest morality'—that it was 'his first and most indispensable object to lay a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion';—after which it is hardly worth while to quote Chesterfield's own occasional injunctions, such as 'your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected—the least blemish or speck on it is fatal';—or to notice the dead silence, from first to last, as to religion, unless we must except a passage where the Old Testament is mentioned as one of the books needful for giving 'some notion of history'—or the many enthusiastic eulogies of Voltaire, amidst which not one syllable is ever whispered as to the infidel tendency of all the writings of 'the first of poets'—though some caution against infidel talk in society is once introduced—on the sole ground of its not being universally acceptable.

We give Lord Chesterfield full credit for his parental zeal and anxiety: in this respect he was very amiable; but we are afraid he went to his grave—he certainly drew up his last will—without ever having reflected seriously on the nature of his own dealings with his son's mother, or on—to speak of nothing more serious still—the personal, domestic, and social mischiefs inevitably consequent on the sort of conduct which his precept as well as his example held up for the imitation of his own base-born boy. By his will he leaves *five hundred pounds* to Madame de Bouchet 'as some recompense for the injury he had done her.' The story we believe to have been this:—About a year before Chesterfield's marriage, when he was ambassador to Holland, he was the great lion, and moreover the *Cupidon déchainé* of the Hague. Some of his adventures excited in a particular manner the horror of an accomplished Frenchwoman of gentle birth who was living there as *dame de compagnie* to two or three Dutch girls—orphans, heiresses, and beauties. Her eloquent denunciations of his audacious practices, and her obvious alarm lest any of her fair charges should happen to attract his attention, were communicated somehow to the dazzling ambassador; and he made a bet that he would seduce herself first, and then the prettiest of her pupils. With the duenna at least he succeeded. She seems to have resided ever afterwards in or near London, in the obscurest retirement and solitude—cut off for ever from country, family, friends. Five hundred pounds! Recompense!—

Recompense!—*Five hundred pounds* from one of the wealthiest lords in England, who had no children—Philip himself had died some years before—and whose vast property was entirely at his own disposal! It is satisfactory to add that she refused the ‘recompense.’ In the magnificent mansion which the Earl erected in Audley Street, you may still see his favourite apartments furnished and decorated as he left them—among the rest what he boasted of as ‘the finest room in London’—and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed—his spacious and beautiful library, looking on the finest private garden in London. The walls are covered half way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are in close series the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed;—over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines:—

NUNC . VETERUM . LIBRIS . NUNC . SOMNO . ET , INERTIBUS . HORIS .
DUCERE . SOLICITE . JUCUNDA . OBLIVIA . VITÆ .

On the mantel-pieces and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy Statuettes of Opera nymphs. We shall never recall that princely room without fancying Chesterfield receiving in it a visit of his only child’s mother—while probably some new victim or accomplice was sheltered in the dim mysterious little boudoir within—which still remains also in its original blue damask and fretted gold-work, as described to Madame de Monconseil. Did this scene of ‘sweet forgetfulness’ rise before Mrs. Norton’s vision when she framed that sadly beautiful episode which we quoted in our last Number, of the faded broken-hearted mistress reproaching in his library, amidst the busts of ‘bards and orators and sages,’ the

‘Protestant and protesting gentleman,’
who had robbed her innocence and blasted her life?

Hear the paternal voice when Chesterfield House was in the hands of the decorators, and Philip Stanhope was at Paris—a novice of *nineteen*!

‘What says Madame Dupin to you? I am told she is very handsome still; I know she was so some few years ago. She has good parts, reading, manners, and delicacy; such an *arrangement* would be both creditable and advantageous to you. She will expect to meet with all the good-breeding and delicacy that she brings; and, as she is past the glare and *éclat* of youth, may be the more willing to listen to your story, if you tell it well. For an attachment, I should prefer her to *la petite Blot*; and, for a mere gallantry, I should prefer *la petite Blot* to her; so that they are consistent, *et l’une n’empêche pas l’autre*. Adieu! remember *la douceur et les grâces*.’—vol. ii. p. 149.

And

And again (May, 1751):—

‘What do you mean by your *Si j’osois*? Qu’est ce qui vous empêche d’oser? On ose toujours quand il y a espérance de succès; et on ne perd rien à oser, quand même il n’y en a pas. Un honnête homme sait oser, et quand il faut oser il ouvre la tranchée par des travaux, des soins, et des attentions; s’il n’en est pas délogé d’abord il avance toujours à l’attaque de la place même. Après de certaines approches le succès est infallible, et il n’y a que les *nigauds* qui en doutent, ou qui ne le tentent point. Seroit-ce le caractère respectable de Madame de la Valière qui vous empêche d’oser, ou seroit-ce la vertu farouche de Madame Dupin qui vous retient? La sagesse invincible de la belle Madame Case vous décourage-t-elle plus que sa beauté ne vous invite? Mais fi donc!—Soyez convaincu que la femme la plus sage se trouve flattée, bien loin d’être offensée, par une déclaration d’amour, faite avec politesse et agrément. Il se peut bien qu’elle ne s’y prêtera point, c’est à dire si elle a un goût ou une passion pour quelque autre; mais en tout cas elle ne vous en saura pas mauvais gré; de façon qu’il n’est pas question d’oser dès qu’il n’y a pas de danger.’—vol. ii. p. 150.

Such is the perpetual strain. What a contrast are Chatham’s letters to his nephew, written at precisely the same period!

‘At the root of all Lord Chesterfield’s errors,’ says Lord Mahon, ‘lay a looseness of religious principle.’ In our opinion he had no religion. Very few of his friends and associates had much—and he seems to have taken pleasant pains in recording the various shades of their infidelity. Bolingbroke, he tells us, ‘professed himself a Deist, believing in a general providence, but doubting, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed), the immortality of the soul and a future state’ (vol. ii. p. 450); a duplicate nearly of Voltaire. Pope ‘was a Deist, believing in a future state: this he has often owned to me; but when he died, he sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, and suffered the priests who got about him to perform all their absurd ceremonies on his body.’ (*Ibid.* p. 445.) It is to Chesterfield that the world is indebted for the proof that Swift ended as the Tale of a Tub shows him to have begun. The Dean died in the first month of the Earl’s viceroyalty. He probably picked ‘the Day of Judgment’ out of some confidential companion at Dublin; and in 1751 he communicated the piece to Voltaire, through whose Correspondence it first transpired. It ends with that consummately finished confession of the church dignitary’s faith:—

‘While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through Frailty stepp’d aside,
And you who never fell—from Pride;

You

You who in different sects were shamn'd,
 And come to see each other damn'd—
 (So some folk told you, but they knew
 No more of Jove's designs, than you)—
 The world's mad business now is o'er,
 And I resent these pranks no more.
 —I to such blockheads set my wit!
 I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit.'—

It is to Chesterfield that we owe the story of Pope and Atterbury's last interview in the Tower, according to which, unless Pope told Chesterfield a most egregious and circumstantial lie, or Chesterfield invented his own conversation with Pope at Twickenham, Bishop Atterbury, though a Christian when he left England never to return, had been a steady adherent of the sect of Bolingbroke, all the while that he filled a prominent place in the service and guidance of the Church of England. Lord Mahon expresses utter disbelief in the whole story. 'What judicious critic,' he says (vol. ii. p. 446), 'would weigh in the balance, for a moment, the veracity of Pope against the piety of Atterbury?' We hope his lordship's decision is right.

That there was, however, one sincere Christian in the Twickenham set, we have the evidence even of Chesterfield. His Character of Arbuthnot (now first printed) is a pleasing relief in every way—and here he says:—

'He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance of a Christian.'—vol. ii. p. 448.

Whether Chesterfield had the satisfaction of making his filial pupil either a libertine or an infidel we have no sufficient evidence. Notwithstanding Mr. James Boswell's attestation to the respectability of Mr. Philip Stanhope's character (Croker's edition, i. 254), these points remain *in obscuro*. We suppose there is no question that the noble tutor failed in his grand object of social elegance—and that, as Chesterfield had for his father a saturnine Jacobite, so he had a pedantic sloven for his son. But we hope these lines, which we take from the fly-leaf of a friend's copy of the fifth edition of the Letters (1774)—the handwriting unknown to that friend, though he is well skilled in such matters—have no merit but their point:—

'Vile Stanhope—Demons blush to tell—
 In twice two hundred places
 Has shown his son the road to hell,
 Escorted by the Graces:

But

But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them ;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them.'

Mr. Stanhope certainly made, in one important matter, a very ungrateful return for the unbounded attention which Lord Chesterfield bestowed on his success in this world. He married without his father's knowledge. The Earl never heard that such a step had been contemplated even, until a widow and two children presented themselves at his door with evidence of their position. He was by this time very frail. The want of confidence cut the aged apostle of dissimulation to the quick—it was upon that son that he had concentrated his cares, and, latterly at least, his affections. But he did not visit the offence on the widow and the orphans. He dealt with them all in the most generous manner. His letters to the lady are models of graciousness, and he provided for her boys' education and future establishment with liberality. Again he had an ungrateful return. As soon as he was in his coffin Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope set about selling the manuscript of his Letters to her husband—which certainly were written, if ever letters were, for the exclusive use of one person, and that person and his representatives bound by every tie to guard the secret—*dum calebant cineres* at all events. But she got 1500*l.* by the job. We doubt if any Earl has died since 1773 for two little volumes of whose private letters any one bookseller would have given a third of the sum. They went through five editions in the first twelve months.

His less exemplary usage of his own wife met with another sort of return. Her birth was, according to the now obsolete notions of that time, an illustrious distinction, to which were added a peerage in her own right, a handsome fortune, the prospect of a great one, and, unless her painters rivalled her lovers, no common share of beauty. In truth, that this tall, dark-haired, graceful woman sprung from the amours of a Hanoverian king and a Dutch-built concubine seems to us, after all, very doubtful. These pretensions and advantages, however, were all hers when she selected Chesterfield from a host of suitors; and certainly during the flower of her life and his own he was a most profligate husband. Nevertheless, the Correspondence bears evidence that the childless Countess treated his son with almost maternal regard, and that in his infirm old age she watched over him with unwearied devotion. For his memory after he was gone she on all occasions showed an anxious concern. Dr. Maty's weak book is the monument of her tenderness. We are, we suppose, to divide our admiration between the generosity

generosity of the sex which Chesterfield flattered, outraged, and despised—the clinging instincts of virgin love and conjugal pride—and the fascination of his habitual small courtesies.

The likeness prefixed to these volumes is from a very fine picture by Gainsborough at Chevening. It was painted in his seventieth year—but we should have guessed him far above eighty: for the excesses of youth and manhood (especially his contempt of Boerhaave's celebrated prescription for him when consulted at the Hague) had produced a general languor and relaxation of the nervous system, and seamed the beautiful countenance all over with wrinkles which no Lawrence would ever have ventured to imitate. We are surprised that Lord Mahon did not take rather the exquisite portrait in crayons by Rosalba, done when Chesterfield House was building, and still impanelled in its original position. This gives us the no longer young, but perfectly preserved Chesterfield—the Ambassador, the Vicefoyl, the Secretary. His figure, though on a small scale, was very good—every limb turned by Nature's daintiest hand, yet full of vigour, till it paid the penalties of vice. The head is inimitable—we never saw any engraving of him, either from bust, or medal, or picture, that gives an approach to its peculiar expression. The features are all classical—the eyes full of softness, yet of fire—the brow and eyebrows grave and manly—the mouth small, but impressed with such a mixture of firmness, sense, wit, gaiety, and voluptuous delicacy as few artists could have imagined—and no one of that day but Rosalba could have transcribed.*

ART. VII.—*Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; illustrated by a Geological Map, Sections, and Diagrams, and Figures of the Organic Remains.* By P. E. De Stryelecki. London, 1845.

THIS work is cast in a mould not perhaps the fittest for popularity, but is nevertheless a remarkable production, accrediting highly the scientific acquirements of the author, his

* We have a serious complaint to make of this 'Collective Edition of Chesterfield's Letters,'—it has no Index. It was the same with the 'Collective Edition of Walpole's Letters,' lately issued from the same establishment, and, like this, in other respects satisfactorily arranged. The publisher ought to know that, though such omissions may not be regarded by the keepers of circulating libraries, they are most annoying to people who have libraries of their own, and buy books to be bound, preserved, and consulted—not merely to be read or glanced over, like a 'standard novel,' or some sentimental spinster's *mince* or jocular Captain's *hash* of history or memoirs. In every considerable printing office there may be found some intelligent man willing and able to compile a sufficient index for such a book as this now before us, for a very moderate remuneration, at his leisure hours.

masculine zeal and intrepidity as a traveller, and his candour, modesty, and clearness as a writer. The subject, moreover, is one which ought to be deeply interesting to English readers. We have as a nation a large stake, augmenting with every successive year, in these our colonies of the southern world; and much obligation is due to the enlightened foreigner who has sought, and successfully, to render his Australian researches not merely profitable to science, but beneficial also to the practical interests of the numerous and energetic people who are spreading the English name and language over these remote shores.

In the various knowledge which he brings to his researches as a traveller, Count Strzelecki is a worthy disciple of the Humboldt school. He has eyes well tutored and intelligent for every part and province of inquiry; for mountains and their minerals; for the great under-world of fossil existence; for botany; for all the conditions of atmosphere and climate, and the electrical and magnetic phenomena which act so largely therein; for agriculture and the chemistry of soils; for languages and the characters of man. These are large endowments, and they are honestly used; with no assumption of knowledge not possessed, and with ample acknowledgment of the labours of others in the same great field.

In commenting on the general merits of this work, we must notice the advantage Count Strzelecki possesses in the extent of his travels over the globe, and the independent activity of spirit which has guided him throughout. A native of Poland, which country we presume he quitted from political considerations, he has passed twelve years continuously in pervagating seas and lands; chiefly those the last and least explored by European adventure, though now yielding to the great tide which civilization, for ulterior purposes in the economy of Providence, is pouring over them. We find from his Preface, that in the course of this period he has visited North and South America, the West Indies, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Javanese Islands, part of China, and the East Indies, and Egypt. Though this volume is limited to Australia, we have abundant proof in the notes and illustrations appended to it, that the same acute faculty of inquiry has accompanied him through these various regions; the survey of one furnishing instruction and preparation for that of another, and with instruments of research fashioned and sharpened by constant exercise. From the specimens of his manuscript journals occasionally afforded in the present volume, we are well justified in desiring that they may hereafter become known to us in their more entire state.

In a recent article of this Review we had occasion to discuss—
courteously,

courteously, we hope, as well as justly—the relative merits of a fair class of travellers who occupy a large place in the literature of the day; and we indicated certain parts in the history of travel where the female eye and instinct gather up observations, the finer lights and shades of things, not equally attained by the grosser or graver perceptions of our own sex. A volume by Mrs. Meredith on the very countries now brought before us in the work of M. Strzelecki, furnished an apposite and agreeable illustration of our meaning. We spoke highly of this volume at the time, and can afford to repeat our commendation of it.

At a moment when the fashion of travelling, fostered by facilities heretofore unknown to the world, has reached to so extraordinary an extent, and is yet in progress further, we cannot, we conceive, do amiss in adding some few general remarks, applicable chiefly to those graver inquiries of the traveller which embrace the physical history and character of the earth itself, and of the various forms of organised life spread over its surface—and, further, the antiquities, languages, diversities of conformation, social and political economy of the various races and nations of men—objects which, even thus summarily stated, will be seen to comprise a vast circle of knowledge and to require great variety of talent for their successful pursuit. There is the more reason for this, seeing the very large part which our own country bears in the prevailing fashion of the time. It would probably be below the truth, were we to rate the number of travellers furnished forth by our narrow island as thrice that belonging to any equal amount of population in the world. The overflowing commerce and colonial establishments which render England a sort of *officina gentium*, our national wealth and manner of education; and, it may be, other habits of our social life, are all concerned in this effect; which, with every allowance for the vagaries of mere fashion, must be admitted as no bad criterion of the intelligence and moral culture of a community. The great and almost fearful facilities of locomotion which have recently come into existence, and, aided by the capital and energy of England, are still growing with gigantic rapidity by land and sea, have already levelled the surface of the globe to all ranks and conditions of men. Our small country squires, shopkeepers, and artisans, traverse and crowd those regions which heretofore were accessible only to the wealthy and curious few. Tourists whose aspirations were once bounded by the Loire, Rhine, or Po, are now familiarly found in Greece, Palestine, and Egypt; and the transit from New Bond Street to the Bazaar of Constantinople, or to those Pyramids which, in the phrase of an eloquent old writer, “astonish Heaven with their audacity,” is as readily made as was sixty years ago the journey from London to Inverness.

Inverness. The '*felix qui patriis ævum transegit in agris*' is a being well nigh lost to the world, and not likely to be ever restored to us again. All these are mighty changes, and of high import to the future destinies of man. The large part we have in them makes it most fitting that this part should be worthily performed, and as becomes a nation having instruments of great power in its hands.

It would be difficult to class in any way travellers so numerous, and carrying with them such various and complex interests and motives, as those whom we annually send from our shores. Business and idleness—the pursuit of knowledge or that of pleasure—fortune and misfortune—health and sickness—are all concerned in furnishing cause for these migrations. For our present purpose, however, it is enough to divide them into such as go abroad without any power or design of adding to the information of others, whatever may be their own particular gain; and those who travel with higher objects and resources, seeking to extend the domain of human knowledge, and thence to win honourable fame to themselves. It is not very easy indeed to bring that numerous and increasing body, the authors of books of travels, under this simple classification. We fear, however, it must be avowed, that the great majority of these works, whatever their profession, do in fact add little to the sum of our knowledge; and that vanity and book-craft are much concerned in their production and ephemeral existence. Facts transcribed more or less openly from prior sources of information, and fringed with descriptions of scenery and exaggerated anecdotes of personal adventure, form the great staple of most of these volumes. They are like in this to the palimpsest manuscripts of the Vatican and Ambrosian libraries, that if the superficial writing be removed, the more valuable characters come out from underneath, the obvious work of other hands and a former time. What may best be alleged for these books is, that they are a source of harmless pleasure to many; and that in reviving recollections, and repeating in various forms the knowledge already gained, they tend to keep it floating on the surface and more accessible for daily use.

There are no absolute gaps in the world; and we rise by steps from these lighter tourists and authors of the day to the higher labours, in whatever shape they be recorded, of men who bring to their travels matured knowledge, the genius of discovery, or the power of patient and laborious research. We most willingly recognise the many travellers of our own country who belong to this higher class; and contemplating the total surface of the globe as the arena, we believe there is no nation which has gained so much, or will transmit to posterity such various records of suc-

cessful inquiry. Our maritime position has mainly contributed to this result; and, looking more especially to the present time, we may cite as eminent instances the several expeditions of arctic and antarctic discovery which have been sent forth during the last twenty years; including, by an earnest anticipation of success, that which is at this moment on its way to achieve—if achievement be possible by energy and skill—the ancient problem of the north-west passage. Our old maritime discoverers in this course, the Frobishers, Hudsons, and Baffins, gave marvellous examples of intrepidity in traversing unknown and dangerous seas with their small and ill-provided barks. But science has now been added to boldness; and since the time of Cook's voyages, all our expeditions, and especially those of latest date, have comprised men admirably qualified by their various pursuits and attainments to advance the progress, not of geography alone, but of every branch of physical knowledge, by land as well as on sea. We might indulge in a long list of names to confirm our assertion, were they not too familiarly known to require such notice.*

It is needful, however, to admit that this superiority is not equally maintained by our travellers on land only. In relation to their number, the proportion of those of high attainment and fitness for their vocation is less than in Germany; nor can we justly claim at this moment the place of foremost in reputation. The fact as to relative proportion is readily explained. In the mass of English travellers circulating over Europe, and countries beyond, we find classes and descriptions of persons who in the social economy of other nations seldom or never quit their native soil. We have already alluded to this; and were it needful, might comment more minutely on the composition of that extraordinary multitude who carry the English name, character, and habits, over the face of the earth; including (as we may remark for our present purpose) a vast mass of the middle class of society,—very many for mere matters of business;—and a large number of the young and untutored, fresh from nursery, school, or college. A question of proportion taken from these gives no useful result. The Germans, who quit their own country for travel—much fewer in number, and with smaller means and appliances of every kind—do nevertheless carry with them certain conditions well fitted to successful research—an age sufficiently matured; habits of labour and moderate living; great earnestness of purpose;

* We cannot, however, willingly omit the name of Mr. Charles Darwin; who by his various successful labours and acquisitions during the four years' voyage of the *Beagle*, and by his various works connected with this expedition, has well sustained his family name, and taken a high place among European travellers and naturalists. We rejoice to see that his '*Journal*' has now been reprinted with additions, and in a cheap form.

studies directed beforehand to the particular objects and course of travel; and it may perhaps be added, that temper of the German mind which revels in the mysteries and obscure places of nature, is ever seeking new systems and combinations in philosophy, and is prone to invest with something metaphysical and imaginative even the most arid technicalities of science.

• We have adverted to Germany as the most opposite example in comparison with England; and would especially comment on one point just noticed, viz., the preparation for travelling by previous study. It would be waste of words to dwell long upon the importance of this. Keeping ever before him the principle to which Bacon has given new force and dignity by his injunction, '*genus humanum novis operibus et potestatibus continuè dotare*,'* the traveller who seeks to occupy a worthy place as such, must make his undertaking commence by labours at home;—in the closet or museum, the mountain, laboratory, or mine. There is no north-west passage here to lead rapidly and shortly to success; nor any instinct which can compensate for the deficiencies of knowledge. One man by vigour, or a certain happiness of faculty, may redeem these deficiencies more speedily than another; but as far as they exist, they must render sterile to the traveller any soil he traverses, however fruitful and abounding to those who come well prepared to gather a harvest there.

This is alike true as regards all branches of science and objects of research. The latter should be defined beforehand, as far as this may be possible. The enlightened traveller will interest himself in whatever is known, thoroughly or partially, of the countries he is about to explore; and equally in all that is yet undone and unknown. If it be wholly a new field (and many such still remain on the surface of the globe), the demand for preparation in one view is greater, as the objects are less defined. But on the other hand, everything is here pure gain, and none can come back from such places altogether unladen.

These observations may seem trite and needless; and yet they are in some sort justified by what we are bound to consider a deficiency in the education of travellers in our own country. We willingly except from this remark the many eminent naturalists (amidst whom our geologists are conspicuous), and the numerous learned in history, antiquities, languages, &c., who carry out with them all the acquirements needful for successful travel. But it is a question of proportion and degree; and we are persuaded more might might be done, both at our universities and elsewhere, to fashion the minds and hands of those who have the world before them for active survey. Without the formality of

* *Cogitata et Visa.*

normal schools for travellers, we are persuaded that much might be effected through our old academic institutions, if rightly moulded and applied to this end.* And in the more recent institution of the Geographical Society, were it enlarged and supported as its importance well deserves, we perceive an admirable basis for some such scheme of instruction; which, by affording exact and ready information to the future traveller—indicating to him, in regard to the countries and objects he has in view, what remains to be done, and the method and instruments by which these *desiderata* may best be attained—would tend to repair the deficiencies under which we still labour in this respect. Some effort and expense might well be devoted to this desirable end.†

A few remarks more before coming to the work under our review. We have spoken of M. de Strzelecki as a traveller of the Humboldt school, meaning thereby to designate a method and scope of research of which Humboldt himself has furnished the most illustrious example. No rigid definition can be given of this method, inasmuch as it is only the extension and more perfect form of that which must be the course and purport of every scientific inquiry. But it is the amount of this perfection with which we are here concerned. The naked observation of facts must ever be essentially the same process, with due allowance for variation in the important elements of number, minuteness, and accuracy; and no observer so crude, as not to bring his facts into some connexion with each other, or with kindred parts of human knowledge. But the method to which we allude, which has grown with the growth of science, and become strong in its strength, rests upon a foundation common to all true philosophy. It views nature through the relations and analogies of parts; throws an eagle glance over objects seemingly the most remote and dissociated; masters difficulties by attacking them from points already known and secured; and achieves, by a principle of research, results which no rude or untutored observation can attain.

Setting aside, then, the diversity of talent in individual ob-

* We are compelled here to advert to the travelling fellowships at our universities. With two or three eminent exceptions, it must be allowed that these have been singularly unfruitful in results to the world.

† We perceive with pleasure by the Address last year to the Society from their late excellent president, Mr. Murchison, that attention has been directed to this point; and a plan adopted of recording the *desiderata* for future travel in different countries, under such revision and arrangement as to render them most accessible and useful for reference. This plan, if duly executed, is good in itself, and capable of extension to other and larger purposes.

We have always admired these ancient maps of D'Auville, in which the parts unknown, instead of being filled up with imaginary mountains and rivers, are left as honest blanks, with the few simple words upon them—'*Desideratur hujus tractus accuratior descriptio.*'

servers,—a matter doubtless of much importance—this superiority of method mainly depends on the more enlarged and various knowledge of the sciences, and their mutual connexions, which the traveller brings with him, ready and ripened, into the field of action. What old Roger Ascham says on another subject, ‘Even as a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellency with one language,’ is in some sort applicable here. The man of one science only, from default of that power which works among the relations of things, can never attain the highest excellence even in his own proper pursuit. And this is equally true whether he be studying quietly at home, or pursuing knowledge through toil and adventure in foreign lands.

• An important qualification must, however, be admitted here. The traveller who starts with a single object of research, ignorant or careless of others, may yet, by earnest devotion to this, obtain results which could be gained in no other way. Such instances have been frequent, particularly in the sciences of mineralogy, zoology, and botany; and as we have read somewhere a warm eulogium upon an ‘illustrious arachnologist,’ we see no reason to limit this profitable division of labour, or to doubt that the especial collectors of spiders, beetles, algæ, and lichens, are each and all rendering valuable services to the cause of knowledge. That eminent naturalist, Ehrenberg, whose consummate researches with the microscope we have ourselves witnessed, has laboured for years, and in every part of the world, among the living and fossil Infusoria, the most minute, as far as we know, of organized beings; and by his devotion to the subject has defined what may almost be termed a new science, viz., the formation of mineral masses, and even mountains, from the *débris* of the countless myriads of these microscopic animalcules, whose generations have lived and perished in the succession of ages. But Ehrenberg, though devoted to this subject, is far from being limited to it, or he had failed in attaining what he has done. And it may be fairly repeated that knowledge in its higher advancements,

‘quel cibo

Che saziando ‘di se, di se asseta,’*

whether derived from travel or from other sources, depends for its superiority chiefly on that happy combination of faculties and methods which can bring the several parts of science into relation with each other, and make them gradually converge towards an harmonious whole. No man can put forth powers for all parts of this work; but every one may hold in view the principle and

* Dante, *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 128.

methods of contribution to it, and thereby render his labours more successful and useful to the world.

In making these remarks, we have mainly in view their application to the higher order of travellers, and to that education for travel, as it may rightly be termed, which we desire to see enlarged and improved. Having connected the name of Humboldt with this topic, we may fitly quote a passage from himself in illustration of it, taken from the Preface to the latest work which this distinguished man has given to the world—we would fain hope not the last, though he seems to intimate that such will be the case. The 'Cosmos, or Scheme of a Physical Description of the Universe,' is yet little known in England; and it would be too early to characterize minutely this first portion of a work so vast in its bearings and profound in all its views. We might quote many passages to our present purpose, but that alluded to from the Preface must suffice.*

'While through outward circumstances of life, and an irresistible impulse to various branches of knowledge, I was led to occupy myself many years, and to all appearance exclusively, with particular objects of study,—descriptive botany, geognosy, chemistry, astronomical geography, and terrestrial magnetism—in preparation for a great scheme of travel, I had ever before me a more especial and higher motive for these attainments. My leading impulse was the endeavour to comprehend the phenomena of corporeal things in their common mutual dependences and nature as a whole, moved and vivified through inward powers (ein durch innere Kräfte bewegtes und belebtes Ganze). I had from intercourse with highly-gifted men early arrived at the conviction that without a serious devotion to the study of particulars, all large and general views of the world must be little more than airy fabrics. But these unities in the knowledge of nature, from their inward essence are capable, as through an appropriate power, of mutual fructification. Descriptive botany, no longer confined to the narrow circle of determining genera and species, leads the observer who wanders through distant lands and lofty mountains to the doctrine of the geographical distribution of plants over the earth's surface, in proportion to the distance from the equator, and the perpendicular elevation of the spot. And yet further to unravel the complex causes of this distribution, must we closely examine the laws of

* In rendering this passage from the original, we feel, what every one acquainted with Humboldt's German writings will recognise, the equal difficulty and importance of adhering as closely as possible to the sense and phraseology of the author. It is well said by Dryden, in one of his admirable prefaces (and who ever so well fulfilled the latter condition as himself?), that 'a translator must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own.' In addition to these requisites, a translation of the *Cosmos* can be perfectly executed only by one familiar with the subjects of the work, and the spirit of philosophy in which they are handled.

We are tempted to transcribe from the original the last sentences of this volume:—*'Ein physisches naturgemälde bezeichnet die Grenze, wo die sphäre der intelligenz beginnt, und der ferne Blick: sich senkt in eine andere Welt. Es bezeichnet die Grenze, und überschreitet sie nicht.'*

the variation of temperature of climates, as well as of the meteorological changes of the atmosphere. Thus each class of phenomena leads the observer, earnest for knowledge, forward to another class on which it is itself founded, or which depends upon it.'

The researches of Count Strzelecki in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land extended uninterruptedly over a period of five years, during which time he travelled fully seven thousand miles; entirely, as it appears, on foot. This is a prodigious effort in a new country, still only scantily tamed by European culture, and singularly deficient in many of the provisions requisite for the traveller; and its merit becomes greater when we advert to the laborious nature of his inquiries, and to the hazards and privations he incurred in following them out. We have reason to believe that he performed these journeys entirely upon his own resources, though liberally aided by the sanction and good will of the colonial authorities. ••The high regard in which he was held by them, and the colonists at large, was strongly attested in Van Diemen's Land, by an address to him after his departure, signed by Sir John Franklin the governor, the Chief Justice, and all the principal settlers, expressing their admiration of his talents, and esteem for his personal character, and transmitting a subscription of four hundred pounds in aid of the publication of the volume now before us, the value of which they thus recognise by anticipation.

The work is divided into eight sections. The *first* contains a short narrative of the Maritime and Land Surveys of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land down to the present time; the *second* treats of Terrestrial Magnetism, as observed in these countries; the *third* is devoted to their Geology and Mineralogy; the *fourth* treats of their climatology under several heads; the *fifth* regards the fossil and existing Flora; and the *sixth* the fossil and existing Fauna. The first subdivision of each of these sections includes the description and comparison of all the organic remains which afford geological proof as to the succession and relation of the several formations. The *seventh* contains notices of the physical and moral state of the Aborigines; and section *eight* treats of the Colonial Agriculture, the character and chemical analysis of the different soils of these colonies, and the resources and methods of improvement open to the future enterprise and industry of the settlers.

In an article of this Review some years ago (No. 135), directed chiefly to the social and political economy of our Australian colonies, some slight notices were given of the physical singularities of this great continent, and every year is now rendering them more familiar to us. A strange and paradoxical region it is, and warranting

warranting the expression of a great naturalist—that it seems as if dropt from another planet! This singularity is seen even on approaching its shores, in the dull, monotonous, olive-green colour of the vegetation along the immense line of boundary coast; the same in every part, and at all seasons of the year.* The absence or paucity of great rivers, in a continent which ministers abundant space for streams as large as the Rhine and Danube, adds another character of sameness to these Australian shores. Within, as far as discovery has yet penetrated, and wherever European culture has not brought in partial varieties of form and colouring, the same monotony strikes and wearies the sense. It is hard to conceive anything more strangely melancholy than those vast flats in the interior, described to us by Oxley and other explorers of the country, where rivers stagnate into non-existence in a wilderness of gigantic reeds; and the traveller scarcely finds a knoll high enough to raise him above the waters in the season of floods;—or those wide tracts of thick herbaceous brushwood, fitly called *scrubbs*, affording nothing either to sustain or solace those who traverse them. The long chain of mountains, stretching in line parallel to the eastern coast, affords indeed a more varied landscape, and, as might be expected, greater resemblance to European scenery; but even in these—the skeleton, as it were, of the country—there are several peculiarities of conformation, and, above all, a singular scarcity of the simple minerals, rendering their study more laborious and less inviting to the naturalist.

Our Museums and Zoological Gardens, as well as the beautiful works of Gould and other naturalists, have familiarized us with the new and strange forms of animal and vegetable life in this region. But familiarity cannot abate our wonder and interest in the extraordinary diversities of structure thus localized and limited, which render New Holland the most remarkable of those provinces or centres of organized existence, into which, as a result of the more exact and extensive observation of the present time, the surface of the earth has been distributed. As respects the Flora, it is not merely a record of new genera, but of entire natural orders, unknown elsewhere in the world. The Eucalyptæ, or gum trees, with their hundred species and gigantic forms, and strangely contorted or vertically pointed leaves; and the leafless Acacias, with their as numerous species and yet more singular

* A principal cause of this saddening uniformity of aspect in the Australian vegetation is thus stated by our distinguished botanist, Mr. R. Brown, in the supplement to his *Prodromus Floræ Novæ Hollandiæ*—“Quod magis notatu dignum ob numerum admodum insignem arborum et fruticum Australasiæ in quibus pagina utraque pariter glandulis instructa est; cujus structuræ prævalentia, verticali positione et exactâ similitudine paginarum sæpè comitatæ, characterem ferè peculiarem sylvis Novæ Hollandiæ et Insulæ Van Diemen impertit.”

organization, are the most striking of these vegetable anomalies. In the animal kingdom, with the exception of the dog, 'le seul animal qui a suivi l'homme partout sur la terre,' there is not a single indigenous quadruped known on any other continent;—no quadrumana, ruminating, or pachydermatous animals; no large mammalia indeed, and a general paucity of land animals; but those which do exist, remote from all our common analogies and conceptions, and forming a little world by themselves. Of the different species of kangaroos; the phascolomys, or wombat; the ornithorhynchus and echidna, the most anomalous of animals; the dasyurus, flying phalangers, &c., it has been well said by Cuvier, 'ils sont venus étonner les naturalistes par des conformations étranges, qui rompent toutes les règles, et échappent à tous les systèmes.'*

We have spoken of the interior of the Australian continent; but in fact our knowledge, except in a few places, scarcely goes beyond the outer margin of this great region. Where colonization has furthest penetrated, under the simple form of sheep pastures, it is still but in the proportion of Kent and Essex to the whole extent of England. The vast central part of the continent is still unknown, even to speculation. Were we to presume upon its physical characters from the parts now familiar to us, we must doubt whether even the enterprise of such men as have hitherto explored New Holland will ever do more than traverse it in particular lines, and these perhaps not touching the centre: still more must we doubt whether colonization on a large scale can ever extend itself deeply into the interior. The lapse of time, and the progress of man's inventions, removing or counteracting natural obstacles, may however render it otherwise in the event; and meanwhile these very physical singularities offer strong incitement to research, and to the solution of the numerous problems in geography, natural history, and general physics, arising in a region thus hidden from the rest of the world.†

It is to the coasts of this remarkable continent, at the distance of 15,000 or 16,000 miles from us, that the spirit of English colonization is now directing itself with a vigour so peculiarly its own. M. de Strzelecki prefaces his volume, happily enough, with

* *Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe.*—In the British Museum there now exists a magnificent collection, richly illustrating every part of the Fauna of New Holland.

† The probability doubtless is, that the interior of New Holland, with certain peculiarities as to the distribution of the waters falling upon it, will be found one of those great *states* of the earth's surface which Humboldt has so admirably described (1808) in his *Essay on the Steppes and Deserts of the Globe*—the Llanos and Pampas of South America, the Prairies of North America, the sandy Desert of Africa, and the vast plateau of the Tartarian Steppes in Central Asia.

a contrast between the savage and solitary aspect of Port Jackson, as described by Collins, when the first colonists, 1030 in number, arrived there fifty-seven years ago, and a narrative in the *Australian* newspaper of August 4, 1843, recording the ceremony of opening the Session of the Legislative Council, under more extended powers—the speech of the Governor moulded in the most approved form of such documents, and the pomps and pageantries of the scene very much in the European fashion, as the following extract from the paper will show :—

‘ At an early hour the House presented an animated and brilliant appearance, most of the seats in the body of the Chamber being filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, among whom we noticed Lady Gipps, Lady O’Connell, &c. . . . A guard of honour was drawn up in the court-yard of the Chamber, and his Excellency was received with presented arms, the band playing “God save the Queen.” The Governor was received at the door of the Council Chamber by the Speaker, who conducted him to the vice-regal chair, on the left of the Speaker’s chair. At this moment the appearance of the House was extremely striking—the elegant costumes of the ladies, and the brilliant uniforms of the official and military members, and of the numerous staff, which occupied places below the vice-regal chair, completing the *mise en scène*, which was in every respect worthy of the occasion. The mayor, aldermen, and common council of the city had seats within the bar. The strangers’ gallery was crowded to excess, as was also the reporters’ gallery,’ &c. &c.

Might we not fancy ourselves reading a London newspaper of the first week of February, rather than a journal of the antipodes? Our author, warm with wonder at these things, breaks out into expressions of admiration of the Anglo-Saxon race :—

‘ The hardy nature of this race is proof against the effects of transplantation, for it does not depend upon the soil either for its character or its nationality. The Anglo-Saxon reproduces his country wherever he hoists his country’s flag.

‘ The United Kingdom is far from furnishing a just idea of this race. The traveller there is like one buried in the entrails of a Colossus. It is in the United States, in the West Indies, in the factories of South America and China, in the East Indies, and in this town of Sydney, that the prodigious expansion of the Anglo-Saxon life, the gigantic dimensions of its stature, and the energy of its functions, are fully perceived and appreciated.’

The race, thus eloquently commended, is assuredly in a state of high activity in our Australian settlements; and though the prosperity of these colonies is in some sort intermittent, with intervals of depression between, yet is this but a miniature resemblance of the mother country, and from similar and connected causes. The main fact is that of vigorous and rapid progress,
checked

checked at times, but never subdued. The harbour of Sydney is crowded with vessels of every tonnage and from all parts; its streets swarm with people and business; its daily newspapers contain more advertisements than did a London newspaper sixty or seventy years ago; its courts of law, churches, schools, charitable institutions, joint-stock companies, circulating libraries, races, concerts, and assemblies, are all fashioned upon the English model; and will be bequeathed as such, whether for good or ill, to future generations and ages of Australia. We have nationality enough to believe that the good will largely preponderate in the scale, but time is required to put it to the test.

While speaking of this new capital of the south, we cannot resist quoting a passage from our author which gives a more favourable view of its moral and social condition than we derive from other writers. After reciting certain strong phrases from these works, he adds—

‘Let the authors of these and other epithets, contained in their works on New South Wales, congratulate and applaud themselves: my mystification was complete. The evening I effected my disembarkation in Sydney, I did it with all imaginable precaution, leaving my watch and purse behind me, and arming myself with a stick, being resolved to encounter inevitable dangers with the least possible risk. . . . I found, however, on that night, in the streets of Sydney, a decency and quiet which I have never witnessed in any of the ports of the United Kingdom. No drunkenness, no sailors’ quarrels, no appearance of prostitution, were to be seen. George Street, the Regent Street of Sydney, displayed houses and shops modelled after the fashion of those of London; but nowhere did its lamps, or the numerous lights in its windows, which reflected upon the crowd, betray any of those signs of a corrupt state of society common to the streets of other capitals. Since then, how many nights like the first have I not witnessed, in which the silence, the feeling of perfect security, and the delicious freshness of the air, mingled with nothing that could break the charm of a solitary walk!’

Our present concern, however, is chiefly with the physical history of Australia; and we must quit therefore these matters of colonial morals, fervently hoping that the picture of Count Strzelecki is the truer one. For the same reason we must put aside the various questions of convict population and labour, of the appropriation and sale of lands, the amount of representative government safe or necessary in these colonies, the methods of taxation and expenditure, and the treatment of the aborigines—all subjects of great importance, and affording problems, the practical difficulties of which it requires much wisdom and experience to solve and surmount.

The first section of Count Strzelecki’s work relates, as we have said, to the different marine and land surveys of New Holland and

and Van Diemen's Land, from the time of Captain Cook's discoveries on these shores to the present day. In this narrative are briefly sketched the successive labours of Flinders, Bass, King, and Stokes in coast-surveys, and the equally meritorious services of Oxley, Sturt, Cunningham, Sir T. Mitchell, and others in exploring the interior of the country. The voyages of Flinders and King deserve commemoration, as striking examples of the ardour, ability, and perseverance which British officers carry with them to the performance of such duties. Captain King surveyed minutely about 2700 miles of coast; to complete which, it is estimated that he must have sailed nearly 40,000 miles, in small and faulty vessels, and along coasts very dangerous, and in great part unknown.

The Count alludes shortly and modestly to his own discovery of the tract named Gipps' Land, forming the S.E. portion of New Holland. But his researches, as extending along the Australian chain of mountains for many degrees of latitude, do in fact embrace much more of local discovery, curious to science, and profitable to future colonization. Having in view certain objects, chiefly geological, and finding himself in a country so vast, and imperfectly known, he wisely prescribed boundaries to his survey; limiting it at first to the country running parallel with, and stretching 150 miles inland from the sea-coast, comprehended between the 30th and 39th degrees of S. latitude. But reaching the S.E. point of New Holland, he found that the same chain of mountains re-appeared in the succession of rugged and lofty isles of Bass's Strait, and again more largely developed in Van Diemen's Land; and with the same zeal and patience he extended his researches to the southern extremity of this island. A remarkable evidence of these qualities is the table he gives of the heights of various mountains, lakes, plains, and stations in the countries so surveyed. Out of about 230 altitudes, at least a hundred are derived from his own observations, either by two barometers and the back observations, or with Wollaston's boiling-water apparatus. We further know that he has prepared a geological map of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, on the large scale of one-fourth of an inch to a mile; and another sheet of vertical sections, the base and the height of the sections being each projected on one scale of four inches to the mile; with colouring on a new plan, well calculated to illustrate the geological characters and eras. These he is unable himself to publish; but he has given in this volume a small map, geologically coloured, and sufficient for all the purposes of the common reader.

In the *second* section, on Terrestrial Magnetism, M. de Strzelecki gives a table of declinations only, with the corresponding latitudes

latitudes and longitudes which he has observed at different points in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. These observations were made in ignorance of that great scheme of magnetic inquiry in which so many nations of the earth are now associated, and which by various happy devices combines the labours of thirty-four magnetic stations scattered over the globe into one group of results. The strict simultaneity of time in taking observations, and the perfect similarity and completeness of instruments and methods, are the essential parts of this great scientific union, which is certain to be fruitful of important truths. England has twelve of these stations at different and distant parts of her empire; among which that of Hobart Town, established by Sir James Ross on his voyage of Antarctic discovery, is singularly important from its situation, and well provided in every way for the research.

The *third* section brings us to the Geology and Mineralogy of this region;—a subject manifestly in great flavour with our author, and to which he brings ability and knowledge. We have just alluded to that long chain of mountains which forms a sort of *backbone* to New South Wales; and by reference to which all the subordinate formations may, as it were, be deciphered and read off. Count Strzelecki lived often for months together upon and among these mountains; determining the various facts required as to the succession, position, and structure of the masses and strata, by a series of zigzag sections made across the country; and by examination of the flanks of the dividing range, against which the different strata abut. Great labour and severe privations were incurred in this investigation; but he persevered in it to the end.

The chain of mountains in question, allowing for the interruption of Bass's Strait, has now been surveyed continuously for about 1200 miles, and presumably extends much further towards the north. That larger part of this line which belongs to New South Wales everywhere divides the waters flowing westwards into the interior, from those which run with shorter courses to the eastern coast. The chain rarely recedes more than sixty miles from this coast, and preserves great uniformity of direction, showing a cause of elevation which has operated rectilinearly over a vast space. Reaching the S.E. extremity of New South Wales at Cape Wilson, it is submerged beneath the sea; but projects, as we have seen, a chain of bold island-peaks above the waters of Bass's Strait, showing its continuity and identity of character. It breaks out again in lofty and more massive form in Van Diemen's Land, forming nearly the whole of that large island; and at its southern point plunges finally into the great
Southern

Southern Ocean—unless, indeed, we are to regard as remote prolongations of it the mountains of the newly discovered Antarctic land, and those vast volcanoes, loftier than *Ætna* or *Teneriffe*, first seen by our intrepid navigator Sir J. Ross, and which pour forth fire within eleven degrees of the pole, and amidst regions of eternal ice and snow.

There is considerable uniformity of height throughout the portion of the chain hitherto examined. In that more northern part of it called the Liverpool range, there are peaks of greenstone, reaching an elevation of 4700 feet. Proceeding southwards, along that portion called the Blue Mountains, directly west of Sydney, the summit heights vary from 2500 to upwards of 4000 feet. In the Australian Alps, as they have been termed, near to Bass's Strait, the mountains become bolder, and the sienitic peak of Mount Kosciuszko reaches the height of 6500 feet; the greatest elevation yet ascertained in New Holland. In Van Diemen's Land the highest point is Mount Humboldt, 5520 feet; but Ben Lomond and other hills approach nearly to it.

We cannot afford space to do more than sketch in outline the geological and mineral characters of this mountain chain, and of those formations to which it may be considered as constituting an axis. The prominent circumstance here is, that the central heights along the whole extent of the dividing range, are composed of crystalline and irrupted rocks, granite, sienite, quartz rock, protogene, serpentine, greenstone, and other augitic rocks;—while the sedimentary strata, siliceous, calcareous, argillaceous, or bituminous, are confined to the eastern and western talus of the range, resting upon it either in vertical, inclined, or horizontal position. Of the former class, granite, sienite, and quartz rock, preponderate; and granite, according to our author, constitutes nearly the *entire floor* of the western portion of New South Wales, and extends far into the interior of New Holland; spread out in masses of mamillary, globular, or botryoidal form; closely resembling Humboldt's description of the strange tracts of bare irrupted granite which surround the great central masses of the Altai chain. It is exceedingly probable that several of the singularities of the Australian continent have their origin in this circumstance of physical constitution.

It is clear that subterranean heat and force have been largely at work here, as elsewhere;—crystallizing, elevating, contorting, and giving direction to the mountain ranges. Every extension of geological knowledge has extended our views as to these great agencies from below: and now that more exact observation in mines and Artesian wells has proved a constant increase of temperature in descending from a certain line near the surface, and even

even demonstrated the law of such increment, we no longer hesitate to admit the idea of the interior of the globe being occupied by matter, more or less fluid from its proper heat, and preserved from farther cooling by that consolidated crust around, which mankind tread upon and call their earth. Earthquakes and volcanoes are the present most obvious exponents of the disturbance which central movements and agencies (be they chemical, electrical, or whatever their nature) may create in this surrounding crust; to which may now be added on recent evidence, the slow rising of certain tracts of land by causes clearly acting from below. Some geologists, taking unmeasured time into their hands, have believed these forces, thus slowly acting, to be capable of producing all that we now see on the surface of the globe. We cannot think this to be so. The phenomena of gradual elevations are yet very partial and imperfectly known; while we find in the outward aspect of the earth,—the distribution, elevation, disturbance, mutual relation, and mineral contents of its mountain masses—an assured proof of forces once acting, the same perhaps in kind, but of infinitely greater energy than those which now fret or alter the surface on which we live. All science seems to us to concur in vindicating this belief; and reverting to the subject before us, we cannot doubt that such forces have been concerned in raising, at successive periods, the great Australian chain, and giving position to the conterminous strata.

Our author classes the rocks of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land under four heads or epochs, each representing a period or state which may be fairly distinguished from others by evidences of superstructure or organic remains; though not precluding the likelihood of other less important epochs of disturbance and change. We will not quarrel with this arrangement as a provisional one in a new country, but it will require alterations hereafter to bring it into closer bearing with the more recent methods of geologists in Europe.

Under the *first* epoch he includes the mineral masses, which appear to have been irrupted or upheaved through the submarine crust of the earth, raising a tract of land so far as to prevent any further accumulation of marine deposits. These masses are composed of crystalline and unstratified, or of stratified rocks, neither containing any organic remains. We have already specified the former, and described the great extension of granite in particular in New South Wales. The primitive schists, mica slate, siliceous slate, and clay slate, are much less extensive, and attain less elevation than the unstratified rocks. At Mount Kosciuszko, where they surround the sienitic peak, they reach to 3200 feet, and are nearly vertical in position, showing the intensity of the expansive

expansive force at this point. In Van Diemen's Land both classes of rocks reappear, stretching to its southern extremity.

The *second* epoch is characterised by a different group of crystalline and sedimentary compounds, incumbent upon those just described, and containing the first traces of organic life. The stratified masses are chiefly siliceous and argillaceous slates, graywackes, sandstone, and conglomerates. Among the unstratified rocks we have various porphyries, granular quartz rock, amorphous and columnar greenstone, basalt, trachyte, serpentine, and various granular limestones. The localities of these several rocks, as of those of the first epoch, are given in some detail; with several of the more remarkable sections, illustrating them in series. Catalogues of the fossils contained in the limestones, sandstones, and graywacke of this group are also given, which organic remains are described more minutely in another part of the volume by Mr. Lonsdale and Mr. Morris. They belong to the Polyparia, Crinoidea, Conchifera, Brachiopoda, Gasteropoda, Pteropoda, and Crustacea. Though singularly scanty both as to species and individuals, yet are they important as associating some of the rocks in question with the Palæozoic series of other countries, though the points of relation require still to be more clearly made out. The crystalline unstratified rocks brought under this epoch are manifestly those of eruption, referrible to distinct and often distant periods, as proved by their relations to the strata with which they are in contact. Thrown forcibly upwards among the latter, the greenstone, basalts, and porphyries have strangely disturbed and dislocated them, more especially in Van Diemen's Land; the whole extent of which island shows marks of these ancient and violent revolutions, making the researches of the geologist there often very difficult and perplexing.

The rocks of the *third* epoch, though more limited in extent, are of greater interest, inasmuch as they include the coal formation of these countries, distributed into three principal basin-shaped localities, viz., the Newcastle basin in New South Wales, the largest in extent; and the South Esk and Jerusalem basins in Van Diemen's Land. Indications of similar basins have been found upon the same coast farther to the north, by Oxley, Cunningham, and other observers. The manner in which the mineral masses of the second epoch were added to the earlier formations, is considered by our author to explain this conformation, so well adapted to the important deposits which have taken place in the localities in question. For what so important in the actual condition of the world, as this extraordinary mineral, coal?—the staff and support of present civilisation, the great instrument and means of future progress! The very familiarity

familiarity and multiplicity of its uses disguise from observation the important part it bears in the life of man, and the economy of nations. We have often thought, with something of fearful interest, what would be the condition of the world, and of England in particular, were this subterranean treasure exhausted, or even much abridged in quantity. Yet such is the term to which, if the globe itself should last, our posterity must eventually come; and as respects our own country, the period, at the present rate of consumption, can be defined with some exactness. The immense coal basins of the Ohio and Mississippi will yet be yielding their riches to the then innumerable people of the Western world, when our stores are worked out and gone. Yet here also time will fix its limit. Geology gives no indication whatsoever of natural processes going on, by which what is once consumed may be recreated or repaired. The original materials of the formation may be said to be no longer present;—the agencies and conditions necessary to the work are either wanting, or partial and deficient in force. Whether human science, grasping at this time what seem almost as new elements of power committed to man, may hereafter discover a substitute for this great mineral, is a problem which it belongs to future generations to resolve.

The deposits in the three coal basins just mentioned, appear to be of different dates and conditions of formation, as shown by the differences of the coal and other strata in each. The Newcastle district, which extends about a hundred miles along the eastern coast, including Sydney, and the most populous part of the colony, contains the only mines yet much worked, and offers the largest future prospects to the miner. From one of the several sections here given, that of a coal-pit near the mouth of the Hunter River in this district, we find that in a depth of 204 feet there are five beds of coal, two of them 5 feet in thickness. The conglomerate which comes to the surface here, dips to the westward under thick masses of variegated micaceous sandstone; which rock, found in most places above the coal strata, and a yellow limestone containing *Bulinus* and *Helix*, are the highest beds in the geological series of the two colonies.

The coal deposits of Van Diemen's Land are of less extent and value than that just noticed. M. Strzelecki gives a mineralogical description, and analyses by himself, of several varieties of the mineral from different localities, as well as of the anthracite and lignite of Van Diemen's Land. In both countries, and especially in the latter, the coal strata have been invaded at successive periods by irruptions of greenstone and basalt, producing great disturbance and dislocation of the beds, as well as certain chemical

effects, testified in the characters and quality of the coal. In the South Esk basin, this series of strata, with the variegated sandstone above them, have been uplifted 2100 feet above the actual level of the basin.

The fossil Flora of the Australian coal formation (differing more or less for each basin) is interesting, not in the abundance of the species it affords, for they are singularly scanty, but in the total absence of the remarkable genera which characterise the European and American coal strata—the *lepidodendron*, *sigillaria*, *stigmaria*, *calamites*, and *coniferæ*. It would seem that during the carboniferous period, the Flora of these regions was as distinct from that of other parts of the globe as is that now existing under our eyes. It must be noticed, however, that there are strong analogies, or perhaps identity, between some of the fossil species and those of the Burdwan coal-field in India—a geographical relation of some value, especially if this observation should hereafter be extended to any points intermediate between these localities.

The *fourth* epoch, if such it may be called, includes the various accumulated materials which in the form of loose gravel or sand, elevated beaches, osseous and other breccias, &c., lie upon the stratified or unstratified rocks of the country; and probably represents, in part, the Pleiocene epoch of European geologists, though requiring further examination both in New South Wales and other parts of this great continent. We need not be detained here, otherwise than by noticing the magnificent fossil trees in the Derwent valley in Van Diemen's Land, which our author alludes to under this head. A microscopic examination of this opalized wood, by Dr. Hooker of the Erebus discovery ship, shows so much of coniferous structure as to justify the belief that forests of a species of pine once covered this district, where now no single tree, having such character, is found to exist.

In closing the geological section of his volume, Count Strzelecki gives a summary of facts, from which we extract the following results, as of practical importance to the agriculture of the two colonies:—

'In New South Wales the space occupied by the crystalline is to that of the sedimentary rocks as 3 : 1. In Van Diemen's Land it is as 7 : 1.

'A classification of all the mineral masses, unstratified or stratified, into two divisions, the one including rocks having more than 60 per cent. of silica, the other less than this percentage, shows—

'1. That in New South Wales the area of granite, protogene, quartz rock, sienite, siliceous breccia, quartzose porphyry, siliceous slate, sandstone, and conglomerate, is to the area of eurite, feldspathic porphyry, greenstone,

greenstone, and basaltic rocks, containing less than 60 per cent., as 4·1 : 1.

' 2. That in Van Diemen's Land, on the contrary, the area of the first division is to that of the second as 1 : 3.'

This inverse ratio of siliceous to non-siliceous rocks in the two colonies, while showing the larger scale of volcanic action in Van Diemen's Land, determines the relative agricultural character of the soils of each: those of New South Wales better fitting it for a pastoral, those of Van Diemen's Land for an agricultural country.

We have elsewhere noticed the great paucity of simple minerals among the rocks of New South Wales. Though we do not find it mentioned by our author, it would seem that there is an equal scarcity of metallic ores, as might indeed be inferred from the geological conditions of the country. More, however, may yet be done by future discovery; and meanwhile we happily have proof that other parts of our Australian possessions—as, for example, the rising colony of South Australia—are better provided in this important particular.

We have also alluded before to the singular configuration of many parts of the mountain chain of New South Wales, owing chiefly to the admixture, protrusion, and sub-ramification of igneous rocks, throwing out rugged and abrupt *spurs* from each side of the principal range. The difficulty and risks to the explorer from this cause are exceedingly great. Our author thus describes them, in a part of the Blue Mountains to the west of Sydney, where a great basaltic spur, by its ramifications, has strangely disturbed and distorted the sandstone beds in this locality:—

' Between these ranges lie yawning chasms, deep winding gorges, and frightful precipices. Narrow, gloomy, and profound, these stupendous rents in the bosom of the earth are inclosed between gigantic walls of sandstone rock, sometimes receding from, sometimes overhanging the dark bed of the ravine, and its black silent eddies, or foaming torrents of water. Everywhere the descent into the deep recess is full of danger, and the issue almost impracticable. Engulfed, in the course of my researches, in the endless labyrinth of almost subterranean gullies of Mount Hay, and the river Grose, I was not able to extricate myself and my men until after days of incessant fatigue, danger, and starvation.'

Sir T. Mitchell, the surveyor-general of the colony, amply confirms this description in narrating the hazards encountered by the surveyors in attempting to reach Mount Hay. Mr. Dixon, one of them, penetrated to the valley of the Grose, until then unvisited by man; and after being bewildered for four days in the tortuous ravines around Mount Hay, without gaining access to

the mountain, he at length emerged in safety, 'thanking God' (to use the words of his official letter) 'that he had found his way out of them.'

In the following section of his work, our author treats of the climate of these colonies, under the several heads of winds, atmospheric pressure, rain and evaporation, dew and moisture, solar and terrestrial radiation, and temperature. To these subjects his attention has been industriously and accurately devoted; and fully appreciating the value of the method of averages, from which modern science has acquired so much both of extension and certitude, he refers, with just satisfaction, to a mass of 108,000 numerical elements, the results of as many particular observations; of which more than 17,000 were contributed by himself, during the five years he passed in the country. Without following all the details of this very valuable part of his work, we take a few of the more important facts and inferences from it. The subject is well known to be one of singular complexity, from the many elements of power simultaneously concerned, each separately active, each modified in action by the changes which are mutual and continual among all.

As respects the winds and atmospheric currents, out of a great mass of observations, principally derived from the meteorological register of Port Macquarrie, Port Jackson, Port Phillip, and Port Arthur, the conclusions are established that the winds, in veering, follow constantly one course, viz., from the right to the left of the meridian facing the equator; and that both as regards the rotation of winds, and their effect on the barometer, thermometer, pluviometer, and hygrometer, the phenomena are the reverse of what occur in the opposite hemisphere, confirming the law laid down by Professor Dove, in his 'Meteorologische Untersuchungen,' to this effect.

Some very remarkable discrepancies in the prevailing winds of the several seasons at Port Jackson, Port Phillip, and Van Diemen's Land, are successfully traced to the influence of monsoons and winds which are found to exist within a certain distance of Australia. By projecting the direction of these, according to the limits which Horsburgh, Flinders, and King assign to them, it is found that the littoral of New Holland is surrounded by an exterior belt of atmospheric circulation, varying with the seasons as regards its direction, but constant in motion and intensity, and necessarily imparting to the atmosphere within this circuit certain regular eddies, similar to those observed in the sea or large rivers, and according with the actual results of observation.

The most singular phenomenon connected with the winds of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land is that which is called

called in the colonies the *hot wind*; and fitly so named, since it raises the mean temperature of a summer day 40° Fahr. on the western side of the mountain chain, and 25° to 30° on the eastern. The mean direction of this wind is from the north-west; its velocity often exceeds that of a gale; its motion on the surface, as shown by bodies floating in the air, appears sometimes as if produced by rotation on a set of horizontal axes; at other times as resulting from a *ricochet* movement, and blowing by puffs. It is intensely dry, all clouds and vapours suddenly disappearing by absorption on its approach. The ordinary mean of evaporation of water in three hours being 0.45 of an inch, under the hot wind in the same time it reaches 0.150. It has been felt at the height of 5000 feet. Its common duration does not exceed ten hours, and it occurs but twice or thrice in the year. Though the wind is so hot in itself, the intensity of the solar radiation, as shown by a blackened thermometer, is materially lessened in passing through it.

* The influence of this wind on vegetation, both indigenous and exotic, is extremely injurious. All the *gramineæ* and *leguminosæ* are parched by it, and the fruit of the *Ficus Australis*, as well as of the vine, is destroyed. The red and blue grape lose their colour, and their watery elements; the green leaves turn yellow and wither; the quality of the crops is generally deteriorated, and whole fields of promising wheat and potatoes are often laid waste. . . . Its effects on the human constitution partake of the character of those produced in Egypt by the sirocco or simoom;—a feverish heat, and determination of blood to the head, and in those subject to disorders of the lungs, a restrained action in breathing, at times bordering on suffocation, are symptoms confined to the whites alone. The suppressed perspiration, or rather its rapid evaporation, the relaxation of the muscles and vessels, inflammatory attacks, affections of the glottis, and ophthalmia, are common both to the aborigines and European races.

It is clear that this wind, whatever its local modifications as generated or blowing over the continent of New Holland, is connected, in causes and phenomena, with the *hot winds* (however designated in different countries) which are known to us in Egypt and other parts of Africa, in Arabia, Central Asia, and different parts of the American continent. What these causes are, the present state of meteorological knowledge does not allow us fully to determine. That the great atmospheric agent, electricity, is largely concerned, we cannot doubt, from our own observation as well as that of others. M. Strzelecki does not give us any direct facts bearing on this point, as regards the hot wind of Australia; but in describing the zone of this wind as 'a huge electric apparatus, highly charged,' he assents to the general probability of the theory—connecting it at the same time with an observation on these

these atmospheric currents—which Humboldt, with his wonted ingenuity, was the first to fertilize, and to raise into the class of scientific causes. We allude to the fact of such currents of air being generally charged, more or less, with fine earthy particles, sand, or impalpable dust, all containing a notable portion of metallic matter. An atmosphere thus charged may have its temperature raised by the agency of these particles in reflecting or radiating heat, while at the same time it is very probable that its electric conditions may be altered and excited by the friction and mutual actions taking place in a current thus composed, and moving so rapidly over the surface.*

In treating of atmospheric pressure, our author gives tables showing the mean pressure and mean barometrical oscillations, for the winter and summer seasons of five successive years, at five different stations, reduced to 32° Fahr. Computing the mean diurnal variation from the phases of barometrical oscillation, which are ascertained to be nine in number, in the twenty-four hours, this is found to be only 0.085. The monthly maxima and minima of oscillation exhibit greater differences in winter than in summer. The amplitude of oscillation uniformly diminishes in proceeding northwards from Port Arthur, the extreme south, to Port Jackson, the extreme north of the extent included in the observations; according in this with the general fact of the decrease of oscillation from the pole to the equator in every part of the globe.

Except in confirming the general and intimate connexion of the winds with barometrical variations, we are not aware that the observations made in New Holland have yet done much to solve the perplexing phenomena of atmospheric pressure. It is clearly ascertained from the data furnished by Flinders and King, as well as by M. Strzelecki, that the barometer rises with the winds blowing from the pole, and falls with those from the equator, in conformity with the law to this effect established by Dove and Kämtz for the northern hemisphere. We understand, but without knowing details, that Sir James Ross, in his late antarctic expedition, ascertained the existence of a permanently low barometrical pressure in high southern latitudes; inferior by more than a *de-*

* 'Mais l'air de l'oasis de Mourzouk, n'est il pas constamment chargé de poussière, des petits grains terreux, qui s'échauffent bien autrement que l'air, et qui par leur rayonnement élèvent la température des basses couches de l'atmosphère?'—Humboldt's *Asie Centrale*, vol. iii.

M. Strzelecki relates that on one occasion, when sailing from New Zealand to Sydney, he was prevented for two days from making Port Jackson by the violence of the hot wind, which, at sixty miles from the shore, had a temperature above 90°. The lee sails and reefs of the vessel were covered with an impalpable dust, at first mistaken for ashes, but on examination proving to be a sand, containing $\frac{1}{2}$ of aluminous and $\frac{1}{2}$ of siliceous and metallic matter.

gree to the mean pressure between the tropics—one of the many interesting results which this memorable voyage will hereafter, as we trust, place before us.

The other meteorological topics of solar radiation and temperature, rain, humidity and dew, are handled by our author with the same perspicuity and abundance of tabular details. It appears that the intensity of solar rays is greater in New South Wales than in Van Diemen's Land; but that owing to the more diaphanous atmosphere of the latter colony, the register of a blackened thermometer there yields higher numerical results than in the sister country. A curious inquiry follows, illustrated by numerous experiments on the relative power of absorption and emission of solar heat which the different soils of the two colonies possess; and proving that those derived from the disintegration chiefly of siliceous rocks, as in New Holland, have a low absorbing and a high radiating power; while the soils derived principally from greenstone, basalts, serpentine, &c., as in Van Diemen's Land, have a high absorption and low radiation. The injuries which these conditions would respectively produce upon the climate of the two colonies are shown to be admirably obviated by the influence of vegetation; which, differing in each from the difference of the soils, modifies greatly the radiation of their respective surfaces.

The whole of this inquiry, as well as that which follows, on the influence of the same physical causes upon the hygrometrical condition, the moisture, dew, and evaporation in these colonies, contains much that is new and valuable in itself, and suggestive of similar inquiries in other and older countries, where such facts ought to be better known to us.

The numerical data, furnished from six different stations, and including 8730 days' observations, show that the amount of rain is greater in New South Wales than in Van Diemen's Land, probably in connexion with the general law of increase in quantity of rain from the pole to the equator; and that both colonies receive a considerably larger amount than the average for England; 48 inches falling annually in New South Wales, and 41 inches in Van Diemen's Land. The greatest fall recorded at Sydney within twenty-four hours amounted to 25 inches; but further to the west the rains seem to be more violent as well as abundant, producing sudden and extraordinary inundations.

The temperature of these colonies, illustrated also by valuable tables, is an object of much interest, looking not merely to their present population and culture, but yet more to the future state of countries thus rapidly rising into greatness. The results of observation, according well with those derived from the practical experience of the colonists, are exceedingly favourable as respects
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this point. Taking the four more important of the six stations at which thermometrical registers have been kept, we find by comparison with other localities of the globe that

Port Jackson (Sydney) has the summer of Avignon, Constantinople, or Philadelphia; and a winter nearly similar to that of Cairo or the Cape of Good Hope. Its fluctuations of temperature correspond with those of Paris; and its annual mean with that of Messina in Sicily and the Cape of Good Hope.

Port Phillip, on the southern coast of Australia, resembles in its summer Baden, Marseilles, and Bordeaux; in its winter Palermo and Buenos Ayres. The fluctuations are those of Montpelier, and the annual mean that of Naples.

Launceston (Van Diemen's Land) in its summer resembles Mannheim and Toulouse; in its winter and annual mean Lisbon and Perpignan.

Port Arthur, the extreme southern station of Van Diemen's Land, possesses the summer of Dantzic, Augsburg, and Jena, with a winter like that of Smyrna.

Such conditions of temperature are manifestly very favourable to equality of climate, while yet leaving sufficient range and diversity for the various exigences of cultivation. Accordingly we find that these colonies possess all the elements needful to the vigorous growth and extension of animal and vegetable life. On this subject we give our author's own words:—

'Independently, however, of comparison and analogies, the climatic condition of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land is represented in the most favourable light by its rich Flora, and by the healthy condition of its aborigines and its indigenous animals. Looking, indeed, at the singular and distinctive features by which its organic life is characterized, making this continent, as it were, a world apart, we cannot but wonder that the same climate, under which that life appears, should be likewise so well adapted to the maintenance of the vegetation and the animals of other hemispheres. The effect produced by the appearance of the plantain growing in company with the vine, apple, peach, and the English oak, and then again flourishing in the close vicinity of the *Eucalyptæ* and *Mimosæ*, is indeed surprising; nor is it less surprising to behold the kangaroo, sheep, emu, and horned cattle roaming together in the same forest, and seeking sustenance from the same herbage.

'But what mainly illustrates the fertility and salubrity of both these countries is the healthiness of the English settlers who have taken root on the soil. No endemic disease, and seldom any epidemic of grave character prevails; and if individual indisposition, or even partial deterioration of the progeny is sometimes seen, it is to be traced to the pertinacity with which the English race cling to their original modes of living, wherever they settle, and however different their adopted may be from their native climate. It is to the abuse of strong wines, malt liquors,

liquors, and spirits, and particularly to the excessive consumption of animal food of the richest description, and even to the mode of clothing and housing, that individual diseases, such as dyspepsia, premature decay of teeth, and affections of the brain, may be attributed.

The effect of extended cultivation in these colonies must be presumed to be that of rendering the climate hotter and drier—an ambiguous advantage, if not a certain injury, and one which may require further refinements in agriculture to give protection against it. The removal of dense forests and thick herbaceous underwood, and the creation of 280,000 acres of cultivated land, cannot be effected without many changes of atmospheric condition, as well as of the surface of the land itself.

The *fifth* section of the work relates to the Botany, the *sixth* to the Zoology of the Colonies, each division including respectively the fossil as well as the existing species. It might have been a better arrangement, and avoided some repetitions, if these sections had followed immediately that on Geology. As respects the existing species of plants, our author does not add to the catalogue of the *Flora Australis*, carried by the labours of Mr. Brown and the earlier explorers to 4000 species, and since enlarged by the addition of about 2000 more. His description of the general character and effect of Australian vegetation on the landscape is striking and well executed. The fossil plants hitherto collected by him and others are few in number, and derived almost exclusively from the coal formation and sandstone superincumbent upon it; or from a yellow limestone at Hobart Town, which furnishes the impressions of some unknown species of vegetation. We have already noticed the fossil plants of the coal strata, the specimens of which, brought home by M. Strzelecki, are minutely described. Though related in certain genera to the carboniferous fossils of the other hemisphere, yet are they so new and unlike in character as fully to maintain the singularity of New Holland, even in these vestiges of a former condition of the globe.

The Zoology of this region, as it relates both to fossil and existing species, is a subject justifying more details than we have space to give. One notable circumstance in the fossil Fauna is the extraordinary paucity of genera, species, and individuals in the rocks of the country, though the three great divisions of Vertebrata, Radiata, and Mollusca are all in one degree or other represented, with traces also of the Articulata. Our author, whose collections have considerably added to the number, divides them into such as correspond to the Palæozoic series, and those which may be considered to belong to the Pleiocene period. The specimens he collected of the Polypharia have been examined and described
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by Mr. Lonsdale, those of the Mollusca by Mr. Morris. Many of these are figured in plates at the end of the volume. Some few of the species seem to be identical with those of other countries; others allied to or representative of them;—many important genera, found largely in the corresponding deposits of Europe, are altogether wanting. The Fossil Mammalia are all recognised as belonging to the order of Marsupialia, a very curious evidence of the vast periods of time during which this type has prevailed in the Australian continent. They are referred to seven genera, two of which, the *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*, are new to naturalists. We owe to the sagacity of Mr. Owen the definition of these animals; the description of which, derived from four specimens only of bones brought to England, is adorned, as we may well express it, by all the felicity of inference and illustration which belongs to this pre-eminent observer. From the astragalus of one of them, named the *Nototherium ixerme*, is drawn the evidence of a marsupial vegetable-feeder as large as a rhinoceros; thus attesting here, as elsewhere, the ancient existence and subsequent annihilation of enormous representatives of the animal type still existing in the country. We recognise the same phenomenon and principle of change under the great diversity of objects which are submitted to it.

Of the recent Fauna a full catalogue is given, in which the discoveries of Mr. Gould among the Australian birds have a conspicuous part. As far as we know, the examination of these and of the mammalia may be deemed nearly complete. In other divisions there are still great deficiencies, as proved in the instance of the fishes, of which not more than sixty species are known to us. We cannot do more than slightly allude to the later researches of Mr. Owen on the *Ornithorhynchus*; in which, by showing its affinity to the reptiles in its generative system, and to extinct species of the *Ichthyosaurus* in certain parts of structure, he has added to the number of those anomalies which had already rendered this animal a problem and a paradox to zoologists.

The *seventh* section treats of the Aborigines of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land—a race, or races, destined to future and not distant annihilation before the tide of white men setting in upon their country. In the latter colony they are already extinct by death or removal, after many bloody struggles with the worst part of the new settlers. On the coast of New South Wales but a few straggling families or individuals remain, and the same changes are every year carried further within the country. Take the best view we can of this matter and its consequences, there yet is something melancholy in the spectacle of a
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branch of the human race—well defined in its characters, though obscure in origin and rude in its manner of life—being thus removed for ever from the face of the earth. Count Strzelecki, whose whole work gives proof of warm and generous feelings, and whose mode of travel carried him much among the native tribes, after depicting their habits, faculties, and acquirements in more favourable terms than other writers, breaks out here with some eloquence:—

‘The manifold calamities, but more particularly the decrease and final annihilation of the great majority of indigenous races which has followed, and always does follow, the approach of the whites—is a fact of such historical notoriety that the melancholy instance of the Australian natives affords but a further corroboration of the fearfully destructive influence which the one race exercises upon the other. Those in whose eyes the question of decrease and extinction has assumed all the mournful interest and solemnity which it merits, have inquired into the nature of that invisible but desolating influence which, like a malignant ally of the white man, carries destruction wherever he advances; and the inquiry, like an inquest of the one race upon the corpse of the other, has ended for the most part with the verdict of “*Died by the visitation of God.*”’

Not satisfied with this vague decision, and collating the evidence from his own direct examination of the aborigines of different countries, as well as from the reports of others, our author throws out a bolder view of his own;—viz. that the longevity has not been abridged in those native races, nor the rate of mortality increased, but that the power of continuing the species with males of their own race appears to be curtailed in many cases, if not in all, by intercourse of the aboriginal females with the European settlers. We cannot follow him into this topic; though admitting that the latter suggestion accords with some curious facts of modern physiology, and merits further investigation. But, except with more evidence than is given us, we must refuse assent to the previous assertions; and believe still, as heretofore, that the introduction of new diseases and new agents of disease—both more pernicious in their novelty—does materially increase the mean mortality among those races, and tend with other causes to their eventual extirpation.

The last and perhaps the most important topic in this volume, is the Agriculture of the colonies; and here again, we have to commend largely the industry and various knowledge of M. de Strzelecki, who has given us the results of his examination into the physical and chemical characters of forty-one different soils, from the same number of colonial farms, illustrating thereby
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not merely the conditions of these particular localities, but all that relates to the causes of the fertility or sterility of soils in general. Three kinds of soils were selected from each farm; the best, the worst, and that, which the occupier noted as a *particular soil*—each being, then examined as to its situation, exposure, external characters, and the methods under which it was cultivated. Its physical characters were next determined—the power of absorption of solar rays, of emission of heat, and of absorption of atmospheric water. Lastly came the chemical examination of the soil; first, by determining the amount of soluble matter in 100 parts; secondly, by determining the proximate constituents of the same. In sequel to these separate details, the results of the whole are given in a tabular form, with practical conclusions annexed to them. The recital of these methods will justify our praise of M. Strzelecki's enlightened industry, and may perchance suggest similar means in application to soils more familiar to us.

We have already noticed the difference of the rocky materials of the two colonies, and their influence upon the soils—those of New South Wales containing one-third less of soluble matter—more silica, and a smaller quantity of alkalies and salts—than the soils of Van Diemen's Land. Compared, indeed, with the virgin soils of many other countries, as the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, both are greatly inferior in their saline ingredients, and proportionally less fertile. But to this condition the indigenous vegetation of the country is admirably adapted. The Australian grasses are less alkaline than ours, and do not require the same richness of soil. The Eucalyptæ which cover the country can, by shedding their bark, dispense with the annual supply of alkali which trees shedding their leaves extract from the soil. It appears from comparative analysis that artificial culture has already been injurious in diminishing the organic constituents of the soils, as well as in altering their relation to the external agents of heat and moisture. These are points which it belongs to the future progress of agriculture to recognise and remedy.

The pastoral portion of these colonies is, perhaps, the most important, as well as most striking and characteristic. There is nothing here, either in mountain, plain, or forest land, which can recall the memory of any other region of the earth. The Australian Alps, at the height of more than 5000 feet, are as rich in the peculiar herbage of the country as the plains below. The Eucalyptæ, vast as they are in growth, do yet, from the peculiarity of their trunks and leaves, throw very little shade on the ground underneath; and the forests are scarcely less luxuriant than the open land in grasses fitted for pasture. The result of these

these circumstances, as regards sheep-breeding in particular, has been very remarkable. Hardly thirty years have elapsed since the first ram was imported into New South Wales, and the number of sheep now in the colony amounts to about nine millions! The simple economy of the stock-farms gave facility to their spread into the interior. The dividing chain of mountains was crossed, and the great plains beyond speedily covered with vast and growing flocks; not so much led by, as guiding their shepherds through these new and luxuriant pastures of the west. But evils grew up at the same time under a system thus loose and inartificial. The wool-growers of New South Wales were, in great part, men drawn from other occupations—many of them from the army and navy—ignorant of all but the high price of wool in England, and the expediency of increasing rapidly their number of sheep to take advantage of it. The pastures, first along the coast, afterwards on the western side of the mountains, became overstocked and exhausted of their herbage under the system of licensed squatting which prevailed;—occasional burnings, to produce fresh growth, did but increase the mischief—disease, from deficient management, came among the flocks—labourers and capital were more scantily supplied from home—while the fall in the price of wool in England, and the difficulties of the colonial currency, added to the general embarrassment. The years 1843 and 1844 were a crisis, agricultural and commercial, in the history of the colony, from which it is but just recovering. In Van Diemen's Land, where, from smaller space, properties are better defined, and the system of squatting upon licence not practised, there has been less of suffering from these causes. But neither here nor in New South Wales do we find yet much improvement in the management of sheep, or of pastoral land. The methods of breeding and rearing continue the same, and little is known as to the fitting rotation on pasture-ground. Great scope then exists for change and amelioration; but here, as in difficulties of more serious kind, we may safely confide in the energy of colonists who have already won to themselves a great country, and clothed it with so much of European verdure and civilization.

One of the most obvious improvements in the sheep-farming of these colonies will be to reduce the flocks while increasing the quantity of their produce of wool; a combination of objects which experience elsewhere has taught us to be perfectly practicable. The Count, looking to the quality of the pasture, recommends six acres as an average annual run for each sheep; these runs to be properly divided and apportioned, not solely for the sake of more equal pasturage, but also to provide for the due assortment

assortment of the sheep in breeding and rearing—points of infinite moment. Another important improvement will be the clearing away the vast quantity of dead timber which encumbers the ground, not merely obstructing vegetation, but taking off good wool from the fleeces as the sheep pass. And a further and great gain may be made by promoting the wilful burning of the sheep-runs by the shepherds; a point of more than ordinary consequence under the peculiarities of Australian surface and vegetation.

In passing from the wild pastoral regions to those of tillage, a complete change occurs both of landscape and human habits—more strongly marked here than in most other countries. In New South Wales 120,000 acres have now been brought under the plough; in Van Diemen's Land about 160,000 acres. Wheat, barley, oats, maize, English grasses, potatoes, turnips, &c., have been objects of cultivation from the first; tobacco was early introduced; and more recently the vine, with eminent prospects of success. The mode of working the land and the implements are the same as in England, as far as local circumstances allow; and, as in England, much room is open for improvements in draining and irrigation, manuring and rotation of crops.

The farms of the Australian Agricultural Company, in the most northern part of New South Wales, are cited by our author as the first in the scale of advancement. Here the banana grows by the side of the English oak, and both are surrounded by vines, orange and lemon trees, all flourishing and fruitful. The great agricultural district to the southward of Port Stephen, 2000 square miles in extent, is one of the richest and most thriving in the colony, and embraces many excellent farms. Nearer to Sydney the estates of the M'Arthurs (a family long and beneficially known in the history of the colony) are little inferior in excellence of cultivation to those of the Australian Company.

We have already seen that the rocks and soils of Van Diemen's Land, as well as other circumstances, render it better fitted for tillage than New South Wales; and accordingly we find the great valley districts of this island rapidly advancing in profitable cultivation, while showing, at the same time, vast capabilities of further improvement. The vale of the Tamar is the largest and richest of these; having with its branches a superficial extent of about 3000 square miles, 40 miles of inland navigation for vessels of 600 tons, good macadamised roads, an excellent soil, and great capacities for irrigation. The farm of Mona Vale in this district, the property of Mr. Kermode, is one of the
finest

finest in the country, though yet inferior in many points to the well-managed farms of the Van Diemen's Land Company. As a general description of this flourishing island we may well quote the words of our author:—

‘In Van Diemen's Land the agricultural districts are superior in appearance to those of New South Wales. The details of farms and farming are better understood and defined; and the practical results are such, that no country reminds the traveller so much of the *old one* as Van Diemen's Land. There the tasteful and comfortable mansions and cottages, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, gardens, and orchards,—the neat villages and prominently placed churches, forming, as it were, the centres of cultivated plains, divided and subdivided by hedge-rows, and through which an admirably constructed road winds across the island,—are all objects which forcibly carry back the mind to similar scenes of rural beauty in England and Scotland.’

Here we must close our examination of this valuable work. Whether read in this country or not, we can venture to guarantee to it an assured place, present and perspective, in the libraries of Australia. M. Strzelecki apologizes in the preface for his style, as ‘foreign and unidiomatic.’ In this we wholly differ with him. His language throughout is clear and vigorous, and, as our extracts will have shown, possesses the English idiom in a degree very remarkable for a foreigner. We shall be exceedingly glad to meet the same style again in any future volume which his Journals may offer to the public.

ART. VIII.—1. *Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par A. Thiers et F. Bodin. 8vo. Paris. Vols. 1 and 2, 1823; vols. 3 and 4, 1824; vols. 5 and 6, 1825; vols. 7, 8, 9, 10, 1827.

2. *Histoire de la Révolution de France*. Par A. Thiers. 10 vols. 8vo. 2d ed. Paris, 1828.

3. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. Par A. Thiers, Ancien Président du Conseil des Ministres, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et de l'Académie Française. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. 8vo. Paris, 1845.

WE believe that we shall be able—we are sure that there are superabundant materials—to demolish utterly and irretrievably M. Thiers' credit as an historian. Whatever of praise may be due to lively talents and great art, exclusively and without exception or scruple employed to misrepresent and falsify *en gros et en détail* every subject he touches, we will not deny him: but we most deliberately and conscientiously believe, and shall, we trust, produce sufficient evidence to convince our readers, that in the

the fourteen octavo volumes of his Histories now before us there is not one single page—hardly one line—of sincere and unadulterated truth.

We may seem to owe an apology to our readers for not having sooner undertaken this task—but we have both reason and precedent for our silence. We find that our most popular Parisian contemporary—calling itself, we know not why, *Revue des Deux Mondes*—prefaces an article of the current year on M. Thiers' historical works, written by M. Sainte-Beuve, of the *Académie Française*, an avowed friend and panegyrist of M. Thiers, with the confession of a similar neglect. When he whom a party among our neighbours affect to call a great historian, and still greater minister, and who is, in a peculiar degree, 'the child and champion' of the Revolution, has been apparently so overlooked by his own critical coterie, the inattention of London reviewers might pass for venial. But in truth there has been no neglect of M. Thiers' work on either side of the Channel. It attracted early and considerable notice by its lively style, and a certain air of originality and pretence of candour which he had the tact and talent to assume; but in spite of this varnish, the peculiar circumstances and patronage under which it made its appearance, and the spirit in which it was written, gave it the character—not of a serious and conscientious history—but of a bookseller's speculation on the state of political parties in France. No one, in fact, looked upon it in any other light than as a branch of the general conspiracy then at work against the elder Bourbons—a paradoxical apology for the old Revolution, and a covert provocation to a new one; and this was, we are satisfied, its chief motive—though there was of course something of literary ambition and something more of pecuniary speculation mixed up with it. It appeared, too, with a very ambiguous aspect—the first *livraison* of two volumes bore the joint names of A. Thiers and Felix Bodin—Bodin being a young *littérateur* employed by the booksellers in manufacturing a series of historical abridgments, who was willing to introduce his still younger and more obscure friend Thiers into this species of manufacture. The account given by M. Quévrard, in his elaborate History of French Bibliography, is as follows:—

'The two first volumes were written in common with M. Bodin, but M. Thiers having *subsequently retouched them*, the name of M. Bodin was omitted from the title-pages of the later editions. We are assured by a well-informed authority that this work was originally composed on a much smaller scale, and was comprised at first in four small volumes in *eighteens*, which were to have formed part of the series of Historical Abridgments published by Le Cointe and Durey. But these book-

sellers,

sellers, thinking that a better thing might be made of the book, cancelled the four volumes in 18mo. as waste paper, and it reappeared with large additions, in an 8vo. shape, as the History of the Revolution.—*Quévrad, tit. Thiers.*

M. Sainte-Beuve, in the article which we have just alluded to, gives an account of the origin of the work, and of the merit of the first *livraison*, still less flattering:—

‘The idea was Bodin’s—who urged it upon Thiers, and seeing him working so well at it, resigned his co-operation with a good grace. Bodin was a man of some information, but of little power of mind—but he had acquired in that *quart d’heure* of 1823 a considerable reputation, so that his name was, in a *case of need* (*au besoin*), a species of authority and even patronage. This auxiliary name therefore was thus associated with that of M. Thiers in the first volumes, but disappeared from the third. In these two first volumes it is evident that the young historian was only a tyro, and had not yet attained either method or originality. Like most historians, after a study more or less adequate of the facts, after inquiries soon and easily satisfied, and having paid at once “*mon siège est fait*,” he gets out of the scrape by his style—by the dramatic interest of the narrative, and by some brilliant portraits. The publication of these two volumes over, M. Thiers felt (and he himself confesses it with that candour which is one of the charms of superior minds) that he had almost everything to learn on the subject he had undertaken, and that a cursory perusal and a lively arrangement of materials and memoirs *already published—was not history*—such as he was capable of conceiving it.”—p. 223.

This certainly looks like candour, but at best would only be candour *à la Thiers*, which, as our readers will learn by and bye, is never more than an elusive apology for faults too gross to be either concealed or defended: we, however, strongly suspect that the errors which M. Sainte-Beuve thus indicates and M. Thiers confesses, are not the faults that we should complain of, but, on the contrary, some few approaches which his youth and inexperience made to truth and impartiality—for we find that M. Thiers’ subsequent corrections of his first edition seem altogether directed towards ridding his book of such discordant and uncongenial qualities.

M. Thiers is now in the course of publishing a continuation of this work, under the title of the ‘History of the Consulate and Empire,’ of which four volumes have appeared, and which, with less of the occasional merits of his first publication, exhibits in so strong a degree the same spirit of unscrupulous partiality, of indefatigable misrepresentations and audacious untruth, that we feel it to be our duty to delay no longer our exposure of this complicated system of deception.

In the case of productions thus undertaken and carried on—not

as serious history, but as a pecuniary and political speculation, and to serve accidental and personal purposes—the writer's individual circumstances are so intimately blended with the character of the work, that both M. Thiers' admirers and adversaries think it necessary to preface their reviews of his book with a sketch of his life.

We, in following this example, shall avoid as much as possible any mere personality, and shall only observe on those circumstances which appear to have influenced his *soi-disant* historical labours.

Louis* Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797, of very poor parents—his father being, we are told, a working locksmith. This topic has been handled invidiously by his detractors, and eulogistically by his admirers, to an extent which we cannot, in either sense, adopt. In revolutionary times sudden, and even brilliant, successes are not always the proof of merit: they are sometimes the very reverse, and not unfrequently the result of accident; and however honourable it may be to the individual to have raised himself to eminence from a very low origin, it rarely happens that he can emancipate himself altogether from the low feelings and habits in which he was brought up. Of this Buonaparte himself was to the last a remarkable example: notwithstanding his education in the military, and therefore *noble*, school of Brienne, he never, even in the highest of his elevation, could get rid of the narrow and jealous instincts of his early humility; and though a conqueror and an emperor, he never was, in the English acceptance of that term, a *gentleman*. So M. Thiers—advocate, journalist, historian, minister, nay, prime minister—has always been and always will be essentially *un peu gamin*; and we think that we can trace throughout his career a want of that consistency, decorum, and *mesure*, as the French call it—that discipline of mind, manners, and principles, which can rarely be learned under the precarious and reckless habits of low life. Whatever favourable training the young mind receives in such a case may be generally traced to maternal care; so in this case, we are told that the mother of M. Thiers, though fallen into extreme poverty, was of a decent *bourgeois* family, related, it is said, though distantly, to the two poets *Chénier*—Joseph, the Jacobin Tyræus, and André, his victim brother. By her connexions she was enabled to obtain for her boy an imperial *bourse*, or, in more general language, gratuitous education in the public school of Marseilles; so that it must be admitted that M. Thiers may naturally remember with gratitude the Imperial régime. Here

* He very early dropped the *Louis*, as savouring, we presume, too much of royalism; and as *Louis Philippe Édouard* had done before him. This petty subterfuge was already characteristic of the man.

his progress is said to have been satisfactory from the first, and towards the conclusion of the course brilliant, though of the details no more is told than that he was a tolerable Latinist,* and that he studied geometry with that taste for the military profession with which Buonaparte inoculated the rising generation; but in 1814-15 the military despot fell and Thiers, like thousands of other embryo heroes, had to look out for another profession; and his narrow circumstances, as well perhaps as his instinctive literary taste, naturally led him to that which is in France of the easiest access—the bar. We cannot now forbear to smile at the idea of M. Thiers *en militaire*; but we recollect that the ‘Historian of the Decline and Fall’ professes to have learned something from his services in the Hampshire militia—and from the superabundant diligence with which the historian of the French Revolution loves to dwell on the details of the war, it is evident that he fancies that he had a vocation in that direction, and he dreams, perhaps, that if the peace had not imposed upon him the inferior necessity of being only prime minister, he might, himself, have been another *First Consul*.

In 1815 he removed to Aix, the seat of the chief tribunal of the department and of the schools of law, where he seems to have looked into codes and digests no more than was just necessary to pass a slight and almost nominal examination, while his real occupation was writing literary essays and getting up political mutinies against the existing government—a road that generally leads to the Tarpeian rock, but in his singular case carried him in triumph to the Capitol.

‘M. Thiers, whose ardent and ambitious spirit seems to have had the presentiment of a brilliant futurity, already played in the law schools the part of the leader of a party: he harangued, ranted, and roared against the restored government—invoked the recollections of the Republic and the Empire—became an object of suspicion to his professors—of alarm to the police—and of enthusiasm to his fellow-students.’—*Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, No. 2.

At Aix he formed what our classical neighbours call a *Pylades and Orestes* friendship with Mignet, a young man whose circumstances were very similar to his own—cultivating, like him, small literature, and propagating ultra-liberalism under the guise of

* We have some doubt as to his classical attainments. Of the ‘*bonnet rouge*’ of the Jacobins, he says, ‘a new kind of ornament, borrowed from the Phrygians, and which had become the emblem of Liberty’ (i. 261). It was not new, nor borrowed from the Phrygians (see Prudhomme, No. 141). The woollen cap was the common coiffure of the working classes; and a cap had not *now* become, but had always been, the emblem of the deified Liberty of antiquity. Again, in all the editions that we have seen of his History, we find the egregious blunder of confounding *Æschines* the rival of Demosthenes, with *Æschylus* the tragic poet (ix. 401); which blunder is repeated in the English translation (v. 185).

studying the law—like him producing a ‘History of the Revolution,’ and like him, and chiefly we believe by his patronage, rewarded—though not in so eminent a degree—by the July dynasty, with honours and offices, which would be a ludicrous if it were not a revolting contrast with the high republican sentiments on which these patriots founded their reputation. About this time the Academy of Aix proposed a prize for the best ‘Eloge of Vauvenargues,’ a metaphysical and deistical writer of the last century, and a native of that town. Thiers contributed an Essay—which, though applauded, was not, any more than its competitors, thought worthy of the subject, and the adjudication of the prize was adjourned to the next year. It is said that Thiers owed this mortification to his having allowed the secret of his authorship to transpire, and to the reluctance of the Academy to encourage the turbulent young lawyer, ‘*le petit Jacobin*.’ Not disheartened, however, he next year sent in his former Essay; but one from an unknown hand had in the meanwhile arrived from Paris, which was so decidedly superior to all the others, that the Academicians hastened to give it the prize—though they awarded Thiers the second place. On opening the sealed packets that contained the names of the authors, Thiers was found to be the author of both the first and the second—to the mortification, it is said, of the Academicians and the triumph of the Liberals. ‘This work seems to us, from the extracts which we have seen, to be a respectable *comp d’essai*, written with some thought, in an easy style, and peculiarly free from the affectation and bombast which are the common characteristics of the French ‘*Eloge*.’

M. Thiers had before this been called to the bar; and practised, or rather endeavoured to practise, but with, as might be expected from his temper and his studies, very little success; and so, impatient of an obscure and humble position, he and his bosom friend Mignet set out in September, 1821, to try their fortunes in Paris—‘rich in hope and talents, but very low in cash.’ Their expedition to the capital reminds us of that of Johnson and Garrick to London, and, like our moralist, their chief if not only resource was a recommendation from some friend in the provincial city to a fellow-townsmen resident in Paris.

This patron was the then celebrated deputy Manuel, who, like themselves, had been a barrister at Aix: elected for the violence of his liberalism into Buonaparte’s chamber of the 100 days, and subsequently re-elected by the same party, he was now the boldest and most eloquent orator of the opposition, of which Lafitte, then considered one of the wealthiest bankers of Europe, was the patron, paymaster, and, we believe, chief manager. There can be little doubt that, even at this time, Lafitte must have suspected, if he had

had not actually begun to feel, those commercial embarrassments which, some years later, ended in a great and somewhat scandalous bankruptcy;* but, as always happens in such desperate cases, he was not on that account the less profuse of what was really other people's money, in endeavouring to bring about another revolution, for the purpose—such was his predominant and almost avowed idea—of raising the Duke of Orleans to the throne. The press, which had been so long and so utterly enslaved by Buonaparte, had, like the prototype of *Mind* in the heathen mythology, started at once into life, full grown and full armed; and seeming to challenge not liberty only, but sovereignty, it became the chief engine to overthrow the only French government that had ever allowed it anything like freedom. Opposition newspapers were founded with the double object of influencing public opinion and of enlisting and rewarding the young and clever literary adventurers with whom the system of cheap education and the sudden limitation of the military profession had overstocked society. Manuel recommended his two young patriots to Lafitte, who very soon provided for them by employing Mignet in the *Courrier*, and Thiers in the *Constitutionnel*. One of M. Thiers' young friends, Loève Wymar, gives the following account of the 'very modest' habitation—even after he had obtained some reputation amongst his associates—of the future Prime Minister of France:—

'I clambered up the innumerable steps of the dismal staircase of a lodging-house situated at the bottom of the dark and dirty *Passage Montesquieu*, in one of the most crowded and noisy parts of Paris. It was with a lively feeling of interest that I opened, on the fourth story, the smoky door of a little room which is worth describing—its whole furniture being an humble chest of drawers—a bedstead of walnut-tree, with white linen curtains—two chairs and a little black table with rickety legs.'—*Hommes d'Etat de France*.

This was probably as good accommodation as either Johnson or Goldsmith were able to afford themselves on their first arrival in London—and we are induced to notice it only from the rapidity with which this humble scenery was changed, and its striking contrast with the singular elegance of M. Thiers' private residence in the Place St. George, and still more so with the splendour of the ministerial palace of the Boulevard des Capucines.

The first publication of M. Thiers, of which we have any notice, will appear to an English reader an odd *déput* for a poli-

* It was proved in a subsequent suit between the Bank of France and the house of Lafitte and Co., that in 1828 the latter were already insolvent to the amount of about 400,000*l*. How long this deficit had been growing up did not appear.—*Deux Ans de Règne*, p. 422.

tician and historian of such eminence. It was a biographical essay on the life of Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, *en tête* of the 'Mémoires' of that actress (1822). This we have never seen, and it is now, we suppose, a curiosity. He must also at this period have been writing his 'History,' of which two volumes were published in 1823, in less, it seems, than two years after his arrival in Paris. But his chief employment and resource was the *Constitutionnel*, in the columns of which he soon distinguished himself by the vivacity and taste of his literary contributions, and by the vigour and boldness of his political articles. The *Constitutionnel* rose in 1825 to 16,250 subscribers, the greatest number of any journal in Paris: while the *Journal des Débats*, written in a moderating and conservative spirit, had only 13,000—a number, however, equal to that of all the other journals of Paris put together. At the July revolution the *Constitutionnel* had reached near 20,000, while the *Débats* had fallen off to 12,000; and the most popular of the pure Royalist journals did not exceed 5000. This is a sufficient indication of the political feeling of the reading public. M. Thiers' growing value was duly appreciated. M. Lafitte felt that he had made a prize: he introduced him into the higher circles and confidence of his party; and this not only flattered M. Thiers' vanity and taste, but it extended his sphere of knowledge and of thought, and stimulated at once his diligence and his energy.

Lafitte was a light and giddy man, with a great flux of plausible talk, and an ultra-Gascon vanity. It was no uncommon thing to hear him tell Englishmen, '*Je suis le Fox de ce pays-ci.*' His position as a great banker gave him a reputation for solid talents which he never possessed, and a degree of weight and authority which he never deserved. Whether from his secret financial transactions with Buonaparte, which were very extensive—or from some pique against the restored family—or from higher motives of political conviction—or from some lower and more personal influences which were subsequently imputed to him—it is certain that he very early '*affichait*' his enmity to the Restoration:—so much so that in 1814 an eminent Englishman—to whom he was declaiming in that strain—pleasantly told him 'that he was sorry to find that the *House of Lafitte* had declared war against the *House of Bourbon.*' When subsequently his neglect of his business and the expenses of his political intrigues had involved him in pecuniary difficulties, it was very natural that he should become more and more anxious to merge—or excuse—or perhaps repair his own insolvency in a general confusion: and he was not, in such circumstances, likely to forget that the Duke of Orleans was the richest subject in Europe, and in a condition, if he should become King of France, to be

be magnificently grateful.* It is, however, within our own knowledge that as early as 1818, when his great pecuniary difficulties could hardly have commenced, the examples of James II. and William III. were frequently in his mouth—and we have little doubt that from this source gradually flowed all the allusions and analogies which the opposition press was in the habit of drawing from the English proceedings in 1688. It must indeed be admitted that there had been, throughout the whole course of the French Revolution, a chain of very remarkable coincidences with corresponding events in English history, which we have before incidentally noticed, but which we think it is worth while to exhibit more clearly in the following synopsis:—

Charles I.	Louis XVI.
Unpopularity of the Queen.	Unpopularity of the Queen.
The Long Parliament.	The National Assembly.
Flight to the Isle of Wight.	Flight to Varennes.
Trial and execution.	Trial and execution.
Government by the Parliament.	Government by the Convention.
Cromwell	Buonaparte
Expels the Parliament.	Expels the Councils.
Military despotism.	Military despotism.
Richard Cromwell set aside.	Napoleon II. set aside.
Restoration of Charles II.	Restoration of Louis XVIII.
Amnesty to all but regicides.	Amnesty to all but regicides.
Popish and Rye-house plots.	Conspiracies of Berton, Bories, &c.
Unpopularity of the Duke of York.	Unpopularity of Count d'Artois.
Fear of the Jesuits.	Fear of the Jesuits.
James II., late King's brother.	Charles X., late King's brother.
Suspected birth of the Pretender.	Suspected birth of D. of Bordeaux.
Influence of the Jesuits.	Influence of the Jesuits.
Royal Declarations of indulgence.	Royal Ordinances.
Convention Parliament.	Meeting of the dissolved Chamber.
Flight and abdication of the King.	Flight and abdication of the King.
Expulsion of him and his family.	Expulsion of him and his family.
They take refuge in France.	They take refuge in England.
	And,

* When Louis-Philippe found himself obliged to dismiss the Lafitte ministry in March, 1831, the extent of his pecuniary gratitude to M. Lafitte was the subject of an angry discussion. It was alleged, on the part of the King, that he had paid in 1831 for M. Lafitte 12,000*l.*—that he had given him 400,000*l.* for the forest of Breteuil, which, as it produced only 8000*l.* a year, was considerably above its value—and that he had guaranteed a loan from the Bank of France to M. Lafitte of 240,000*l.* These facts were all contested—the guarantee it was said cost nothing—and on the whole it appeared that the liberality was not excessive; but what honest claim could M. Lafitte have

And, finally, both Revolutions arrived at the same identical result—the calling to the vacant throne the *late King's cousin*, being the *next male heir* after the abdicating family.

These leading coincidences, and some collateral ones too complicated for a synopsis, are very curious, and at first sight surprising—but they are not unnatural nor even accidental—they only prove, when closely examined, that the rule of like causes producing like effects, is almost as certain in the moral and political as in the physical world. But there were in France stronger incentives to the change of dynasty than existed in England. The English rebellion had not essentially disturbed the great foundations of society—and the English Restoration endangered no private rights, and rather satisfied than alarmed public principle. But in France everything had been subverted—*bouleversé*—not merely the face of things, but the things themselves;—property, above all, had changed hands, and that too under the operation of such cruel and unjustifiable illegalities as could not but render the new possessors very sensitive as to their titles. The usurping government of France had been moreover of longer duration, and had of course spread deeper roots, and it had created an extensive nobility and gentry of its own:—now all those interests and feelings were offended, and pretended to be alarmed, by the return of those whom they affected to fear as claimants of their properties, and whom they really hated as antagonists of their principles, and rivals to their new-fangled aristocracy. Many even of those who most wished for peace and quiet, under the shelter of a monarchy were not sorry to have a monarch—the son of a *regicide**—whose own revolutionary title to the crown should be a guarantee for all the interests that had grown out of the Revolution.

This was no doubt the basis and reasoning of M. Lafitte's project, which artfully allied itself with and assumed the direction of all other dissatisfactions and disturbances as they successively appeared. One instance, out of many, too little noticed at the time and since almost forgotten, is worth recalling:—

‘On the morning of the 11th of March, 1821, an insurrection broke out in Grenoble, the leader of the mob proclaiming “that a revolution had been effected in Paris—that the King had abdicated—that the Duke of Orleans had been placed at the head of a provisional government—that the tri-coloured flag had been hoisted, and the constitution of 1791 restored.”’—*Lacretelle, Restor.*, iii. 31.

This singular anticipation of the events of July, 1830, proves at

have for any liberality at all—or was Louis-Philippe to confess that, like old Didius, he had *bought* the crown?

* That was Lafayette's reason.—*Sarrans, Réc. de 1830*, vol. i. p. 195.

least what were the predominant ideas of the Movement party. In the trial of Bertin, in 1822, the law-officers of the crown distinctly charged these and similar disturbances upon a *directing committee* in Paris, and by name on its leading members, Generals Lafayette and Foy, and MM. Lafitte and Manuel. This grave imputation was denied at the time—rather faintly, because the parties were afraid of daring the ministry to the proof; but since the July revolution it has been boasted of. Sarrans makes it a new claim for Lafayette on the gratitude of his country, that his own head and that of his son were risked on this occasion. And M. Thiers, in his pamphlet '*La Monarchie de 1830*,' published in 1831, states that the idea of the Duke of Orleans' elevation 'dated from *fifteen years* before, and that every intelligent mind had already designated him for King' (p. 25). This probably was true only of M. Lafitte and the 'intelligent minds' of his own special friends and followers; but it is—like the more celebrated phrase of '*la comédie de quinze ans*'—an admission that such were the sentiments and doctrines into which the patronage of M. Lafitte had enlisted, amongst a great many others, MM. Mignet and Thiers.*

At first their co-operation was confined to their respective newspapers, but it soon overflowed into other channels, and produced, as we think, a very strange occurrence. These two young men, bosom friends—inhabiting, *together* it seems, the poor apartment before described (*Gal. des Contemp.*, vol. i. p. 8), and working for a precarious livelihood—suddenly came before the public as rival authors, each with a '*History of the French Revolution*.' The works were no doubt very different in their styles—Mignet's being a kind of *post mortem* anatomical lecture, which exhibited little more than the skeleton of the subject:—while Thiers' presented the Revolution dressed up like a player for the stage, with the most elaborate endeavour to conceal its deformities, and to give it, by theatrical illusion, an air of grace or of grandeur. But, notwithstanding this marked difference in the *execution* of the works, it still seems very strange that two young men, in such very peculiar circumstances, should have

* The Duke of Orleans, however, was too prudent to mix himself personally in these matters, and it seems that he had never seen M. Thiers till the night between the 30th and 31st July, 1830. But M. Sainte-Beuve, in stating this, states also, with the blind inconsistency of his school, a most remarkable fact, which entirely contradicts his own object; he says that '*Manuel advised Thiers early not to see the Duke of Orleans*.' Why should Manuel have thus early advised a *penny-allinger*, as Thiers then was, not to see the Duke of Orleans? What could Thiers have had to do with the Duke of Orleans? We, however, in spite of M. Sainte-Beuve's unlucky suggestion, persist in our disbelief that the Duke was ever directly concerned in any of M. Lafitte's earlier intrigues. He may have had some notion of his design, but probably kept himself clear of all guilty participation.

simultaneously

simultaneously undertaken tasks so nearly identical—so likely to force them into a kind of rivalry or collision, and to spoil in some degree each other's market. Finding no explanation of this odd concurrence in the reviews or biographies, we are driven to our own conjectures; and the following appears to us to be at least a plausible solution of the enigma.

We have already stated M. Lafitte's fixed and passionate desire to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, and we have sufficient indications of the indefatigable intrigues and profuse expenditure with which he pursued that object; but he met little sympathy—in fact, the great difficulty he found in accomplishing it, even after the July revolution had vacated the throne, proves that there was no public opinion with him or the Duke; and so—with that confidence which financiers are apt to have in their power to influence public credit—he resolved to bring his candidate into fashion, and raise the character of the House of Orleans, as he might do the price of Bank-stock; but the *antécédens* of that house were not favourable to this speculation—all former historians had joined in a chorus of indignation against the crimes of the Revolution, and even the most liberal amongst them had a tendency to keep alive and sharpen the feelings of shame and horror with which the majority of the French people looked back on those disastrous and disgraceful days, and in an especial degree on the most profligate and odious cause and accomplice of all those atrocities—*Philippe Egalité*. Now, towards producing the son—little known to the public except as the son of such a man—the first step would naturally be an attempt to efface or extenuate the crimes of the father. It was therefore, as we suspect, decided by the leaders that, in addition to the light troops of newspapers and pamphlets, the heavy artillery of regular history should be brought into action, and that while the inestimable benefits and the immortal glory conferred on France by the Revolution should be blazoned to the highest, its crimes and horrors should be palliated and excused; and that, as an important corollary to the general design, the case of *Egalité* should be kindly yet cautiously handled—keeping him in a shadowy background—not wholly unnoticed, lest it should be said that the Revolution was ashamed of him—not altogether whitewashing him, lest outraged truth should rise up and remonstrate too loudly—but just mentioned where he could not well be omitted, with a charitable ambiguity—the prudent precursor of that bolder insult to the feeling and common sense of all mankind, which was, when the plot had ripened into success, to proclaim him '*le plus honnête homme de la France*.' Of course it would add greatly to the effect if all this should be done in two solemn

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and substantial historical works, so different in size, style, general arrangement, and character, that they never could be suspected of being concerted fabrications of the same shop. We do not venture to say, and indeed can hardly think, that these twin Histories were concocted solely for this Orleanist project. There were no doubt, as we before said, the concurrent, if not primary, object of literary profit and fame, and a powerful share of the old revolutionary impulse in the minds of the writers; but we do believe, and think we could show from a concurrence of minute circumstances, that they were written in *concert*—that Thiers is only an amplification of Mignet, or Mignet a table of contents to Thiers—and that both, whether spontaneously or by the suggestion of the leader of the party, were made subservient to the general views of the new revolutionists, and collaterally to their designs in favour of the Duke of Orleans. It is at least certain that if they had been undertaken with that special object, they could hardly have fulfilled it better. We shall examine in due course M. Thiers' mode of handling these matters; but in order to have done with M. Mignet, we shall at once produce *all* the passages of his philosophical History in which this *primum mobile* of the Revolution, the Duke of Orleans, is mentioned—and *they are but three*. The first introduces that prince—very much *à propos de bottes*—for the purpose of denying that he had any party or real influence in the Revolution:—

'The Duke of Orleans, to whom *they* [that is, all mankind, except MM. Mignet & Co.] have imputed a party, had very little influence in the Assembly—he voted with the majority, and not the majority with him. The personal attachment of some few members—his name—the fears of the Court—the popularity with which his opinions were rewarded—*hopes much more than plots*—gave him the character of factious; but he had neither the qualities *nor even the defects* of a conspirator; *he may have helped* with his purse and his name, popular movements, which would have equally happened without him, and which had a very different object from his elevation.'—*Mignet*, 108.

We need not stop to expose the confusion, self-contradictions, and general falsehood of this passage; but our readers will contrast the hesitating hypothesis that 'the Duke *might have helped* with his purse,' with the bold assertion that '*whether he did or not*, it produced no result.' Again: in the relation of the frightful events of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789—the real pivot on which the Revolution turned from good to irretrievable evil, and which was the indisputable movement of the Duke of Orleans—his name is not even alluded to; but by and bye on occasion of his subsequent visit to England it is thus mentioned:—

'The Duke of Orleans—who *wrongly or rightly* was considered the planner

planner of the insurrection, consented to go on a mission to England.'—*ib.* 131.

'*Wrongly or rightly.*' And this complaisant doubt is expressed by a philosophical historian of a fact as notorious as the sun, and admitted by the pusillanimous evasion of the culprit, which broke up the confederacy between him and the more daring Mirabeau. The third direct mention of him is in a general attempt of M. Mignet to varnish over some of the most atrocious murders of the Convention by a kind of classification *motivée*:—

'The Dictatorial Government [*the Committee of Salut Public*] struck at all the parties with *which it was at war* in their highest and most sensitive places. The condemnation of the Queen was directed against Europe—that of the Twenty-two [*Brissot, &c.*] against the Girondins—that of the *wise* [*le sage!*] Bailly against the old Constituant party—and, finally, that of the Duke of Orleans against certain members of the Montagne, who were suspected of plotting his elevation.'—*ib.*, 405.

This exceeds the former passage in absurdity and falsehood, and really requires a few words of exposure. That bloody mockery of justice, the Revolutionary Tribunal, is kept altogether out of sight, and M. Mignet endeavours indirectly to palliate its murders by thus presenting them as the acts of a Government invested by the perilous circumstances of the country with a *dictatorial* right of *war* against its public enemies—a nefarious principle never alleged by the original murderers. He would have us believe—contrary to all evidence, contrary to the knowledge of all—not a few—surviving witnesses—that the murder of the prostrate and helpless Queen was a stroke of public policy against *Europe*; as if the previous execution of the King, and declaration of war against the very name of monarchy throughout Europe, had not rendered the death of the Queen a mere personal, wanton, and unmeaning cruelty:—that 'the murder of the *Twenty-two* was directed against the *Girondins*;' as if the *Twenty-two* were not themselves the *Girondins*:—that 'the murder of Bailly was meant to intimidate the old Constituents;' as if any one at that time cared, or even thought of the old Constituents; as if it were not one of the most striking and notorious facts of the whole revolutionary tragedy that the poor morose Bailly was rather tortured to death than executed, in the Champ de Mars, in *personal* vengeance of his share in repressing a riot on that very spot three years before: and, finally, that 'the murder of the Duke of Orleans was a demonstration against certain members of the *Mountain* who had plotted his elevation;' as if it were not the *Mountain* itself which put him to death; as if the historian had not just before told us that the Duke had *no party* and *no plots*;
and

and as if he had been a victim of the same innocent and interesting class as the Queen, or Bailly, or the Girondins:—for the crimes of the latter, great as they were, can never be justly placed in the same category with the infamy of *Egalité*.

We have been led to notice these passages, not by selection, but because they comprise the *whole* of what M. Mignet thinks proper to tell us of the share of the Duke of Orleans in the Revolution—he does not so much as allude to his vote for the death of the King, nor even to the assumption of the name *Egalité*—a most significant silence: to which we may add, as an appropriate *pendant*—that no description, nor, as we recollect, any mention of that revolutionary Saint, whose influence worked so large a portion of M. Mignet's miracles—the *Guillotine*—is allowed to sully the pages of his philanthropic History: and the stupendous horrors of the *Revolutionary Tribunal* of Paris, with its 3000 victims—the *Noyades* of Nantes—the *Mitrailles* of Lyons—the proconsular massacres in all the great towns of France—are huddled together, and rather concealed than recorded in these few vague and unintelligible words—'*Death became the only rule of governing, and the Republic was delivered over to daily and systematic executions:*' to which the impartial historian takes care to append a gentle hint that, for whatever mischief was done, the sufferers themselves were really the guilty parties by the resistance with which the Revolution had been originally met: all that followed, he thinks, was natural—inevitable: and if we were to push this philosopher's reasoning to its obvious conclusion, we should find that poor Louis XVI. was guilty not only of his own murder, but of cutting off the heads of the thousands of all ranks and parties that followed him to the scaffold. We shall see by and bye that M. Thiers' 'History' is also composed on exactly the same absurd and mischievous principles.

We are not reviewing M. Mignet—though we confess we ought to have done so long ago; but all the French biographers and critics admit that he and M. Thiers were so identified in principle, and so evidently '*fingers of the same hand*,' that we could not overlook the connexion and mutual elucidation of their Histories—coming from the same '*atelier*'—at the same period of time—under the same patronage—and, as we think the result shows, for the same ultimate purpose. Besides, we were not sorry to have an opportunity of expressing, however late and however cursorily, our very unfavourable opinion of Mignet's work—for his *skeleton* style and method have obtained for him a kind of *primâ facie* reputation of accuracy and impartiality which

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he assuredly does not deserve. An ordinary reader may sometimes suspect that M. Thiers is too brilliant to be trusted, while Mignet seems too dry to be doubted; whereas, in truth, they are, though by different processes, equally deceptive. Thiers' portrait flatters the Revolution by altering the details—Mignet's coarser and colourless hand falsifies the outline.

Here, in strict chronological order, we should pursue our observations on M. Thiers' first History; but it will be more convenient, we think, to complete our slight sketch of his life before we proceed to any detailed examination of his work.

We have said that his articles in the *Constitutionnel* had given him a political position; and his 'History,' written in the sense of the prevailing public opinion, and hardly less a measure of opposition than his newspaper articles—which it resembled in many respects—obtained him, at least with his own party, which was still stronger in the literary than the political world, a more determined and permanent reputation. But still the wished-for revolution did not arrive: the respectable and not unpopular ministry of M. de Martignac seemed even to adjourn any immediate probability of it; and the activity and ambition of M. Thiers seem to have become somewhat impatient of the fruitless conflict he was engaged in. 'He began,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'to contemplate a "General History."'—He does not say of *what*; but adds, 'that for this new object M. Thiers thought it necessary to prepare himself by a diligent study of the higher sciences.'

'Those who have had the pleasure of a long acquaintance with M. Thiers remember—not without charm—this, as I may call it, *scientific phase* of M. Thiers' life. He studies Laplace, Lagrange—studies them *pen in hand*—smitten with the love of the higher *calculs*, and making them. He traces meridians (*des méridiens*) at his window, and arrives in the evening at a party of friends, reciting, with an accent of enthusiasm, those noble and simple last words of the *Système de la Nature*—"Let us preserve, nay, carefully augment, the storehouse of these high pursuits, the delights (*délices*) of thinking beings."—*Ib.* 236.

Whatever doubts this high-flown passage may excite as to the scientific acquirements of either M. Sainte-Beuve or M. Thiers, it would be uncivil to doubt the facts: we, therefore, must believe that M. Thiers actually makes his calculations 'pen in hand;' and that he has accomplished that heretofore undiscovered problem of finding more than one meridian for the same window. The meridian of a window every schoolboy can find with two pins and a gleam of sunshine.

About the time that M. Thiers was thus in his '*scientific phase*,' it

which was utterly false. But that is a trifle. The essential fact is, not only that no such things had any existence—and, what more immediately concerns M. Thiers' credit and character, that there is not the smallest colour or pretence for any part of the statement—that every detail of it has been fully and judicially disproved—that in its present shape and combination it is altogether a most wilful and audacious fraud. While the events were still fresh in memory and hot in popular feeling, there was a regular legal inquiry into all the circumstances, by the trial—before the lately re-organized tribunal of the *Châtelet*, for the new crime of *Lèse-Nation*,* or High Treason against the People—of MM. de Barentin and Puysegur, ministers at the time, of Marshal Broglie, commander-in-chief, and of the Baron de Bezenval, the General of the Swiss Guards (already mentioned), who then, as he had for the eight preceding years, commanded all the troops in and around Paris, and who was peculiarly obnoxious to the Revolutionists for the confidence which the King, and particularly—as it was said *ad invidiam*—the Queen placed in him. The charges drawn up by a committee of the rebellious Commune of Paris comprised most of the absurd allegations which M. Thiers has revived—absurd, says Bezenval himself, 'to the degree of a pitiable insanity,—projects of the siege of Paris—massacre—red-hot shot, and so forth.'—(*Mém. de Bez.* ii. p. 380.) But there was not even a shadow of proof; and this officer, who had three times, with great difficulty, escaped being hanged *à la lanterne*, was, with all his co-accused, even in those days, acquitted from the 'insane' charges which M. Thiers has again raked up in this calumnious romance which he calls a History.

The reproduction of these charges after, and without any mention of, this judicial and contemporaneous disproof, is a fair test of the historian's veracity; but it is also a specimen either of his own want of thought and judgment, or, which is more probable, his utter contempt for the understanding of his readers. There are two points, however, of this strange statement that deserve particular notice.

'The barracks of the Swiss were full of munitions.' Undoubtedly the Swiss Guards should have been supplied with the necessary stores and provisions, whether they were to be moved or not; and indeed any unusual accumulation of 'munitions' in the barracks would prove that they rather apprehended than intended an attack; but in truth there is the clearest evidence, and amongst others that of M. de Bezenval himself, that

* 'Ce mot dont s'enrichissait la langue révolutionnaire indiqua un délit qu'on se garda bien de définir afin d'en rendre l'application plus commode.'—*Mém. de Bezenval*.

same course of literature, and, we suppose, under the same patronage, as Thiers and Mignet. He was a regular contributor to the *Constitutionnel*, and published abridgments of the histories of Scotland and Modern Greece; and in more direct furtherance of the grand conspiracy, a history of the counter-revolution in England under Charles II. and James II. This work was suppressed by the Government, and we have never seen it; but we presume it was an amplification of the heads of our preceding synopsis. When the July revolution removed Thiers and Mignet to ministerial office, Carrel was rewarded, more obscurely and scantily, with a secret mission into Belgium, and was subsequently offered a *préfecture*. These, we believe, seemed to him an inadequate recompense, and he continued in the chief direction of the *National*, in which he showed not a little mortification and *dépit*, at the inconsistency and ingratitude of the Citizen Monarchy; and in 1838 was killed in a half personal, half journalist duel by M. Emile Girardin, who had just started *La Presse*, at half the usual price of its contemporaries.

The earlier days of the *National*, to which we must return, were brilliant and successful. M. Thiers' conception of his subject and object—the *principle*, so to call it, of his warfare—was as sagacious as its execution was bold and able. It was to paralyze the Government, and push it eventually to its own destruction, by affecting to lay down as the inexorable and only rule for the conduct of affairs—the Charter—the whole Charter, and nothing but the Charter; to employ against the Government every power and means that were not expressly forbidden in the Charter, and to deny them every power and means of resistance that were not specially recognized. 'Confine,' said M. Thiers, 'these Bourbons within the four walls of the Charter; shut the doors, stop the chimnies, and we shall soon force them to jump out of the windows.' This was logical; it was bringing to practical proof Mr. Burke's philosophical objections to *pen and ink* constitutions, whose theories can never provide for the incalculable contingencies of human affairs; but it is equally applicable to the Charter of Louis-Philippe, or any other extemporized paper constitution, as to that of Louis XVIII.; and it is, in fact, the best excuse that can be made for Charles X. and his ministers; for it is an admission on the part of M. Thiers that government, under such a formula as '*nothing but the Charter*,' was impracticable. So M. Thiers himself found it when he became, under the revised Charter, Louis-Philippe's minister. The *mitraille* of St. Méry, the massacre of the Rue Transnonain, and the laws of September, were no more than successful imitations of what Charles X. had been driven to attempt, though he had neither the

the heart, head, nor hand to execute.* We have never changed our opinion on the extreme rashness and folly—the fool-hardiness alternating with faint-heartedness—of the Polignac Government; but the best excuse we can find for it is the sagacious principle on which M. Thiers conducted, as journalist, the opposition of the *National*, and the energetic measures by which he subsequently, as minister, quelled the insurrections of his former friends, associates, and admirers. M. Thiers is the best apologist for M. de Polignac. We are sorry for the sake of M. de Polignac that the authority of his antagonist and imitator is of so little value.

The *National* had a large share in preparing men's minds for a change; but on the appearance of the *Ordonnances* M. Thiers had a more immediate and personal part in deciding the new Revolution. The *Ordonnances* on their first appearance produced little effect, and would probably not have occasioned an insurrection, but that the editors of the newspapers whose presses were next morning seized were convoked at the office of the *National*, where they agreed to and signed the celebrated protest drawn up by M. Thiers, which was immediately printed and published all over Paris, and which became the immediate signal for revolt. Then came the Three Days—during which, as in the beginning of the Revolution, the working hands showed so much courage, in the streets, and their instigators so much doubt and hesitation—not to say personal weakness—in their councils. M. Thiers himself, though he had had the courage to set fire to the train, did not wait for the explosion. We should have expected from his temper, his energy, and the peculiar taste which he professes for military affairs, to have seen him prominent in the conflict which he had taken so forward a part in exciting. But no!—Immediately after signing the protest he retired to Montmorency, a village a few miles from Paris, and did not reappear till early on the morning of the 30th, when the victory had been won, and when Deputies and Journalists were seen hastening from their respective retreats to divide the spoil. This part of M. Thiers' history no longer reminds M. Sainte-Beuve of *Oliver Cromwell*, and he jumps à pieds joints over the Three Great Days—with a dexterity worthy of the historical school which he eulogises:—

'M. Thiers' conduct in these critical and decisive moments, from the 26th to the 31st July, may be comprised in two facts—he contributed more than any one to the *opening* act—the protest—and as much as any one to the *closing* one.'—*Ib.* 240.

* 'Oui; après deux ans de règne, Louis-Philippe a déchiré la Charte aussi manifestement que Charles X., et bien plus manifestement encore, car il l'a déchiré après la révolution, après l'introduction dans la Charte de dispositions destinées à prévenir de pareilles violations.'—*Cabet, Rév. de 1830*, p. 181.

This mode of covering M. Thiers' retreat *during* the three days—by 'comprising his conduct in two facts' which occurred, one *before* and the other *after* them, is admirable, and we are inclined to exclaim '*C'est du Mignet tout pur!*' In regular war it would be very presumptuous and foolish for a civilian, accidentally present, to intrude his co-operation—and even in his History, M. Thiers would have escaped some strange blunders if he had been less confident in his own military skill—but in such a conflict as that of the *Three Days*, and under his very peculiar circumstances, M. Thiers' absence from a resistance which he had so directly instigated, reminds us, involuntarily, of the '*relictâ non bene parmula*' of another, little Epicurean—for whom, however, it may be said that *he* never professed to be a Brutus, nor ventured to criticise the campaigns of Cæsar. This circumstance is rendered the more *piquant*, by M. Thiers' own observations on '*Robespierre's* having—during the *three days* that followed the insurrection of the 10th of August—*stood aside* (*resté à l'écart*) till the revolution had been accomplished; and then, coming forward to claim the merit and recompense of the victory, of which he had been the trumpeter, not the soldier' (iii. 13). This is certainly a curious coincidence:—M. Thiers little thought that he was anticipating his own history under the name of Robespierre!

We do not, however, on a calm consideration of the whole case, attribute M. Thiers' disappearance to a want of physical courage—neither his countrymen in general, nor those of that particular part of it to which he belongs, have ever been deficient in personal bravery, and M. Thiers in some subsequent *émeutes*, in which he happened to be personally exposed, showed sufficient firmness. We attribute it rather to political prudence—a ramification of the same system which induced the Duke of Orleans to hide himself, at the same period, in a summer-house of his park. There were, in our view, three parties to the July movement. First, the Republicans and the mob, who thought of nothing but the overthrow of the existing authority:—these took the field thoughtlessly, instinctively, and boldly. Secondly, the Constitutional Conservatives—at the head of whom were the Duke de Broglie and M. Guizot, and, with a shade more of democracy, Casimir Perier;—their wishes did not go beyond a change of ministry, or *perhaps*, by way of guarantee, an abdication in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux:—they regretted the insurrection, or at least its extent and violence, and to the last possible moment would have gladly compromised the dispute. Thirdly, Lafitte and his satellites, Thiers, &c., who may be called the Orleanists, —who had prepared the mischief, and assembled, bribed, and

and intoxicated the populace, but, doubtful both of their cause and of *their candidate*, kept aloof, watching events and waiting their opportunity. It seems to us that they were playing the same game as the Orleanists of the first Revolution. They had calculated on just so much commotion as should intimidate the King into a transfer of the crown to the Duke of Orleans, and were surprised and alarmed to find that the populace, victorious beyond calculation or expectation, was not very ready to devolve the sovereign power, of which it had—to the tune of '*à bas les Bourbons*'—possessed itself, upon the first Prince of the Bourbon blood. Our reviews of the works of Sarrans, Mazas, Bérard, and Bonnellier* have informed our readers of the difficulty that M. Lafitte eventually found in accomplishing his object; and it may have been, and probably was, this uncertainty that determined M. Thiers' triduan retreat into the valley of Montmorency. Fortunately, however, for France and the world, a strange combination of accident, common sense, and *hoc-us-pocus*, placed Louis-Philippe on the throne of those whom, even yet, he dares not to call his *ancestors*; and after some ministerial experiments at a more comprehensive administration, M. Lafitte was declared first minister with a cabinet of his democratic friends. M. Thiers had already been admitted into the Conseil d'Etat and the Legion of Honour, and now became Under Secretary of State for the Finance Department—while his Pylades, M. Mignet—

'after the remarkable days that overthrew the Restoration,' received the rewards to which his enlightened liberalism—his talents and his patriotism justly entitle him:—He is a Counsellor of State extraordinary—Director of the Archives of the Foreign Department—and decorated with the Star of the Legion of Honour.'—*Biog. des Contemp., tit. Mignet.*

—He has been since elected Secretary of the French Academy, and though we never can admit him to rank as an honest, or even plausible historian, and though we have no great confidence in his scope of intellect, we learn that he executes his academical office with respectability and general approbation.

Of M. Thiers' brilliant career we shall say no more than is necessary to our view of his literary character. He was immediately elected to the Chamber by his native Department, the Bouches du Rhône—but his first speeches were not successful. His appearance was mean, and his voice disagreeable; and the tone and temper of his harangues seemed, says one of his biographers, 'copied from the Convention:—the violence of his doctrine frightened the moderate; the bombast of his style offended everybody.' He, however, soon discovered this double

* Quarterly Review, Sarrans, vol. xlviii. p. 523; Mazas, vol. xlix. p. 464; Bérard, vol. lii. p. 262; Bonnellier, vol. lv. p. 416.

error, and began to moderate his opinions and improve his rhetoric. When, after a four months' ministry, M. Lafitte was dismissed by the wise, and indeed necessary, ingratitude of Louis-Philippe, M. Thiers was subjected to much obloquy for not following his friend and patron into opposition: instead of which he took occasion to express his strong dissent from his former associates, and to applaud the prudential policy of Casimir Perier. With an equal share of sagacity and versatility, he knew, as well as the Roman patriot, that

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;'

and he turned his knowledge to better account than poor Brutus, by throwing himself boldly into the inviting current of royal favour. It was, we think, on the question of the hereditary peerage that he first distinguished himself as an orator:—he took, contrary to all expectation, and in opposition to the whole course of his life, the aristocratic side, and made a speech of mingled argument and eloquence that at once established his character as a speaker, and opened to him immediately the Cabinet, and eventually, twice over, the Presidency of the Council. As a minister, we have already stated that he was now as vigorous and decided in suppressing incendiary articles in the press and incendiary movements in the streets, as he had been while a journalist zealous in provoking them; and he showed on all occasions a flexibility of principle, a levity of personal conduct, a contempt for political consistency, with a firmness of purpose and a power of debate; which created more of wonder than respect, more conviction of his talents than confidence in his principles or esteem for his character. He proposed, for instance, severe laws against unauthorized assemblages; and resisted with great pertinacity the amnesty for political offences; towards both of which the author of the meeting and *protest* of the journalists on the 26th of July might have been expected to show some sympathy. He was close to Louis-Philippe at the Fieschi *attentat*, and, elevated perhaps by the noble example of the King, showed on that occasion no deficiency in personal courage;—he defended with more than his usual zeal and ability the unconstitutional and rigorous but necessary laws of September; and signalised himself in forwarding the erection of the sixteen exaggerated Bastilles, which replace on the whole circumference of Paris the single and inoffensive bugbear whose capture and destruction he so triumphantly celebrates. His constant expression while minister used to be, '*Nous sommes le ministère de la résistance*,' that is, in opposition to the movement party, of which he had been the chief trumpeter.

We must for a moment interrupt our political narrative to state that a year or two after his appointment as Minister of the Interior,

terior, M. Thiers was elected into the French Academy:—This however—considering that the earlier portion of his History had been ten years published, and its conclusion about eight, and seeing that in the mean time, such men as Pougerville and Viennet, Jay and Tissot had been elected—looks as if the compliment had been paid rather to the *minister* than the *historian*—though it is no very high compliment to M. Thiers to admit that there were not many of the forty who had greater claims to that literary distinction. We do not believe that it was ever more true than at the time of M. Thiers' election, that they were '*quarante qui avaient de l'esprit comme quatre.*'

But while M. Thiers was thus ready to advocate, adopt, and enforce a severely repressive and even despotic system of internal administration, he was not insensible to the decline of his popularity, and endeavoured to retrieve it by the aggressive violence of his foreign policy, and by not only pandering to, but actively exciting the worst passions and prejudices of the French people. As the surest mode of regaining the favour of the movement party, he endeavoured to revive the revolutionary fever of hostility to England; and was in 1840, as all must remember, on the point of indulging the Jacobins and Buonapartists with a new struggle against the '*perfide Albion.*' War, in short, a revolutionary war, is now the *programme* or principle of M. Thiers:—so says a writer whom that very design has evidently propitiated—'That is the predominant idea of M. Thiers—the great object to which all his political alliances and all his parliamentary policy are now subordinate. "There must be," he lately said, "another twenty years' war in Europe before it can be settled on its true basis, and *I hope that I shall live to make at least half of it.*" When that time comes, we shall probably see that he again will be found the man of the crisis.'—*Gal. des Hom. Illus.*, p. 40.

In adopting and pursuing this course, M. Thiers was probably influenced by a combination of motives:—first, his natural inclinations, we cannot call them principles, are revolutionary;—secondly, he was the more inclined to take this line because his rival, M. Guizot, had adopted, with all the firmness and consistency of his pure, amiable, and honourable character, the conservative and peaceful line of policy for France and for Europe—and thirdly, because, foreseeing that he could not long 'run with the hare and hold with the hound,' he was, in prudent anticipation of a difference with the King, preparing the elements of a reunion with the popular and agitating party. His provisions were accomplished; he has ceased to be the King's minister, and has now, we believe, pretty well regained—not the confidence—no one has anything like confidence in him—but the co-operation of the party which he had not only abandoned, but for a season persecuted.

We said we should only deal with M. Thiers' political life as it affected his authorship; and some of our readers who have not minutely watched M. Thiers' proceedings and publications, may ask what then all this detail has to do with his *Histories*? We answer, a great deal—everything:—the fruit of his involuntary leisure has been the 'History of the Consulate,' and we are convinced that—as his first History was written in a spirit of hostility to the elder Bourbons, with some peradventure indistinct view to the introduction of the Duke of Orleans—so this second History is written, not in fact from any love of Buonaparte's principles or memory, but to electrify France with a galvanic exhibition of his false glory—to collect round M. Thiers all the old malcontents and all the young enthusiasts, and, renouncing Louis-Philippe as *quasi-legitimate*, to amalgamate—in opposition to him M. Guizot and the Conservative party throughout Europe—all the various discontents and ambitions that may choose to adopt the recollections of either the Republic or the Empire as their stalking-horse of faction! The *History of the Consulate* is therefore still more decidedly a party manoeuvre than the *History of the Revolution*;—and we do not believe that there is in Europe any politician or any man of letters at all acquainted with public affairs, who regards either of these bulky yet flimsy works in any other light than as—what Lord Brougham is said to have wittily and truly called them—'*pamphlets monstres*.'

Having thus stated what we believe to be the real motives and objects of these publications and their author, we shall now commence our examination of them in the historical character they assume; and our readers will see, as we proceed, that the details fully confirm the impression of inaccuracy, partiality, and imposture, which their general aspect and the peculiar circumstances under which they were written originally produced.

Of a work so voluminous as 'the History of the Revolution,' and of which, we repeat, every line betrays a fraudulent spirit, and every page some perversion of fact—which, by the employment of petty artifice and by the accumulation of discoloured details, has arrived at the dignity of being the most monstrous system of deception that, we believe, the annals of literature can exhibit—of such a work we say, it is obviously impossible that the limits of a review can afford any sufficient exposure, or anything like a pedetentous refutation:—a lie is conveyed by a word, or even by the omission of a word, which it would take pages to disprove; or it may be spread over an extensive surface like a varnish, which it would be endless to endeavour to pick off bit by bit:—and yet we feel it to be absolutely necessary that we should support our heavy charge against M. Thiers by distinct evidence, which may, as far as it goes, wash off the foul matter like a solvent, and satisfy our

our readers that it would have the same effect if applied to the parts to which we have not room to extend it. Had we time and space in any proportion to the abundance of our materials, the task would be easy enough—the proofs overflow; our only difficulty is the *embarras du choix*; and the danger, on the one hand, of prolixity and tediousness—or, on the other, of being charged with the blunder of the Greek Pedant in producing a brick or two as a specimen of his house. We shall endeavour to avoid these opposite dangers, and yet to do substantial justice to the case, by taking—we cannot call it *choosing*—for special examination some of those events and passages, whose transcendent prominence and importance would naturally require and excite M. Thiers' best diligence and highest talents, and which every reader will allow to be the most obvious, and, to the historian, the most favourable, tests that could have been adopted; and at least above all suspicion of being, by us, invidiously selected.

Before we enter into details, we must, in order that our readers may understand their import and effect, apprise them generally of the *tactics* by which M. Thiers conducts his narrative. He was well aware that former Jacobin writers had defeated their own purpose by their blind violence and incredible calumnies. Many recent publications, and a calmer retrospect of all the facts, had conciliated public opinion towards Louis XVI. and the still more slandered Queen, and had dissipated the monstrous delusions under which these innocent, and now lamented victims, had been dethroned and murdered. M. Thiers' own sagacity and, at all events, the prudence of the bookseller for whom the goods were originally manufactured, probably saw that though *Ca ira* and the *Carmagnole* might still make a riot in the streets, they would not, in the year 1823, sell a book in ten volumes octavo. Men's minds had gradually recovered—under the severe though opposite disciplines of the Republic and the Empire—from revolutionary delusions, and were shocked at revolutionary recollections; and it was clear that a revival of revolutionary principles could be neither politically nor commercially successful, unless accompanied and recommended by some profession and appearance of candour and justice. This idea, however, was more wise in the conception than easy in the execution; for, in truth, the whole Revolution was, from beginning to end, such a mass of fraud, tyranny, cruelty, and *terror*, that anything like real candour or substantial justice was quite incompatible with the apologetical design. M. Thiers' principles, temper, and time of life made the mask of moderation peculiarly awkward and irksome to him;—and accordingly nothing can be more flimsy, and indeed insulting to common sense and common honesty, than his pretence of impartiality and fair dealing. If he states anything favourable to the Royalist party,

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he never fails to throw in some doubt of its truth, some suspicion of its motive, or some counterbalancing merit in their opponents. On the other hand, when he is forced to describe some crime of the Revolutionists, it is in a mitigated and mighty charitable tone: the unhappy necessity is deplored, but asserted; its cause is traced back to those whose resistance produced it; and the Royalists are everywhere implicated, by some strange legerdemain, in all the atrocities committed against themselves by their Jacobin persecutors. In short, during the whole course of the Revolution the Royalists never did any one thing that was unexceptionally right—nor the Revolutionists any one thing that was inexcusably wrong.

This is the leading principle and fundamental theory of the whole work, as it was of M. Mignet's—*suggestio falsi—suppressio veri*. Of the mode in which he works it out, we now proceed to give a few prominent examples.

We shall begin with his representations of the conduct of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, Citizen Egalité, and incidentally M. de la Fayette—the main and most important topics of his earlier volumes. He felt himself, as we have stated, obliged, by the state of public opinion and the notorious evidence of facts, to admit—which he does, however, like a reluctant and equivocating witness—the King's benevolent disposition, good intentions, and when the Constitution was established, his constitutional and conscientious execution of his duties; and he does something of the same sort of lame and imperfect justice to the Queen.* This looks at first sight like a gleam of candour—but not at all—it is only a *faux-fuyant*—a device to enable him with more venom and effect, and less risk of offence or of direct contradiction, to calumniate the victims whom he professes to absolve; for while he seems to acquit *them* individually, he collects and repeats all the lies and libels of those dismal times, as against an imaginary 'Court.' Now every man of common sense and common information must know that this phantom of a Court, as distinct from the King, is not only absurd in theory, but contradicted by every kind of evidence. The poor King was not only scrupulously cautious to do nothing but in communication with his ministers, but in truth there was—at the period at which these calumnies about 'the perfidious machinations of the Court' were most rife—no such thing as a Court—no persons of such a class as could furnish secret and irresponsible advisers, even had the King been bold enough to consult them. The first massacres in July, 1789, had driven into emigration most of the personal friends and favourites of both the King and Queen—the 5th and 6th October, which led them

* Who, it must not be forgotten in measuring M. Thiers' candour, was the aunt of Marie Louise and of the Duchess of Orleans.

captives to the Tuileries, completed their destitution, and there remained near their persons no one of any political weight or consequence who could have ventured to advise the King, much less—as M. Thiers sometimes asserts, and more frequently insinuates—to control and overbear him. This M. Thiers, with that inconsistency from which falsehood can never entirely guard itself, incidentally admits. As early as the close of 1789 he confesses the very fact we have just stated :

‘ There was no longer any possibility of attempting any serious conspiracy in favour of the King, since the *aristocracy had been put to flight*, and the *Court* was encompassed by the Assembly—the people—and the national militia.’—i. 216.

And yet after this confession he continues even more glibly than before his insinuations against the counter-revolutionary conspiracies of the *Court*. Here we have to observe on one of the variations between M. Thiers’ first and subsequent editions—small but significant. In his first edition (i. 200) M. Thiers had said that the aristocracy had been ‘*chassée*,’ driven out by force—(‘*CHASSER, mettre dehors par violence.*’—*Dictionnaire de l’Académie*)—which was quite true; but M. Thiers on reconsideration felt that this truth would have exculpated the *Emigration*, and he altered ‘*chassée*’ into ‘*éloignée*.’

We have a striking and melancholy proof of how early the King was deprived of anything that could be called ‘a Court,’ even in the least invidious sense of the word :—

Three days after the capture of the Bastille the King was advised to make his celebrated and humiliating visit to the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, in which the newly elected mayor, Bailly, insulted him, even in the presentation of the keys of the city. He returned ‘heart-broken’ to Versailles, whither M. de Bezenval, General of the Swiss Guards, who had commanded the troops in the late crisis, but had now resigned his military command, followed him, unbidden, and he has left us the following short but affecting statement of what he then witnessed at the *Court* of Versailles :—

‘ The unhappy King on his return to Versailles found himself *almost alone*. For three whole days there was no one near him but M. de Montmorin [one of the ministers] and me [who had no official character]. Even his menial attendants waited upon him with disrespectful negligence, and I myself was a witness of this insolence.’—*Mém. de Bezenval*, ii. 568. . .

; And so early and so entirely was the ‘unhappy King’ convinced of the perils of his own situation, and his total want of power to protect any one who was attached to him, that he forced M. de Bezenval to leave Versailles and to seek his safety in a hasty retreat to

to his native country. Such was the *Court* which the pages of M. Thiers represent as being at this very time in formidable activity against the safety of Paris which was garrisoned by 60,000 new-raised National Guards, and the liberties of France which was in a state of triumphant anarchy from Dunkirk to Marseilles.

There is one great fact which, if M. Thiers had given himself the least trouble about either historical truth or logical consistency, would have warned him, as it must convince all the rest of mankind, that his device of seeming to separate the innocent King from the guilty *Court* is, by the admission of his own idols, utterly futile. *The King was executed* for the very circumstances imputed by M. Thiers to the *Court*!—and Messrs. Vergniaud and Guadet—*courageux nobles et illustres citoyens*, as M. Thiers delights to call them—and his Highness Citizen and Prince Cambrécès *homme savant et sage*, and Citizen and Count Carnot *homme probe et courageux*, and Citizen and Count Treillard *honnête homme réunissant les lumières à la probité*, and Letourneur *bon homme*, and Lareveillière Lepeaux *le plus honnête et le meilleur des hommes*, and so many others of M. Thiers' transcendent specimens of talents, probity, and justice, who all voted for the death of the King, made no such exculpatory distinction, and sent him to the scaffold as guilty of those imaginary crimes which M. Thiers—not now daring to produce against him personally, and yet reluctant to disavow, his *illustrious* regicides—imputes to the phantom *Court*.

But may not the *Queen* be suspected of having favoured counter-revolutionary intrigues, and might not she be aptly designated as the *Court*, in contradistinction to the King? This M. Thiers, though he does not venture directly to affirm—(for the reasons we have hinted)—often insinuates; but here again we have every kind of evidence that the Queen never separated herself from the determinations of the King, though she—a person of a higher spirit and, we believe, more scope of mind than her honest but hesitating helpmate—may sometimes have differed from his opinions, and in the confidence of their private intercourse have thought it to be, as it assuredly was, her duty to assist her King, her husband, and the father of her children—with her affectionate but sometimes probably unpalatable, and sometimes perhaps adventurous, counsels. The testimony of two constitutional ministers, Dumouriez and Bertrand de Moleville, unquestionable on this point, as M. Thiers admits—and that of Madame Campan—not so authoritative, but as authentic, leave, as he professes, *even in his mind* no doubt of the Queen's sincere participation in the conciliatory and constitutional views of her husband. We ourselves have received from Dumouriez's own mouth—Dumouriez, whom, as the friend

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and protector of Louis-Philippe, and as the person who gave the impulse of victory to the revolutionary army, it suits M. Thiers to extol, and who was really a most able and, in his most difficult circumstances, an honest, well-intentioned man—Dumouriez, we say, affirmed to us, in many frank and confidential conversations on the subject of the Revolution, his absolute knowledge and conviction (and no man could be a better judge) of the sincerity and good faith of the King, of the entire concurrence of the Queen in his constitutional views, and the utter falsehood and nonsense of all the imputations of the secret and interior *Court* and the imaginary 'conspiracies against the people' with which the agitations of Paris were at the moment excited and fed.

The Feuillants, or Constitutional party—Lafayette, Lameth, &c.—wished, says M. Thiers,—

'to save the King without altering the Constitution. *Their means were feeble.* In the first place, the *Court* that they wished to save would not be saved by them. The Queen, who readily gave her confidence to Burnave [a reclaimed Jacobin, now a Constitutionalist], had always taken the greatest precautions in seeing him, and never received him but in secret. *The Emigrants and the Court* would never have forgiven her for even seeing a Constitutionalist. They in fact advised her not to treat with them, and rather to prefer the Jacobins,' &c.—vol. i. p. 296.

Here then we have a *Court* in contradistinction not only to the King, but the Queen also—a *Court* that, in league with the Emigrants, never would forgive the Queen for even seeing the Constitutionalists; and for this extraordinary statement, M. Thiers refers us, in a marginal note, to the authority of Madame Campan. We turned to the passage with eagerness: we supposed that at last we were about to learn who and what this mysterious *Court* could be, that thus, in concert with the *Emigrants*, overawed the constitutional dispositions of the Queen. We found in Madame Campan no mention of—not the slightest allusion to, the *Court*, nor anything like it. She speaks of the *Emigrants* alone, and does not say that they advised the Queen, or that the Queen listened (as M. Thiers himself admits she did not) to their advice. What Madame Campan does say is simply that—

'the Emigrants showed [*faisaient entrevoir*] great apprehensions of any approaches towards the Constitutional party, which they described as existing only in idea, and having no longer the means of repairing the mischief they had done; they would have preferred the Jacobins,' &c.—*Mém. de Campan*, vol. ii. p. 194.

∴ Not a word about the *Court*—and the opinion concerning the Feuillant party thus attributed to the Emigrants is precisely that which M. Thiers himself had just before pronounced, 'that *their means were too feeble*;' and which he reiterates immediately after
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in almost the same words, 'the feebleness of their means of making head against the Revolutionists' (*ibid.*).

The sequel of this affair is such an additional specimen of bad faith and self-contradiction, that it ought not to be suppressed. The King having accepted a ministry from this Feuillant party, Lafayette came forward to support his friends now in office by writing a kind of dictatorial manifesto to the Assembly, in which he denounced the proceedings and objects of the Jacobins. Of this celebrated, foolish, and, as it turned out, unfortunate letter, M. Thiers gives large extracts; but by a petty trick habitual to him, and indeed to all falsifiers, he chooses to suppress the *date* both of *time* and *place*—circumstances essential to any letter, but on which, in respect to *this* letter, everything turned. It was dated '16th June, 1792, from the intrenched camp at Maubeuge;' and the indignation it produced in the Assembly arose on two main points:—in the first place, it was most unconstitutional and dangerous that a General at the head of an army should presume to lecture the National Assembly;—and, secondly—on which ground indeed they affected to treat it as a forgery—though dated at *Maubeuge* on the 16th, it began by alluding to the resignation of Dumouriez, which had happened in *Paris* only *that same day*—the 16th. These two egregious blunders of his hero, Lafayette, M. Thiers thinks that he in some degree veils by *suppressing* the dates. But he had also another object—still more fraudulent. The letter was dated the 16th; read in the Assembly on the 18th—on the 19th it occasioned the greatest agitation in Paris, and it became the pretext of the infamous Girondin attack on the Tuileries of the following day, the celebrated 20th of June. It was necessary to M. Thiers' system of calumny to implicate in some way the King and Queen in these ill-managed proceedings of Lafayette and their lamentable consequences, and he thus goes about it:—

'The Feuillants got about Lafayette, and concerted with him the draft of a letter to the Assembly'. His friends were divided on this subject—some excited, others dissuaded. 'But he, only thinking of how to serve the King to whom he had sworn fidelity, wrote the letter, and braved all the dangers which were about to threaten his life.'—*ib.* 124. Now there is nothing in M. Thiers' relation to explain that all this might not have happened at *Paris*—though we know *aliunde* that whoever got about (*entourat*) Lafayette, must have been at *Maubeuge*; and then M. Thiers reaches the real object of all this manœuvring:—

• 'The King and the Queen (though resolved not to avail themselves of his services) *allowed him* to write the letter, because they were delighted to see the friends of liberty at variance.'—*Ib.*

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Thus creating an impression that the King and Queen were in personal communication with Lafayette, and encouraged him to write the letter—not expecting or intending that it should do any good—but with the perfidious design of injuring their gallant defender and rendering him suspicious and odious to the friends of liberty. And the better to carry on this fraud, M. Thiers makes another remarkable suppression. The King was so far from having had any share in this letter to the Assembly, that Lafayette thought it necessary to send his Majesty a copy of it in a private letter, which Bertrand de Moleville has preserved, but which M. Thiers *totally suppresses*—and for two reasons—first, because it disproves any treacherous intrigue on the part of the King as to the first letter; and also, because it bears testimony to the honest and constitutional dispositions of his Majesty.

Even while forced in all substantial cases to admit the King's personal sincerity, he takes the opportunity of every obscure or doubtful incident to insinuate a suspicion of perfidy—and sometimes draws this ingenious conclusion from facts that should have had a quite contrary effect. For instance—towards the close of 1789, he says that

‘the King would not recall his Gardes-du-corps, who had been removed on the 5th and 6th of October, and preferred to intrust himself to the National Guard, with whom he considered himself safe.’

What could be more prudent or more natural? If the King had been so rash and so unfeeling as to bring forward again those poor Gardes-du-corps, so lately the victims of popular fury, what charges of conspiracy and perfidy would not the revolutionists of the time have raised, and M. Thiers reiterated?—A new massacre must have been the inevitable result. But ‘the King confided himself to the National Guards’—the soldiers of the people. Has M. Thiers no expression of approbation for that conciliatory sacrifice of the royal feeling? Quite the contrary: he proceeds to throw over the King's humane reluctance to expose the Gardes-du-corps to fresh danger and his confidence in the National Guard, the most odious discolour:—

‘His design was to appear a prisoner. The Municipality of Paris defeated this miserable trick (*trop petite ruse*) by begging the King to recall his Gardes-du-corps—which he still refused, under *idle pretexts*, and through the medium of the Queen.’

To appear a prisoner? Alas! who but M. Thiers ever doubted that ever since the 5th of October he was one? The fear of a new massacre of the Gardes-du-corps is called a ‘*miserable trick*’ and an ‘*idle pretext*,’ on no other authority than because M. Lafayette saw one of those gentlemen walking in the Palais Royal in uniform; as if (supposing that small fact to be true, which we entirely disbelieve)

believe) a single person venturing to wear an old uniform proved that the whole body-guard would have been allowed to resume the custody of the King, and deprive the National Guards of the posts which they had usurped amidst the butchery of the 6th of October! But cannot M. Thiers imagine that, besides these cogent reasons, the King might have a constitutional reluctance to acknowledge the humiliating authority that M. Lafayette and the Municipality of Paris thus assumed to exercise over his household? And then, that the Queen might, as usual, be implicated in this perfidy, it is said that the King employed her—à laquelle *ON* [we suppose the *Court*] *confiait les commissions difficiles*—as the medium of his communications; when in truth it appears, even by M. Thiers' own explanatory note, that *M. de la Fayette* had made the proposition to the Queen, and of course received the answer through the medium that *he*, and not the King, had chosen. And, finally, after thus making this a direct and personal charge against the King and Queen, he falls back upon his old device of secret and anonymous advisers, and tells us that the King and Queen would have accepted the proposition, but that '*ON leur fit refuser*,' &c. There assuredly needed no adviser to enable any person of the most ordinary understanding to see that such a proposition could have had no other prospect than that of a new and general massacre, and an earlier and more complete overthrow of the monarchy. M. Thiers, in thus attempting to calumniate the King and Queen, has in truth produced against his friend and patron Lafayette one of the heaviest charges, either of deplorable folly or detestable treachery, that ever yet had been made against him.

Another case bearing on nearly the same points affords an instance of still more flagitious falsehood:—

'On the 18th of April [1791],' says M. Thiers, 'the King attempted to pay a visit to St. Cloud. It was immediately reported that, being unwilling to employ a priest who had taken the oath [to the new constitution of the clergy], he had determined to absent himself during Easter week. Others declared that he designed to make his escape. The people assembled in crowds and stopped his horses. Lafayette hastened to his rescue, entreated the King *to remain in his carriage*, and assured him that he was about to open a passage for his departure. The King, however, *according to his old policy of not appearing free*, got out of the carriage, and would not permit him to make the attempt.'

Now the fact is, that Lafayette did make the attempt, and totally failed. 'The very soldiers he had brought to protect the King's passage,' says Bertrand de Moleville, 'turned against him.' He did in fact all that he could do, but his efforts only proved his own want of power: the feeble voice of the popular General

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was drowned in the vociferations of the mob; and although M. de Lafayette offered, if the King should persist in going, to endeavour to force a passage at *the risk of his life*, the King declined a conflict of which he and his wife and children—*whose presence M. Thiers fraudulently conceals*—would no doubt have been the first victims, and—after having been *an hour and a half* in the carriage, exposed to the grossest insults, ribaldry, and menaces of the populace—was at length forced to alight. And instead of this being a dishonest trick of the King's—as M. Thiers insinuates—he went next day in state to the National Assembly and complained of the outrage in these words:—

'Gentlemen—You are informed of the opposition given yesterday to my departure from St. Cloud. I was unwilling to overcome it by force, because I feared to occasion acts of severity against a misguided multitude—but it is of importance to the nation to prove that I am free. Nothing is so essential to the authority of the sanction I have given to your decrees.—Governed by this powerful motive I persist in my plan of going to St. Cloud, and the National Assembly must perceive the necessity of it.'

'This appeal was as fruitless as the '*forcible feeble*' efforts of Lafayette had been. The Municipality of Paris decreed that the King should not go to St. Cloud—the cowardly Assembly declined to interfere, and the humiliated monarch was as it were remanded back to his prison. The conduct of all the authorities of the day was execrable—but what can be said of M. Thiers?—what? but that his narrative is false and calumnious.

In the critical interval between the outrages of the 20th of June and the 10th of August M. Thiers says—

'It was rumoured (*on répandait*) in fact that the Château* was endeavouring to *provoke* the people to a second rising, in order that it might have an opportunity of slaughtering them. So that the Château supposed that there was an intention of assassinating the King, and the Faubourgs one of massacring the people.'

Thus again endeavouring to place some imaginary conspiracy of the Court in the same category with the real atrocities of the 20th of June and 10th of August, and hinting, with his usual insidious inconsistency, that the aggressions of the people were prompted by an impulse of self-defence, although he in antecedent and subsequent passages (i. 306—372) admits that both these deplorable riots were the work not even of the people, but of a dozen leaders of the Jacobin and Gironde parties, who even found some difficulty in rousing the Parisian mob into the necessary state of frenzy, and were obliged to adjourn the decisive insurrec-

* Our readers know that *then, as now*, the term *Château*, meaning the Royal residence, whether at Versailles or the Tuileries, was often used in an invidious sense for what in the same sense was and is also called the *Court*. '*La Cour désignée tour-à-tour sous les noms du Château, du Pouvoir Exécutif, et du Veto.*'—Thiers, ii. 177.

tion, at first intended for the 26th of July, to the 10th of August, that they might have the co-operation of the Marseillais.—i. 372.

Here is another specimen of the same masquerade of candour. When the unhappy Queen deplored the 'undeserved' animosity of the people—M. Thiers sympathises with her in the following strain:—

'Thus, by a kind of fatality, the *supposed* ill intention of the *Château* excited the suspicions and fury of the people, and the vociferations of the people increased the sorrows and imprudences of the *Château*. Why did not the *Château* understand the fears of the people—why did not the people understand the sorrows of the *Château*—Why? but because men are men.'—ii. 77.

To this disgusting affectation of a humane impartiality we answer No—it was because the Revolutionists were *not* men, but monsters! Sorrows there were, and fear there was—but not divided as in M. Thiers' invidious partition; the fear, as well as the sorrow, was the bitter portion of the *Château*—the people had nothing to fear, and feared nothing. Their leaders were the only conspirators, and in every case the aggressors and assailants; while the humbled and defenceless *Château* was doomed to suffer at first all the humiliation of insult, and ultimately the last excesses of outrage. We have no doubt that there may have been, must have been, about the Court, as there was in every other class of French—as well as of European—society, a diversity of opinion about the Revolution—that the Anti-revolutionists must have predominated in the Court circle—that, as the authority and person of the King were progressively assailed, insulted, and endangered, the hostile opinions of the courtiers became more unanimous—that they may have talked what M. Thiers calls 'imprudently,' and even sometimes acted imprudently. All this is true, and every such incident (surprisingly few, all things considered) was exaggerated and promulgated by every nefarious art to inflame and ulcerate the public mind. But that anything like a conspiracy or combination against the people, or even the new order of things, was ever formed—but above all formed under any approbation or connivance of either the King or the Queen—may be most confidently denied. And what ratifies our argument is, that M. Thiers, who makes these insinuations as to secret anti-national councils on every page, never once attempts to establish them by facts; and whenever he happens to produce a fact at all approaching the subject, it is invariably found to contradict the insinuation.

In short, it seems to us that in all this portion of his work—and a most important portion it is—M. Thiers is as utterly regardless of truth or even of *vraisemblance* as if he were writing the

the *Château de Nesle* or the *Mystères de Paris*—and we have little doubt that, if taxed in the private society of his early days with this elaborate *suggestio falsi*, the gay and *insouciant* manufacturer of M. Le Coînté's octavos would have laughed and shrugged his shoulders with a '*Mais, que voulez vous?*'—without this phantom of a Court, I could not have carried my theory of the Revolution through a single page.'

His management of the case of *Egalité* takes the other of the two modes of deception, on which his whole scheme proceeds—the *suppressio veri*; and as he invents, even beyond the libellists of the day, machinations for an imaginary Court, so *en revanche* as it were, he attenuates, and envelops in ambiguity and doubt every indication of the real conspiracy of the Duke of Orleans. The detailed plan of his work did not allow him to get rid of the Duke of Orleans in the summary style of Mignet; but we have not been able to find a single passage in which the most serious, the most notorious, the most undeniable charges against *Egalité* are not either passed over altogether, or treated as the mere *on dits* of the town, or as the suggestions of enemies, or as accidents which, even if true, were of no substantial influence. Here are a few instances, not selected, but taken as they occur in the first pages.

The Abbé Sièyes is introduced—his 'pamphlet' which accelerated, his 'motion' which constituted, the *National Assembly*—but not a hint is given that he had, or was supposed to have, any connexion with the Duke of Orleans—nor is any mention made of the celebrated *cahiers* of the Orleans *bailliages*, attributed to Sièyes. And why this concealment? Because it is M. Thiers', as it was M. Mignet's, and no doubt M. Lafitte's, object to represent the Duke as a giddy, dissipated, mere man of pleasure, with no plan, no party, no influence—a fly on the wheel of the Revolution;—and this hypothesis would be defeated by a confession that he was acting in close and intimate concert with 'the comprehensive, philosophical, and systematic mind of one of the greatest geniuses of the age.' (Thiers, vol. i. pp. 28, 60.) So when he first mentions the Duke of Orleans as connected with party, it is thus:—

'When parties began to form themselves, he had suffered his name to be employed, and even, it is said, his wealth also. Flattered with the vague prospect before him, he was active enough to draw accusations on himself, but not to ensure success; and he must have sadly distressed his partisans, if they really had any projects, by his inconstant ambition.'—i. 44.

'Vague prospect'—'inconstant ambition'—of what? M. Thiers does not say; and even doubts whether 'anybody had really any projects'! By and by M. Thiers becomes a little more particular:—

'The garden of the Palais Royal, forming an appurtenance to the palace of the Duke of Orleans, was the rendezvous of the most vehement agitators; there the boldest harangues were delivered; there might be seen an orator mounted on a table collecting a crowd around him, and exciting them by the most ferocious language—language always unpunished—for there the mob reigned sovereign. Here men, *supposed* to be devoted to the Duke of Orleans, were the most forward. The wealth of that prince—his well-known prodigality—the enormous sums he borrowed—his residence on the spot—his ambition, *though vague*, all served to point accusation against him.'—i. 88.

Here, in spite of the qualifying and ambiguous phraseology, we have something that looks like a presumption against the Duke of Orleans; but M. Thiers makes a sharp turn, and being unable either to conceal or deny the fact that the mobs of the Palais Royal were bribed, he hastens to throw a veil over the name of Duke of Orleans, and to rescue the immaculate Revolution from the reproach of having been in any degree influenced by these hireling agitators.

The mode in which he executes this is very remarkable and admirably characteristic. We stated at the outset that M. Thiers had, in his subsequent editions, altered certain passages of his original text, and that these alterations seemed chiefly designed to remove some slight traces of truth or candour into which he had inadvertently fallen. We have already given one example of it; but this revision is peculiarly observable in several passages relating to the delicate subject of the Duke of Orleans; and from many instances of this dishonest manipulation we submit to our readers the specimen of the case before us.

FIRST EDITION.

'*The Historian, without mentioning any name*, can at least assert that money was profusely distributed. For if the sound part of the nation was ardently desirous of liberty; if the restless and suffering multitude resorted to agitation for the sake of bettering its condition; there were instigators who excited this multitude, and who *often* directed its blows and its *pillage*. It is, certainly, not with money and secret manoeuvres that one can set in movement an entire nation, *but once excited, it is often by this means that it is directed and led astray (égarée)*.'—i. 88.

SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS.

'*History, without mentioning any name*, can at least assert that money was profusely distributed. For if the sound part of the nation was ardently desirous of liberty; if the restless and suffering multitude resorted to agitation for the sake of bettering its condition; there were instigators who *sometimes* excited that multitude, and directed *perhaps* some of its blows. *In other respects this influence is not to be reckoned among the causes of the Revolution*; for it is not with a little money and with secret manoeuvres that you can convulse a nation of twenty-five millions of men.'—i. 55.

Our readers see the art with which these changes are made and the object to which they are directed. In the first version the *Historian* admits the fact that money was instrumental in those tumults; in the second he endeavours to discredit it. In the first version he says the *Historian* himself *can assert* the fact—as if from personal investigation and conviction—in the second version he slips out of this responsibility, and turns it over to the Muse of 'History'—'tis *Clio* and not *Thiers* that suspects the integrity of the Duke of Orleans. In the first version he confesses 'blows and pillage'—but 'pillage' would have reminded his reader of an affair which M. Thiers had, as we shall more fully see by and by, a strong desire to suppress—the pillage of the house of M. Reveillon; and so the word 'pillage' disappears from the second version. In the first version it is said *positively* that 'there were instigators who excited and *often* directed these blows and pillage.' In the second version the positive assertion is lowered to a '*perhaps*,' '*peut-être*'—the '*often*' to '*sometimes*'—and '*the blows and pillage*' attenuated to '*some (quelques uns) of its blows*.' And finally, the last admission, that when a nation is once in a state of excitement, money can influence and misguide it, is totally merged in an assertion of a directly opposite tendency—that 'it is *not* by "a little" money that a nation of twenty-five millions of people can be convulsed.'

We have gone into these verbal details on this point that it may serve as a specimen of the low and dishonest arts with which M. Thiers falsifies not merely the historical facts, but when he has happened in the hurry of early composition to deviate into any thing like truth—his own recorded evidence and opinion.

All this patching and plastering does little towards defending the Duke of Orleans; but it proves all we want to show—M. Thiers' reluctance to tell what he knows to be the truth, and the miserable shifts with which he endeavours to evade it. But then come the 5th and 6th October, 1789, when the guilt of the Duke of Orleans became so audacious and flagrant, that even M. Thiers was forced—on pain of a complete literary discredit and commercial failure—to notice it distinctly; but he does so in a way that exhibits, most strikingly, his affected candour, mingling with his inveterate partiality and untruth. Our readers need not be reminded of the frightful yet romantic horrors of those dreadful days—the most extraordinary, and exciting, and touching scenes, we think, of the whole revolutionary tragedy.* They ended—after a series of

brutalities

* They are very well narrated in Mr. Mac Farlane's '*History of the Revolution*,' lately published by Knight and Co., in four small but comprehensive volumes;—which—withstanding some occasional slippancy in its style, and some minor inaccuracies—is much the truest and therefore the best book we have seen on the subject. Mr. Mac Farlane has not only consulted, but weighed and compared all preceding

brutalities and massacres, paid for and directed by the Duke of Orleans *in person*—in the mob, led by women, and *men in women's clothes*, carrying off the Royal Family, in bloody triumph, prisoners to Paris; the heads of the faithful Gardes-du-corps massacred in protecting them, being carried in the van of the procession of murderers and furies. Yet of these fatal horrors the King and Queen themselves were, in M. Thiers' narrative, joint projectors and accomplices.

'Public excitement was at its height; and the most sinister events were to be apprehended. A *movement* was equally desired by the People and the Court!—By the people, that they might seize the King's person; the Court, that terror might induce him to retire to Metz.'—i. 184.

We pause with disgust and wonder at such audacious nonsense. The Court having a premeditated share in the siege and sack of Versailles—the Court! Of the poor and scanty remains of what could be called a Court, some on that day sacrificed, with deliberate heroism, their own lives in order that, while the mob were butchering them, the Queen might have time to escape half-naked from her bed. Others were massacred in various acts of duty. Every soul within the palace had reason to believe their last hour was come. This was the Court which invited the mob to 'frighten the King!' Next follows one of those admissions on which M. Thiers builds his reputation for candour and impartiality:—

'A movement was also desired by the Duke of Orleans, who hoped to obtain the Lieutenant-Generalship [Regency] of the kingdom, if the King should go off.' 'It has even been said that the Duke of Orleans went so far as to hope for the Crown; but this is hardly credible, for—'

we think no reader would have ever guessed the reason,

'for—he had not sufficient audacity of spirit for so high an ambition.'

Though M. Thiers had admitted in the preceding line that the movement was desired by the Duke to drive the King away, and to obtain for himself the Regency of the kingdom: surely the audacity and ambition that sufficed for the scheme that M. Thiers confesses, would have been equally adequate to the scheme he discredits. What follows is still more astounding. M. Thiers all of a sudden discovers that the Duke is totally innocent of the whole affair—of what he had planned, as well as of what he had not!

'The advantages which the Duke might expect from this new insurrection have occasioned his being accused of having participated in it;

writers, and of course has arrived at the same conclusions as we have, as to the 'equivocating,' 'myselfing,' 'falsifying,' 'Jesuitism' of M. Thiers—though he does not seem to have suspected the peculiar influences under which he wrote. He is not quite so well on his guard against the deeper deception of Mignet, whom, even while refuting him, he treats with more respect than his shallow philosophy and solemn insincerity deserve.

but

but it was no such thing. He could not have given this impulsion—for—

another reason which no one would ever have guessed, —

‘for it arose out of the nature of things.’—*Id.*

• So, all M. Thiers has been propounding for the last five minutes turns out to be mere lies or reveries. It was neither the *People*, nor the *Court*, nor the *Duke of Orleans*, that made this insurrection—not at all; it was impossible that they—and particularly *he*—could have had anything to do with it; it resulted from an altogether different and higher power—the *nature of things*!—*Fudge*!—But M. Thiers suspects that this solution might not be quite satisfactory, and then he produces another scrap of candour:—

• The utmost the Duke of Orleans could have had to do with it was to forward (*seconder*) it, and even in that view, the *immense judicial inquiry* which afterwards ensued, and time, which reveals all things, afford no trace of any concerted plan.’

What! though he himself had just told us that the *People* had a plan of seizing the King, and the *Court* another, of frightening, and the *Duke* a third, of dethroning him?

But the assertion that the Duke of Orleans did not ‘*participate*’ in this movement, and that ‘the *immense judicial inquiry* afforded no trace of any concerted plan’—is assuredly the most monstrous falsehood that we have ever seen in print. All the arts, the powers, and the audacity of the Revolutionary party were employed to protract, embarrass, and stifle that inquiry—but in spite of their efforts the main facts were put beyond doubt. Upwards of three hundred witnesses spoke to a vast variety of the incidents connected with these long and mysterious machinations, and established by a thousand concurrent facts that there was a conspiracy against the King—that the Duke of Orleans paid for and countenanced, and even personally directed it—and that the object was the Regency or even the Throne for him, according as events might turn out. We shall produce half a dozen of this cloud of witnesses—whose evidence is beyond all question, and who state in general terms what all the rest support by innumerable details.

First, M. Mounier,—who was President of the National Assembly during those eventful days, and, as M. Thiers admits, one of the most respectable of the popular party:—

‘I know that long before the 5th of October there was a design to force the King to Paris—that M. La Fayette apprised the Ministers of this intention, and advised them to bring the regiment of Flanders to Versailles to prevent it. M. de Lusignan, colonel of this regiment, acquainted me soon after its arrival that every means of seduction—even money and women—were employed to debauch his soldiers. About four o’clock in the evening of the 5th the women arrived, led by two men.

men [one of them Maillard, one of the heroes of the Bastille], and endeavoured to force their way into the Palace, but failing there, came into and filled the hall of the National Assembly. About midnight, M. de la Fayette arrived with the Parisian army.' He told me,—*This is a fresh trick of the faction. Never before was so much money distributed to the people—the dearth of bread and the banquet given by the Gardes-du-Corps [to the regiment of Flanders] are mere pretexts.*'—*Procédure du Châtelet*, i. 73.

M. Bergasse, the celebrated advocate and deputy to the National Assembly, deposed—

'Several days before the 5th and 6th of October, it was publicly announced at Versailles, that there was to be an insurrection against the Royal Family;—that on the morning of the day on which the mob came, there was a great fermentation in Versailles itself;—that it was said that the time was come for cutting the Queen's throat, and getting rid of the Cabal of which she was the leader;—that for a long time previous to this, many persons seemed occupied with the project of making the Duke of Orleans regent of the kingdom;—that deponent does not permit himself, without further proof, to assert that this was with the consent of that Prince . . . but truth obliges him to declare that he had heard [early in July] the Comte de Mirabeau declare that no effectual step towards liberty would be made until they had made a *Revolution at Court*, and that the revolution must be the *elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the Regency*;—that one of those present asking whether the Duke of Orleans would consent, M. de Mirabeau answered that the Duke of Orleans had said every thing that was satisfactory on that point.'—*Ib.* i. 19.

M. de Massé, captain-commandant of the regiment of Flanders, declares—

'That he was at the head of the regiment when the women arrived—that he and the other officers used every exertion to prevent these women getting amongst the men, but in vain—and that amongst these women there were several that from their voices, air, and manner, he supposed were *men in disguise*?'—*ib.* 139.

He and other officers of the regiment deposed that money was distributed to debauch the soldiers from their duty, and adduced several instances.

Joseph Bernard, one of the Cent Suisses of the Royal Guard, attests that—

'The iron gate of the Château was opened at four o'clock in the morning of the 6th, though the custom is that it is never opened till the King rises; that it was by this gate that most of the populace entered—some entered by other gates—but *all directed themselves towards the Queen's apartments, and seemed to be led by some one acquainted with the interior of the palace.*'—i. 65.

M. Groux, one of the King's Guard, declares—

'That between six and seven o'clock in the morning of the 6th he saw the Duke of Orleans in a grey frock-coat unbuttoned, so as to show his

his *sieur*, followed by a great mob crying "Vive le Roi d'Orléans!" and that HE pointed out to the people the great stairs of the Château, and made a motion with his head to indicate that they should turn to the right.—i. 140.

—The Queen's apartments being on the right of the great stairs, whither, in pursuance of this indication, the mob directed itself, and massacred the Gardes-du-corps that attempted to defend her apartment.

Le Vicomte de la Châtre, deputy to the National Assembly, deposes—

'I had been up all night in the tumultuous sitting of the Assembly, where the women and mob of Paris had taken their places amongst us. At half-past three in the morning we adjourned, exhausted with fatigue. I attempted to get into the Château, but found it closed and guarded all round. I then went to my own lodging, and lay down on my bed. I had hardly got to sleep when I was roused by the Comte de la Châtre, who lodged in a room of the same house, which overlooked the front court of the Palace and the Place d'Armes, calling me to see, that the mob had seized two of the Gardes-du-corps, and were beheading them under our windows. While at the window I heard loud cries of "Vive le Roi d'Orléans!" and looking out, I saw that prince coming along towards the spot where the Gardes-du-corps had been murdered. He passed close under the window—followed by a great crowd—with a large cockade in his hat, and a switch in his hand which he flourished about, laughing heartily. Shortly after the appearance of the Duke of Orleans, the man with the great beard who had cut off the heads of the Gardes-du-corps—[the celebrated *Compétète*—] passed our door with his hatchet on his shoulder, and with his bloody hands took a pinch of snuff from the porter, who was afraid to refuse him.'—*Id.*, i. 195.

It was also proved (and this M. Thiers could not venture to deny, because Mirabeau repeated it in the Assembly), that when Mirabeau quarrelled with the Duke of Orleans for his pusillanimity in running away from this inquiry, he exclaimed—'The cowardly varlet does not deserve the trouble that we have taken for him' (*ib.*, i. 91). But M. Thiers, with his usual bad faith, conceals the equally proved fact that Mirabeau had said to Mounier, in reply to an expression he had used in some arguments about the Constitution in favour of a king, 'Eh, my God, good man, that you are, who said that we were not to have a King? But what can it matter whether it be a Louis or a Philippe? Would you have that brat of a child [the Dauphin]?'—(*ib.*, i. 19.)

It is in the face of these and hundreds of other concurring witnesses that M. Thiers has the effrontery to assert that this inquiry afforded 'no trace of any concerted plan,' nor of any 'participation' on the part of the Duke of Orleans, and that there was not any concert on this occasion between that prince and Mirabeau! Mignet, without mentioning the Duke of Orleans, falls into

into the same scheme of general misrepresentations; but he falls short of M. Thiers' bolder falsifications.

We have been thus minute in our exposure of M. Thiers' dealing with the character of the Duke of Orleans, for it is the pivot on which the whole of this very important portion of his History turns; and our readers will judge whether they ever before read, even in the lowest party pamphlet, a more contemptible affectation of candour—more shameless partiality—more gross inconsistency—more thorough want of principle, and a more audacious defiance of common sense.

We must make room for his further endeavours to attenuate these horrors, and at the same time flatter old Lafayette, one of his patrons, whose conduct during this whole affair was *at best* contemptibly pusillanimous and blundering. The first movement on the morning of the 6th he thus describes:

'A quarrel (*un rixe*) took place with one of the Gardes-du-corps, who fired from the windows.'—vol. i. p. 195.

This is an utter falsehood, invented, as far as our recollection serves us, by M. Thiers himself, to make the Gardes-du-corps appear the aggressors. There was no *rix*e—no shot was fired from the windows—no shot was fired by a Garde-du-corps any where. This our readers see is the old *suggestio falsi*; then comes the concomitant *suppressio veri*. The *Historian* does not relate the horrid butchery of the *Gardes-du-corps*; on the contrary, he says in general terms that 'Lafayette saved the Gardes-du-corps from massacre,' and it is only by an allusion in a subsequent page, introduced to do Lafayette an honour he did not deserve, that we discover that any of the Gardes-du-corps had been murdered:—

'Lafayette gave orders to disarm [*strange phrase!*] the two ruffians who carried at the tops of their pikes the heads of the *Gardes-du-corps*. This horrible trophy was forced from them; and it is not true that it preceded the King's coach.'—vol. j. p. 199.

This is a mixture of falsehood and equivocation. The ruffians were *not disarmed* of their horrid trophies; on the contrary, they carried them to Paris—not immediately indeed in front of the King's carriage, but in the van of the procession, which of course had marched before the King set out. The first detachment stopped half way at Sevres, where they forced the village hairdresser to dress the hair of the two bloody heads (*Bertrand de Moleville*, vol. i. p. 144). And finally, the impartial historian suppresses one of the noblest and most striking traits of the Queen's character. When the officers of the Châtelet wished to obtain her evidence on these transactions, she replied that 'she would not appear as a witness against any of the King's subjects,' adding nobly, '*J'ai tout vu—tout su—et tout oublié!*'

All his other characters are treated in the same style: every Royalist is depreciated and libelled directly and indirectly, by misrepresentation, by sneer, by calumny; and not a crime or horror is mentioned without, sometimes, an insidious suggestion, but generally a downright assertion, that the King, the Court, or the Royalists were themselves the cause of it; while, on the other hand, every Revolutionist is a patriot, a sage, or a hero; and from the equivocating imbecility of Lafayette up to the bloody audacity of Danton, every shade of worthlessness and crime finds in M. Thiers an admirer and apologist.* Marat, we think, and, in some degree, Robespierre, are the only exceptions. Doomed as they already were to the part of scapegoats of all the sins of the early Revolution, M. Thiers finds it convenient to continue them in that character. As his narrative approaches later times, it is curious to observe with what evident, and sometimes gross personal flattery or personal injustice, he treats the objects of (as the case may be) his own political bias or antipathy. But it would take a Biographical Dictionary to follow him into all the details of his personal misrepresentations. We must content ourselves with having indicated them, and must revert to the more important duty of examining his narrative of events;—and in fulfilment of the principle which we professed at the outset, we will not make what might be thought a selection to suit our own purpose;—we

* There is another species of partiality which he constantly employs, and which, petty and paltry as it is, produces a certain general effect. The young historian, addressing himself to the passions of *La Jeune France*, exaggerates on every occasion the youth and beauty of his revolutionary heroes and heroines. For instance—'About this time there was at Paris a young Marseillais, full of ardour, courage, and republican illusions, who was surnamed *Antinous* for his beauty—*qu'on nomma ANTINOUS, tant il était beau*' (vol. i. p. 303). A mere fiction: he never was so named. The assertion is a misrepresentation of a phrase of Madame Roland's; who, however, says no more than that a 'painter would not have disdained to have copied his features for a head of Antinous.' A natural remark from an artist's daughter, and who was herself supposed to have a *penchant* for Barbaroux; but it is far from the assertion that he was '*nommé Antinous tant il était beau*!'—For even Madame Roland does not so call him. The truth is, that, whatever his face may have been, Barbaroux's figure was so clumsy, that when the Girondins were endeavouring to escape after their luckless insurrection in Normandy, his size was a serious embarrassment. 'Buzot,' says Louvet, one of the party, '*débarassé de ses armes, était encore trop pesant: non moins lourd, mais plus courageux, Barbaroux, à vingt-huit ans, était gros et gras comme un homme de quarante*'—as bulky, fat, and heavy as a man of forty! What an Antinous! Of Madame Roland herself, M. Thiers says, '*Elle était jeune et belle*.' She was neither: her countenance, though very agreeable, never had been, as she herself tells us, what is called *belle*; and she was now *thirty-eight years old*. We even read at this same epoch that it was a matter of surprise that Dulaure should have '*quitté les charmes de la citoyenne Lejay* [the handsome wife of a bookseller] *pour s'attacher à ceux de la vieille Roland*.' (Mém. de Dulaure.—Rev. Ret. iii. 3, 11.) And she herself, with more good humour than is usual with her, owns that '*Camille Desmoulins a eu raison de s'étonner qu'à son âge, et avec si peu de beauté, elle avait ce qu'il appelle des adorateurs*' (*Appel à la Postérité*, iii. 61.)

These are trifles in themselves, but they serve to illustrate the general system of deception—*retail* as well as *wholesale*—on which M. Thiers proceeds.

shall accept the first marked *events* which the work presents—by them, we presume, M. Thiers would not himself object to be judged.

We begin with the first *bloodshed* of the Revolution, the *éméute* of the 27th of April, 1789, in which, without any visible cause or conjectured object, and while Paris, as well as the rest of France, was still in the tranquillity and legal order of the old *régime*—when nothing like a Revolution was thought of—a ferocious mob of persons, unknown in the neighbourhood and evidently directed by some unseen agency, attacked and destroyed the residence and manufactories of M. Reveillon, an extensive paper-maker in the Faubourg St. Antoine; one of the most blameless and respectable citizens of Paris, esteemed by all his neighbours, and particularly popular with the working classes, of whom he employed a great number, and in the famine of the preceding year had been a large benefactor. The affair grew so obstinate and serious, that the troops were at length called out, but too late to prevent the destruction of M. Reveillon's establishment, or that of M. Henriot, an extensive manufacturer of saltpetre in the same neighbourhood. M. Thiers, like the other Jacobin historians, takes no notice of M. Henriot—and *pour cause*, as we shall see. The mob were so intoxicated with the plunder of the cellars, and so inflamed by their first successes and continued impunity, that they made a desperate resistance, and the riot was not eventually quelled but with a loss to the troops of nearly 100 killed and wounded, and between 400 and 500 of the mob. For this lamentable, and apparently unaccountable affair, M. Thiers assigns no motive and affords no explanation, except by repeating one of the many absurd rumours by which the Revolutionary writers of the day attempted to account for it—that Reveillon was accused of proposing to reduce the wages of his workmen—for which there was not the slightest foundation, nor even colour; for we have evidence of all kinds, and, if it were worth anything, M. Thiers' own, that the mob were not workmen, but altogether strangers to that neighbourhood; and besides, how should Reveillon's unpopularity, even if it were true, have extended to Henriot? This embarrassing question is one reason why Henriot's name is not mentioned. Now, that M. Thiers was well aware of the truth of the case, we are convinced by the art with which he contrives to evade it. He relates the facts chronologically *after* his account of the *elections* of the deputies of Paris to the States-General, though it happened *before* them; and his narrative is thus constructed: he says that

'the elections were tumultuous in some provinces—active everywhere—and very quiet in Paris, where great unanimity prevailed. Lists were distributed,

distributed, and people strove to promote concord and good understanding.'—i. 41.

Now, M. Thiers must have known that the facts were the very reverse of everything here stated. The elections of Paris were by no means that smooth and unanimous proceeding which he represents. The lists that he says were distributed were *adverse* lists—a strange form of unanimity. 'All parties,' he says, 'concurred':—in fact, all parties differed, and so widely, that all the other elections of the kingdom were terminated, and the Assembly had actually met, before the Paris electors could agree on their members. The elective body, which was a kind of committee of the whole constituency, was very much divided, and the moderate party, consisting of the most respectable citizens—amongst whom were *Reveillon* and *Henriot*—were anxious to prevent the election of the Orleans faction; and, with this view, they put forward a list of candidates, at the head of which stood the popular and respectable name of REVEILLON. Our readers have now the key of the whole enigma. Reveillon was to be got rid of—*Henriot* was to be enveloped in the same ruin—the electors were to be intimidated—and the Orleanist candidates returned; and so it was: and then, to be sure, 'the elections for Paris' became 'quiet' enough, and exhibited the same general unanimity and good understanding that the *massacres of September, 1792*, afterwards produced on the elections for the Convention. And who conducted this atrocious plot, which cost hundreds of lives at the moment, and hundreds of thousands in its consequences? M. Thiers' candour can go no further than to admit that

'the money found in the pockets of some of the rioters who were killed, and some expressions which dropped from others, led to the conjecture that they had been urged on by a secret hand. The enemies of the popular party *accused* the Duke of Orleans of a wish to try the efficacy of the Revolutionary mob.'—i. 43.

And there the historian closes the subject—leaving us in doubt whether the accusation was not a mere party calumny, resting on such very slight circumstances as those mentioned. He does not choose to state, that this riot took place on a day when the Duke of Orleans had collected the populace of Paris at a horse-race (then, a great novelty) at Vincennes, on the high road to which stood Reveillon's house;—that he passed through the mob before the violence began, and addressed to them some familiar and flattering phrases; and so passed through the crowd amidst shouts of '*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*' Later in the day, when the troops had been called out, and were just about to act against the mob, the

Duchess

Duchess of Orleans drove in her coach into the street in which the parties were hostilely arrayed; and, while the troops endeavoured to persuade her to take another and less perilous route, her servants persisted in passing through, and the mob, affecting to make way for her carriage, broke with impunity the line of the troops, who of course could not offer violence to a lady—and that lady the *Duchess of Orleans*. This incident gave the mob additional confidence: they attacked the troops, and the result was as we have stated. This exhibition of the *Duchess of Orleans* in such critical circumstances has been adduced by other writers as a proof of the Duke's innocence of the riot—M. Thiers, more prudent, does not notice any of the circumstances, well aware that it is just the reverse; for the Duke, having himself seen and harangued the mob in the morning, knew the danger, and therefore, had he been innocent, would have prevented the *Duchess* taking that route. There can be no doubt that the whole affair was concerted, and that the amiable and universally respected *Duchess* was thus brought forward by her profligate husband to encourage and protect his hired mob, just as in the subsequent attack of *Versailles* the first line of assailants were women, and men dressed in women's clothes, that the courage and fidelity of the troops might be embarrassed and neutralised by their reluctance to use violence towards anything in the semblance of a woman.

But even while M. Thiers admits that the Duke was accused by his enemies of having had a secret hand in this riot, he does not afford us the slightest indication that it could possibly have any relation to 'the quiet and unanimous elections,' recorded in the preceding pages. All this complicated management is clearly employed on the part of M. Thiers to forward the double object of his whole 'History'—to throw as much doubt as he could venture to raise over the infamy of the Duke of Orleans, and to conceal—and where it could not be concealed, to excuse—the system of violence and terror which, from the first moment to the last, was the *primum mobile* of his darling Revolution.

Of the same kind, and for the same purpose, is one of, we suppose, the most audacious suppressions of an historical fact that any writer has ever ventured to make, which, from its resemblance to the fraud just exposed, we shall notice here, though out of its chronological order. In M. Thiers' long and laboured account of the massacre of September 1792—in his details of the state of parties and persons, and in his description of the aspect and feelings of the capital during those awful days—days of such mysterious and unaccountable slaughter as the world never before saw, and probably never will again—M. Thiers does not notice nor even seem

to know that they too were simultaneous with and accessory to the struggle of the *Elections to the Convention*. On the contrary, he attributes the massacres to the old hackneyed excuse of the terror occasioned by the advance of the Prussians, and endeavours, by what no doubt he thinks a philosophical reflection, to palliate those atrocities as the result of an accidental and not wholly irrational panic:—

‘Sad lesson for nations! People believe in *dangers*; they persuade themselves that they ought to repel them; they repeat this; they work themselves up into a *frenzy*, and while some proclaim with *levity* that a blow must be struck, others strike with *sanguinary audacity*.’—iii. 62.

What ‘lesson’ nations are to learn from this *galimatias* about ‘terror,’ ‘frenzy,’ ‘levity,’ and ‘sanguinary audacity’—as if they were all the same thing, and all good excuses for massacre—we know not; and the whole phrase, like many other of those exclamatory apophthegms with which M. Thiers gems his pages, appears to us no better than detestable principles swaddled up in contemptible verbiage. He closes the chapter with the execrable, or, as he calls it, ‘monumental’ letter of the murderous *Commune* of Paris, inviting the rest of France to imitate the massacres—and concludes by observing:—

‘From this document the reader may form some conception of the degree of *fanaticism* which the approach of *public danger* had excited in men’s minds.’—iii. 91.

As if that ‘monumental’ atrocity had even the paltry excuse of being the product of real fanaticism, or any sincere apprehension of public danger!

We must here pause a moment to observe that this is an instance of one of M. Thiers’ most frequent tricks—he relates with an affectation of candour, and some vague and dubious epithet (such as ‘monumental’), an atrocity which he could not conceal, and then he subjoins some explanation or reflection calculated to attenuate the horror. This *Jesuitism* is one of the most prominent and remarkable features of the whole work.

Having thus finally disposed of the massacres by the plea of fanaticism and fatality, he dedicates a long and very elaborate chapter to military affairs; after which he reverts to Paris, and then first mentions the *Elections*, to tell us that they were severely contested throughout France between the Girondins and the Mountain, and that in Paris the latter were predominant, and elected ‘that celebrated deputation,’ in the enumeration of which he slurs over the despicable cowardice and apostacy of the Duke of Orleans, which he could not, like Mignet, wholly omit, by including in his list

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'the Duke of Orleans, who had abdicated his titles and called himself *Philippe Egalité*'—iii. 144.

but in these details concerning the *Elections* he does not make the slightest retrospect to the *Massacres*; and by placing those events at such a distance from each other in his narrative, and by carefully omitting the *date* of the elections, he contrives to conceal that they were coincident *even in time*, and thus relieves his admired Convention from the opprobrium of having been the child of the *Massacres*. To be sure the resemblance of the child to the parent deprives M. Thiers' treachery of any serious effect.

The similarity of the cases has induced us to produce the latter out of its chronological order; and we now return to see how M. Thiers treats the *second great émeute* of the Revolution—which was still more important than the *affaire-Reveillon*, as it produced immediately the attack and capture of the Bastille, whence may be dated the lawless portion of the Revolution. We mean the insurrection of the 12th July, of which the dismissal of M. Necker was—not, as M. Thiers with all the Jacobin historians would have us believe, the cause, but—the opportunity:—

'On Sunday, July 12, a report was spread that M. Necker had been dismissed, as well as the other ministers, and that the gentlemen mentioned as their successors were almost all known for their opposition to the popular cause. The alarm spread throughout Paris—the people hurried to the Palais Royal. A young man, since celebrated for his republican enthusiasm, *endowed with a tender heart*, but an impetuous spirit, Camille Desmoulins, mounted a table, held up a pair of pistols, and shouting *To arms!* plucked a leaf from a tree, of which he made a cockade, and exhorted the crowd to follow, his example: the trees were instantly stripped. The people then repaired to a museum containing busts in wax. They seized those of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, who was threatened, it was said, with exile, and they spread themselves in the various quarters of Paris. This mob was passing through the Rue St. Honoré when it was met near the Place Vendôme by a detachment of the Royal German regiment, which *rushed upon it*, and wounded several persons, among whom was a soldier of the French guards. The latter, predisposed in favour of the people and against the Royal Germans, with whom they but a few days before had a quarrel, were in barracks *near the Place Louis XV.* They fired upon the Royal Germans. The Prince de Lambesc, who commanded this regiment, instantly fell back on the Garden of the Tuileries, charged the people *who were quietly walking there*, killed an old man amidst the confusion, and *cleared the garden.* Terror now becomes unbounded, and changes into fury.'—i. 97.

Now it is hardly possible to imagine a grosser series of misrepresentations than is contained in the passage we have quoted, which is compiled without discrimination or consistency from the
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herd of Jacobin libellers. Who would not think that all this movement on the part of the people was a sudden impulse excited by the dismissal of M. Necker, and confined to the parading two busts? But we have direct and positive evidence that these commotions were announced, and indeed had actually commenced, as early as the 7th or 8th—and even sooner—that the attack of the Bastille had been for some days a topic of public discussion, and that the dismissal of M. Necker only accelerated by two days the insurrection which was already in preparation. (*Procédure du Châtelet*, i. 182—191.)

But why the bust of the Duke of Orleans? Why was he coupled with M. Necker on this occasion? Because 'it was said he was threatened with *exile*.' A ridiculous pretence!—the truth is, the mob was *his*, and the exhibition of his bust was the signal of the intended change of dynasty. But we are further told that 'this procession, peaceably carrying the busts from the Palais Royal along the Rue St. Honoré towards the Place Louis XV., was *rushed upon* by the Royal Allemand.' M. Thiers knows or might have known that this procession was not this accidental and unarmed movement that he chooses to describe it. We have abundant evidence that this pretended procession was a preconcerted insurrection, organized and launched from that *officina motuum*, the Faubourg St. Antoine. Beffroy de Rigny, for instance, a patriotic writer of considerable note in his day, and who was an enthusiastic admirer if not an associate of the insurrectionary proceedings, gives us this account (published at the moment) of what he himself saw of the affair:—

'I heard that there was some commotion. I directed my steps to the *Boulevard du Temple* [on the opposite side of the town from the Place Louis XV.]; there I saw about *five or six thousand* men marching rather quick and in no very regular order—but all armed—some with guns, some with sabres, some with pikes, some with forks, carrying wax busts of the Duke of Orleans and M. Necker, which they had borrowed from M. Curtius, [a sculptor, who had an exhibition of wax figures on the *Boulevard du Temple*]. This little army, as it passed along the Boulevard, ordered all the theatres to be closed that evening, on pain of being burned. This armed troop received reinforcements at every street that it passed [towards the Place Louis XV.]—*Histoire de France pendant Trois Mois de 1789*.

It was not, therefore, the Royal Allemand that wantonly charged an unarmed crowd, which in a sudden effervescence had seized and paraded two busts—it was an 'army' of five or six thousand armed men (increasing in numbers as they proceeded), which had premeditatedly borrowed the two busts (which were returned to the owner 'safe and sound'), and 'marched' from the Faubourg St. Antoine to brave, if not to attack, the troops posted in

in the neighbourhood of the Place Louis XV. for the protection of the public peace.

M. Thiers in his first edition described the young man '*with the tender heart*,' Camille Desmoulins, who made the motion in the Palais Royal, as known for his '*exaltation démagogique*'—which in his second edition he softens into '*republican enthusiasm*,' and he omits to state that he was the bloodthirsty ruffian who assumed the title of *Procureur Général de la Lanterne*, and the *âme damnée* of Danton—both, as Desmoulins himself boasted, belonging to that *Orleanist* party which MM. Mignet and Thiers affect to believe never existed.* But we pass over these and several other gross mistakes and grosser misrepresentations in M. Thiers' account, to direct particular attention to the alleged 'attack on the people quietly walking in the Tuileries Gardens by the Prince de Lambesc.' This utter falsehood was the main incentive of the more extended insurrection which ensued, and in fact overturned the ancient monarchy of France: and an historian of common honesty ought to have made himself master of the facts of so important a case—which indeed happen to be better and more authentically established than almost any other event of the Revolution. As this matter is of great importance to the history of the Revolution, and, above all, to M. Thiers' veracity, we recall the particular attention of our readers to his assertion:—

'The Prince of Lambesc, at the head of his regiment, *falls back (se replie)* on the Garden of the Tuileries—*charged* the people who were quietly walking there—*killed an old man* in the midst of the confusion, and *clears* the Garden.'—i. 97.

In the whole of this statement there is not one word of truth—and there can be no doubt or question about the facts, for the matter was the subject of a long, full, and anxious judicial proceeding—in the *procès* instituted by the rebellious Commune of Paris against the Prince de Lambesc—the report of which was officially published at the time, and is now before us. We here find from the original evidence of a host of witnesses, that the regiment of Royal Allemand being drawn up, with several other bodies of troops, in the Place Louis XV., was pressed upon by a crowd of assailants, whose near approach and violence rendered the position of the troops very perilous. The Prince was therefore ordered by Baron de Bezenval, who commanded the whole, to clear away the mob that was closing round them—not, as M.

* Here we have to notice another of M. Thiers' variances. He had stated in his first edition that this faction of Desmoulins, and Danton 'were said to have been subjected (*soumis*) to the Duke of Orleans;' but that would seem to attribute to the Duke of Orleans the direction of the *Dantonist* party, and therefore the *historian*, in his revised copy, changes *soumis* into *unis*.

Thiers says, by falling back on the Garden, but by coming forward—and not by charging, but by slowly advancing, and obliging the crowd to retire from the *Place* over the drawbridge into the Garden; where he followed them no farther than to occupy the interior entrance to prevent the return of the rioters. So far was the Prince from clearing or attempting to clear the Garden, or charging the peaceable promenaders, that the detachment made no attempt whatsoever to advance beyond the entrance, which is confined between two terraces; but the mob in front, and on the terraces high on both sides, soon became so numerous and violent as to force him, by an attack of stones, broken bottles, billets of wood, and other missiles, to retreat back again from the Garden into the *Place*. When the people saw the troops about to execute this retreat, they made a rush at the drawbridge to endeavour to turn it, and so have the small detachment at their mercy. The Prince, seeing this attempt, spurred his horse to the bridge, and just as he reached it, a man who had been endeavouring to turn it, laid hold of his bridle and endeavoured to unhorse him. The Prince thus assailed struck the man with his sabre, and, cutting through his hat, wounded him in the head, and thus intimidating the mob secured the retreat of the troops. The man, after being wounded, walked to one of the garden-seats, whence the mob took him, and laying him out for dead on a kind of bier, paraded him through the streets to the Palais Royal as a victim wantonly murdered by the Prince de Lambesc. This was the man whom M. Thiers states to have been killed—but lo! on the trial of the Prince de Lambesc, one of the first witnesses examined was the murdered man himself—a school-master, Jean Louis Chauvel by name—who, though he denied having seized the Prince's bridle, or taken any part in the riot, admitted that he was at the edge of the bridge as the Prince was endeavouring to pass; and he related, with a naïveté and candour which, after M. Thiers' tragic version, is almost amusing, that

‘after receiving the blow through his hat, he went and sat down on one of the garden-seats, whence he was removed by a troop of persons who gathered round him, and carried him to the Palais Royal and afterwards home, when he sent for his surgeon to dress the wound, and was in about a fortnight quite well again.’—*Procès du Pr. de Lambesc*, p. 19.

As this trial did not take place for six months after the event, we can excuse some writers who in the interval adopted a not improbable rumour of the day; but that M. Thiers should have repeated it in 1823, and in all his subsequent editions, is indisputable evidence of either the most unpardonable negligence or the most reprehensible bad faith, and in either case would—even

if it stood alone, instead of being surrounded by crowds of similar cases—irretrievably destroy the character of the historian and the credit of his History.

“But we must proceed with the narrative of events. The Monday and the morning of Tuesday were employed by the insurgents in seizing arms from the gunsmiths, the barracks of the troops and the Invalides, and in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th, the Bastille was taken.

‘The share,’ says M. Thiers, ‘that *secret means* had in producing the insurrection of the 14th of July is unknown, and will probably remain so for ever—but ’tis little matter—[*peu importe*]. *L’aristocratie* was conspiring—the popular party might well conspire *in its turn*—the means employed were the same on both sides. The question is, on which side was justice?’—i. p. 58.

We really fear that the repetition of such outrageous instances of bad faith will become as nauseous to our readers, as we have found them in perusing the pages of M. Thiers—but as they form in fact the staple of his whole work, we are obliged, with whatever contempt and disgust, to reproduce them.

Our readers will observe that the assertion that ‘the *secret means* employed to bring about the insurrection of the 14th of July are, and will always be unknown,’ is made to save M. Thiers the trouble of finding further excuses for the Duke of Orleans’ notorious share in those riots;—and for this purpose, as well as for that of bringing a new and surprising accusation against the Royalist party, he makes the following extraordinary statement:—

‘It appears that a grand plan had been devised for the night between the 14th and 15th:—that Paris was to be attacked on seven points—the Palais Royal surrounded—the Assembly dissolved, and the Declaration of the 23rd of June submitted to the Parliament of Paris—and finally that the wants of the Exchequer should be supplied by a bankruptcy and paper money [*billets d’état*]. So much is *certain*—that the Commandants of the troops had received orders to advance from the 14th to the 15th—that the paper money had been prepared—that the barracks of the Swiss Guards were full of *ammunition* [*munitions*—military stores in general]—and that the Governor of the Bastille had disfurnished the fortress [*déménagé*], with the exception of some indispensable articles of furniture.’—*Shoberl’s Trans.*, i. p. 65.

On this heterogeneous mass of notorious falsehood and arrant nonsense we must first observe, that the statement, as above quoted, is a fraudulent variation from M. Thiers’ own first edition. In that edition the attack of Paris—the dissolution of the Assembly, &c.—had been stated only as ‘*on a dit*,’—it was said—which was, as we shall see, true enough; but M. Thiers in his subsequent editions expunged the *on a dit* and left the naked assertion.

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which was utterly false. But that is a trifle. The essential fact is, not only that no such things had any existence—and, what more immediately concerns M. Thiers' credit and character, that there is not the smallest colour or pretence for any part of the statement—that every detail of it has been fully and judicially disproved—that in its present shape and combination it is altogether a most wilful and audacious fraud. While the events were still fresh in memory and hot in popular feeling, there was a regular legal inquiry into all the circumstances, by the trial—before the lately re-organized tribunal of the *Châtelet*, for the new crime of *Lèse-Nation*,* or High Treason against the People—of MM. de Barentin and Puysegur, ministers at the time, of Marshal Broglie, commander-in-chief, and of the Baron de Bezenval, the General of the Swiss Guards (already mentioned), who then, as he had for the eight preceding years, commanded all the troops in and around Paris, and who was peculiarly obnoxious to the Revolutionists for the confidence which the King, and particularly—as it was said *ad invidiam*—the Queen placed in him. The charges drawn up by a committee of the rebellious Commune of Paris comprised most of the absurd allegations which M. Thiers has revived—absurd, says Bezenval himself, 'to the degree of a pitiable *insanity*,—projects of the siege of Paris—massacre—red-hot shot, and so forth.'—(*Mém. de Bez.* ii. p. 380.) But there was not even a shadow of proof; and this officer, who had three times, with great difficulty, escaped being hanged *à la lanterne*, was, with all his co-accused, even in those days, acquitted from the '*insane*' charges which M. Thiers has again raked up in this calumnious romance which he calls a History.

The reproduction of these charges after, and *without any mention* of, this judicial and contemporaneous disproof, is a fair test of the historian's veracity; but it is also a specimen either of his own want of thought and judgment, or, which is more probable, his utter contempt for the understanding of his readers. There are two points, however, of this strange statement that deserve particular notice.

'The barracks of the Swiss were full of *munitions*.' Undoubtedly the Swiss Guards should have been supplied with the necessary stores and provisions, whether they were to be moved or not; and indeed any unusual accumulation of '*munitions*' in the *barracks* would prove that they rather apprehended than intended an attack; but in truth there is the clearest evidence, and amongst others that of M. de Bezenval himself, that

* 'Ce mot dont s'enrichissait la langue révolutionnaire indiqua un délit qu'on se garda bien de définir afin d'en rendre l'application plus commode.'—*Mém. de Bezenval*.

not only were no provident measures of any kind taken—but that, on the contrary, the most obvious precautions had been inconceivably neglected—and this M. Thiers himself blindly intimates in the last and most wonderful member of this wonderful paragraph:—‘The Governor of the Bastille had *unfurnished the fortress*, with the exception of some indispensable articles.’ One translation says *disfurnished*—the other, *removed all his furniture*—the original, ‘*le Gouverneur de la Bastille avait déménagé*,’ which, in the ordinary use of the words, would mean *removed both himself and furniture*. We know not whether M. Thiers, whose acquaintance with Paris dates only from 1821, and who, as it appears from other passages, was in 1823 by no means *au fait* of the ancient topography of the city, was aware that the Governor’s residence made no part of the fortress—but was an exterior and separate building; it seems not—as he applies the term *déménagé* to *la place*—the fortress. But whatever be the exact meaning of the ambiguous term, the result to which M. Thiers comes is this—that the royal fortress of the Bastille was unfurnished, *because* it was about to become the head-quarters of the royal army, with which it was to co-operate. Now if the Governor had *furnished* the place, it might have been said that he was apprehensive of being attacked; but to *déménager*, whatever may be M. Thiers’ meaning of that term, at the moment, and with the view, of making the place a *point d’appui* of an attack on Paris, would be the grossest absurdity. But we must add a far more important fact, which M. Thiers does not mention—the fortress had been, in fact, left ‘heinously unprovided’ of men, ammunition, and provisions. With this formidable army, which surrounded Paris in such force as to be sufficient to attack the city on seven separate points, ‘and which,’ says M. Thiers, ‘struck horror into the minds of men’—the Bastille was left with a garrison of *eighty-two Invalides*, and *thirty-two of the Swiss Guards*, who had been sent there on the 7th—after which day, in spite of the growing agitation in the city, not one man was added; and to complete the incredible apathy and negligence of the Government, they had no ‘munitions’ for either attack or defence, and *not one day’s provisions*; and in this state of things M. Thiers does not blush to assert, and to repeat, that the Government had meditated a general attack on Paris on the very day when the Bastille was found without bread for the next. It would have been an infinitely more reasonable inference from all the known and certain facts, that treachery in some high quarter must have occasioned so strange a neglect of the most obvious and most necessary precautions on the part of the Government.

His details of the actual capture of the Bastille—though of comparatively less importance—still deserve a short notice as striking instances of his premeditated misrepresentations.

“No succours arriving, the Governor seized a match with the intention of blowing up the fortress, but the garrison opposed it and obliged him to surrender.”—i. p. 61.

This is an entire perversion of the fact. The Governor was one of the first, if not the very first, to think of surrendering, and exhibited no romantic point of honour as to defending—much less ‘blowing up the fortress’—on the contrary, what gave rise to M. Thiers’ foolish story tells just the other way. The Governor wanted to capitulate, but the blood-thirsty mob refused quarter; upon which the Governor wrote and threw across the ditch a message to say ‘We are willing to surrender provided we are assured that the garrison shall not be massacred; but if you do not accept our capitulation we shall blow up the fortress and the neighbourhood.’ (*Bert. de Mol.* i. 237; ‘*Journal de la Prise de la Bastille, par un de ses Défenseurs,*’ *Rev. Ret.* 3, p. 290.) The Governor employed this menace of blowing up both the fortress and the assailants only to save the lives of the garrison—for as to blowing up the Bastille rather than surrender, it never came into any one’s head—how should it? What worse could the mob do than destroy the royal fortress?

‘The besiegers approached, promising not to do any mischief; the Invalides, attacked by the populace, were only saved from their fury by the zealous-interference of the French Guards. The Swiss found means to escape.’

Who would not imagine from this statement that the Invalides and Swiss were all saved, as the capitulation guaranteed?—now hear the fact:—

‘Most of the Invalides remaining in the courts of the fortress were put to death in the most merciless manner; two of them were hanged at the Hôtel de Ville—the French Guards saved others who were fortunate enough to have escaped from their assassins.’—*Bert. de Moleville*, vol. i. p. 24.

As to the Swiss—their own officer relates—

‘We experienced every sort of outrage. We were threatened with massacre in all possible shapes—at length I and some of my men were taken to the Hôtel de Ville. On the way I was assailed with all kinds of weapons, and saved only by the zeal of one of the Guards, who protected me. Two of my men were massacred close behind me.’—*1 Rev. Ret. ib.*

The rest—the ‘*débris*’—the broken remains—as he emphatically terms it—of those who had accompanied him, escaped by a concurrence

a concurrence of fortunate accidents which deceived the ferocity of the mob: but what became of the others he does not seem to have known; and the total number of either Swiss or Invalides massacred in the Bastille, or afterwards in the streets, was never, we believe, ascertained. M. Thiers, in a subsequent passage, dispatches the whole of this butchery in *three* words—‘other victims fell’—but who these victims were—whether of the garrison or the besiegers—or whether they did not *fall* in the fair conflict, or what was the number of victims, M. Thiers does not afford us a hint. And yet there was a circumstance in these latter massacres which M. Thiers’ silence will not obliterate from the history of France. In them was first employed that new instrument of death, ‘*la lanterne*’; but, wonderful to say, that watchword of murder, which had so large a share in the early Revolution—from which one of M. Thiers’ pet patriots, Camille Desmoulins, ‘*né avec un cœur tendre*,’ took his bloody title—which has been adopted into modern editions of the *Dictionnaire de l’Académie*—(‘*LANTERNE—LANTERNER—sorte de supplice que le peuple au commencement de la Révolution faisaient subir*,’ &c.)—this remarkable word, we say, is not permitted to sully the purity of M. Thiers’ page; and as one may read M. Mignet’s ‘History’ without knowing that there was such an implement as the *Guillotine*, so we must read M. Thiers’ without any light from the *Lanterne*.

We cannot refrain from adding two minute circumstances with which M. Thiers concludes his account of the capture of the Bastille. In describing the triumphal procession of its conquerors, he states—

‘The keys of the Bastille were carried at the end of a bayonet. A bloody hand, raised above the crowd, exhibited a *stock-buckle*—it was that of the Governor De Launay.’—i. 110.

His *stock-buckle*?—it was his HEAD!—This, the first of those frightful exhibitions that became so rapidly the standards and trophies of Parisian valour, was surely not undeserving the notice of the impartial historian, even though it did not excite his indignation and horror. M. Thiers indeed adds, that M. de Launay was ‘*beheaded*’; yet even that dry and tardy statement is a miserable equivocation—he was *not* ‘beheaded’—he was *massacred*, after a long and miserable agony, and his *head* was *hacked off* after death, placed on a pike, and *paraded* through all Paris—though M. Thiers’ historic eye could see only a *stock-buckle*!

Immediately after these horrors another victim was added—
M. de Flesselles,

M. de Flesselles, the *Prévôt des Marchands*—chief magistrate of Paris. For this murder M. Thiers has also several palliatives, with which we will not disgust our readers. We will notice only one common to the *Prévôt's* case, and that of M. de Launay:—

‘*On prétend* that a letter had been found on De Launay from Flesselles, in which he said, “Hold out while I amuse the Parisians with cockades.”’—vol. i. p. 69.

We must beg our English readers not to connect the word ‘*prétend*’ with the idea conveyed by the English word *pretend*—their meanings being sometimes nearly opposite. ‘*PRÉTENDRE*,’ says the ‘*Dictionnaire de l’Académie*,’ ‘*signifie, soutenir affirmativement—être persuadé.*’—*PRÉTENDRE* signifies *to assert—to be persuaded of the truth of a fact*. We beg them also to observe that M. Thiers uses ‘*prétend*’ in the present tense, and not *prétendait*. If he had said ‘*on prétendait*,’ we should have referred it to the calumnies of the time; but M. Thiers says *prétend*,—it is asserted,—as if it were now a received opinion. But M. Thiers knows very well that no one now believes—nor, indeed, ever did—this most incredible story: he knows that, *fifty years ago*, M. Bertrand de Moleville—a gentleman of the highest station and character, upon whose ‘*Annals of the Revolution*’ M. Thiers frequently relies, though, with his usual inconsistency, he as frequently garbles and depreciates the authority to which he is so largely indebted—M. Bertrand de Moleville, we say, condescended to expose this absurd calumny; and had, we should have supposed, extinguished it for ever. But no! Calumny is never too dead nor too rotten to withstand the galvanic process of M. Thiers’ revolutionary enthusiasm.

The real character of all this series of events—their causes and concatenation—which M. Thiers so elaborately obscures, will be explained, we think, to the surprise and horror of our readers, by a document which any French historian—and above all those of the Revolutionary school—might be reluctant to quote, and which the English writers have probably not known, but which was judicially published in Paris in January, 1790, and which we find in a supplement to the *Journal de Paris* of the 26th of that month.

• We have just alluded to the trials before the *Châtelet*, in which the Prince de Lambesc and M. de Bezenval were acquitted. As those trials were drawing to a conclusion, it was attempted to intimidate the judges, or, if that should fail, to massacre the prisoners, by collecting round the *Châtelet* the same sanguinary rascals that had committed all the former enormities. At this moment, however, Lafayette and his friends were in power; he, with the National Guard, protected the tribunal; some of the mob were

were arrested; and of one of them* we have before us the following extraordinary examination and confession:—

‘CHATELET DE PARIS.

‘16th January, 1790.’

‘*Interrogatory of Francis Felix Denot, now a prisoner in the Châtelet, aged thirty-three years, by profession a cook, out of place, and residing in the Rue St. Denis.*

‘*Asked—How long he has been out of place, and how he has lived?*

‘*Answers—That he has been six months out of place; and that he has lived with his wife, who embroiders, and is very well able to support him.*

‘*Asked—What he did on the 12th of July last, and the subsequent days?*

‘*Answers—That on the 12th of July last, in the afternoon, as soon as he saw the procession of the busts of M. Necker and M. d’Orléans, he joined the party that were carrying them, and crying “Vive M. Necker!” “Vive M. d’Orléans!”—that he proceeded thus as far as the Palais Royal; that there four persons proposed that they should go to the Place Louis XV. to prevent the troops from massacring the people, whom they were pursuing; that he, deponent, went with all the rest; that the troops—amongst whom was, as he heard said, the Prince de Lambesc—dispersed and sabred them; that he, deponent, was over-set, and was struck by several stones, and heard one gunshot; that to avoid the stones that were flying about, he lay down flat on a heap of building-stones on the Place; that on rising he picked up a dragoon’s helmet, which he kept, and carried away; that in returning he cried out, as he went along, “Citizens! be on your guard to-night!”—that he then went home, and did not go out again that day.*

‘*That on the next morning, Monday—hearing that the citizens had taken arms—he joined them about nine o’clock on the Place de Grève with his helmet on his head. That he, deponent, went with the people to get the arms from the Popincourt barracks; that he, having already a gun, marched at the head and prevented the people stopping by the way to take the wine of two shops—that when they reached the barracks they armed themselves with guns, and he, deponent, took care that those only who were steady and able to use arms should have any: that thus armed, the crowd went different ways; that he, deponent, with one body came to the Hôtel de Ville;—that these were told “to go home; that they were about to organise districts in order to take prudent measures;”—that he, deponent, went home, and thence to his district (St. Opportune), and with other citizens formed patrols that day and others—so that in fact he, deponent, was eight days and nights continually on foot to maintain good order. (1)*

* M. Bertrand de Moleville—transcendently the best historian, as far as his work extends, of the Revolution, both from his information, his accuracy and candour—mentions the circumstance as slightly noticed in the *Moniteur* of the 15th of January, 1790, but he does not appear to have seen the original deposition. The fellow was well dressed, and seemed very much surprised that so useful a patriot should be arrested. No doubt can exist that he was one of those employed to conduct these atrocities.

‘That

That the morning of the Tuesday was employed in going to seize the arms at the Invalides; that, being informed in the afternoon that there was a movement towards the Bastille, he went also to get, like the rest, a gun—and some powder and ball, according to a message from the Governor of that fortress to the rector (curé) of St. Paul's. Soon after he had entered the Bastille he heard that the people were conducting M. de Launay to the Hôtel de Ville. That he, deponent, hastened after him and overtook him near the Arcade of St. John [one of the entrances to the Place de Grève], and never quitted him till they came to the barrier in front of the Hôtel de Ville:—that then the people cried out, "*Hang him, hang him!*" That M. de Launay, seeing that the people were attacking without hearing him, called out—opening his eyes and grinding his teeth—"Put me to death at once;" that at that moment several persons unknown to this deponent fell on M. de Launay with bayonets, guns, pistols, and other weapons; that he, deponent, who was standing near M. de Launay, received a violent kick, which forced him to fall back a little; but afterwards, the people seeing his helmet, said, "Come, dragoon, he struck you—*cut off his head!*;" that although M. de Launay had been dead a quarter of an hour, and in spite of his own repugnance, he began with a sabre that they gave him to endeavour to separate the head from the body; but finding the sabre too blunt, he took out his pocket-knife* and *finished the operation*. That the head, being thus separated, was placed on the end of a pike; and that he, deponent, still pressed and solicited by the people, carried that head about the streets until the close of day; that the person who carried the head of M. de Flesselles having joined him, they both came and deposited the heads at the lower jail, for which they gave him a crown; that he had promised the people to carry about the head next day, but on getting home he reflected seriously on this event. That he so little thought that he was compromising himself in this affair, that he prepared several addresses [claiming, as it would seem, some additional reward]; that he even presented them to the deputies who came next day to Paris; to some of whom he even said that he had rid society of a monster, and hoped he might receive a medal as a reward for having gone to take the arms from the barracks and the Invalides, and particularly from the prison of La Force, where the jailer consented to deliver them, he, deponent, having politely invited him so to do. He adds, that about an hour before he cut off M. de Launay's head he had taken a small glass of brandy, into which he had poured some gunpowder, which had turned his head. He knows that several persons came to his residence next morning to get from him the receipt for the two heads which he had received from the turnkey at the jail, and that not having found him at home, they forged a receipt, by means of which he has heard that they obtained the heads, giving the receipt to the jailers.

We must here pause a moment in this astonishing narrative to

* On the production of the knife it was observed to him that it was rather small for such an operation. He replied that he was a cook, and had been used a butcher, and therefore knew how to dissect.—*Moniteur*, 15th January, 1790.

remind our readers that a week after the capture of the Bastille, Messrs. Foulon and Berthier—the first, one of the ministry named to succeed that which was dissolved by the dismissal of M. Necker, and the latter his son-in-law—were massacred in the Place de Grève on the most absurd pretexts, and in the most cruel manner, and their heads, and the heart of M. Berthier, were paraded through the town. M. Thiers on this occasion says that M. Foulon was hanged ‘à un réverbère’—a reflector—an inoffensive synonyme which he employs to avoid using the true and technical description of *à la lanterne*—he even admits that M. Foulon's head was promenaded through Paris—but he does not condescend to mention the head and heart of M. Berthier; and he sums up this new tragedy by observing, that

‘These murders must have been planned (*conduits*) either by the personal enemies of M. Foulon or by those of the public welfare; for though the fury of the people had been spontaneous at the sight of the victims, as most popular movements are, their original arrest must have been the result of concert.’—vol. i. p. 127.

Here again M. Thiers misrepresents, and endeavours to separate this case from the other events; the fury of the people was not spontaneous—and the concert and combination, which no doubt existed, were no other than the concert and combination which had been at work for the preceding ten days—for here again we find Francis Felix Denot acting the same part that he had done on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, and as he boasted that he did ‘for eight days after,’—and it was on the eighth day that these gentlemen were massacred. Thus proceeds this wretch's deposition:—

‘This deponent further declares, that on the day that M. Berthier was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, he, deponent, was on the Place de Grève, but he participated in no way in that assassination—but he was so close to that terrible execution, that he heard the said Berthier say to the people, “Spare me, my friends, I am innocent; I will give you a million,” or several millions: that the said Berthier was not hanged at the gallows of *la lanterne*, but massacred by the sabres of the soldiers; that amongst others a soldier of the regiment of *Royale Cravats* cut open his belly with his sabre; that the crowd was so great that he, deponent, fell upon the body—that an individual to him unknown tore out the heart of M. Berthier, and placed it in his, deponent's, hand—and that the soldier took him by the collar and said, “Come, dragoon, carry this heart to the Hôtel de Ville”—that he did so carry it, and obtained an audience of M. de la Fayette,* and on leaving M. de la Fayette and

* If as we think of most parts of Lafayette's conduct, we do not infer from this statement that he gave any countenance to this hideous visitor. It is clear that at that moment both he and Bailly were in almost as much danger as the actual victims, and were forced to submit to the odious exigencies of the mobs.

coming down the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville, the same soldier stuck the heart on the end of his sabre, and forced him, deponent, to carry it about—that they went through several streets of Paris, and to the Palais Royal, and that at last, while he and the soldier were getting their supper in a public-house in one of the streets that lead into the Rue St. Honoré, the people came and demanded the heart from them, and that deponent threw it out of the window to them, and does not know what became of the heart afterwards; and deponent further says, that he has nothing more to reproach himself with, in all the unlucky events that have since happened:—that he accompanied, indeed, M. Lafayette to Versailles on the 5th of October last, but took no part in the murder of the Royal Guards, but only possessed himself of a shoe belonging to one of those that were killed, to show it in Paris.

'Asked if he was not excited to cut off M. de Launay's head, to carry M. Berthier's heart at the point of a sabre, and to attend all the mobs that have collected, and if he has not received sums of money for doing so?

'Answers, that he has not been excited by any one in particular, but by the people in general, as he before stated; that he has received nothing for these actions—that he has ten or a dozen times played the bassoon in certain processions of women to St. Geneviève, and that he received three or four livres for each turn.'—*Supplément au Journal de Paris*, 26 Jan. 1790.

Such is the real picture of the Revolution!—the portrait *ad vivum*—not as outlined by Mignet or varnished by Thiers, but the living image—which to get rid of and obliterate, and to throw a veil over its authors, and clouds of suspicion over its victims, is the sole object of these pretended Histories. We need enter into no detailed observations on Denot's deposition, a strange and frightful mixture of confession and concealment—but which—as it is always the case when the criminal is allowed to talk—involuntarily reveals what it attempts to conceal. Can any one believe that it was 'fatality,' or 'accident,' or 'spontaneous excitement,' as M. Thiers indulgently phrases it, that occasioned this cook out of place to be an active leader in all these successive scenes,—in the insurrection of the 12th of July—in the plunder of arms on the 13th—the attack of the Bastille on the 14th—in the *patrols* that filled Paris with terror for the ensuing week—in the murderous riot of the 22nd—to be the person who saved off and paraded M. de Launay's head on the 14th—who tore out and paraded the heart of M. Berthier on the 22nd—who for ten days was distinguished in the streets of the capital by the helmet, the trophy and the proof of the popular aggression—and who on the evening of the 22nd went to sup with his brother murderer, having on their table the heart of their victim, which, on the requisitions of the mob outside, they threw out of the window?—Can it be doubted that this was a chain of preconcerted

preconcerted *émeutes*; and how can M. Thiers hope to persuade any man of common sense that '*l'or répandu*' by *Égalité* in preparing such scenes and in hiring such actors was 'without any influence on the Revolution?' Of this wonderful deposition, or of him who made it, we find no subsequent notice. The mob soon after terrified the Châtelet into an iniquitous sentence of death against M. de Favras, of which M. Thiers, in his usual ambiguous way, affects to doubt whether it was pronounced 'from fear or from conviction.' Certain it is that the tribunal was never again in a condition to give any further trouble to Denot or his employers. Everything about him seems to have been buried and forgotten in the universal terror that ensued, and we do not know that the proceedings of the Châtelet have ever been reprinted; but an historian ought to have examined such ordinary publications as the *Moniteur* and the *Journal de Paris*; and although the deposition of Denot shows more distinctly the general connexion and detailed atrocity of the facts, it only affords an additional and stronger proof of what was already sufficiently notorious; and its chief value, for our present purpose, is, the singular precision with which it is found to belie every portion of M. Thiers' narrative of the events, and to contradict his apologetical theory of their causes.

We must add that this case of Denot, though the most curious and best detailed that we possess, is by no means a singular indication that all these enormities were prepared by the same heads and executed by the same hands. M. Thiers is forced to admit that a fellow of the name of *Maillard*, formerly a tipstaff or bailiff in one of the courts of law, played a great part on all these occasions—that he was at the head of an organised band of assassins—that he was the most prominent leader of the attack on the Bastille—that it was the same Maillard who led the army of Paris to Versailles on the 5th of October—and again the same Maillard—still more decidedly damned to everlasting horror for having presided over and directed the *Massacre at the Abbaye*. These things, at least, M. Thiers cannot pretend to have been 'accident' and 'spontaneous excitement?' Who then were the employers and paymasters of Denot and Maillard—who but the two main objects of M. Thiers' special protection and apology, *Danton* and *Égalité*?

Here, for the present, we must suspend our examination. We have got through little more than the first livraison of M. Thiers' first work, and have already exceeded our usual limits; but this portion affords the most decisive and irrefragable tests of the historian's credit. We have not selected our instances; we have, as we before said, taken what M. Thiers presented to us as his first and greatest objects; we have exhibited his mode of dealing with

with the two *first* and most important *personages*, of each party—the King and Queen, and the Duke of Orleans and Lafayette; the two most remarkable *elections*—those of 1789 and 1792; the *two first émeutes*—of the 27th of April and 12th of July; the *two first massacres*—of the 14th and 22nd of July; the eventful and decisive days of the 5th and 6th of October, and of the 2nd and 3rd of September;—all, in short, that was most striking, most important, and most influential in the early Revolution; all that required, in the highest degree, diligent research, careful investigation, and an impartial spirit; and in all these great cases we have proved against him what we think we cannot—on the soberest reconsideration—call by any gentler name than a deliberate system of falsehood and fraud.

On the strength of that axiom of common sense and general law, *falsus in uno*—or which might be, in this case, still more strongly stated, *falsus in pluribus*—*falsus in omnibus*, we believe we might here close our case against M. Thiers as an *historian*; but as the work proceeds, the deceptive principle on which it was originally planned exhibits itself in other and larger forms, and demands a further and more general examination, which we shall take an early opportunity of pursuing and bringing down to the latest issue of the ‘History of the Consulate and the Empire,’—a work which, though written with a somewhat different, but, as we believe, a more personal object than the History of the Revolution, is conducted with the same habitual, if it be not natural and instinctive, bad faith, matured by political experience, and still further developed by the closer study and imitation of that most stupendous of all cheats, upon whose panegyric M. Thiers’ congenial pen is now employed.

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